# THE BOOK OF BRAVERY

HENRY W. LANIER

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# THE BOOK OF BRAVERY

FIRST SERIES

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The rope was too short

# THE BOOK OF BRAVERY

BEING TRUE STORIES
IN AN ASCENDING SCALE OF COURAGE

COLLECTED AND RECOUNTED
*by*
HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

ILLUSTRATED

"Everything may be borne by brave men."
—Richard Cœur de Lion.

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# PREFACE

One of the boys had had an accident; the doctor had been obliged to take several stitches in sewing him together again; and he had borne the pain like an Indian.

Naturally, we began to talk of bravery.

"Do you remember any very brave man or woman in history?"

There was a dead silence.

"What! Not one? Well, have you ever known or heard of anybody who did what seemed a very brave thing?"

Nobody could recall a single action which seemed notably courageous! Starting in enthusiastically to fill this vacuum, I found my own store of tales of valorous deeds did not go far: many were so lacking in details as to be useless. We got some books—of which there have been many since Miss Yonge's "Book of Golden Deeds," of golden memory. In spite of the number, there seemed a need for one more, not only with a larger number of true stories than had yet been put between covers, but with these records arranged so as to make some distinction between the bravery of Pizarro and that of Regulus, even between Cœur de Lion and Bayard.

This volume is the result.

And though one who looks at the thousands of new volumes each year is almost tempted to apologize for adding even one drop to the flood, I doubt if there can be too many books about bravery.

For courage is almost the foundation of character. A bad nature may be built on it, but it seems as if a good one cannot be based on anything else. It is the beginning of everything worth while. Without it life isn't worth living.

Browning says:

> "A people is but the attempt of many
> To rise to the completer life of one:
> And those who live as models for the mass
> Are singly of more value than they all."

And the psychologists tell us that one of the profoundest and most dominating impulses of the human mind is that which causes man to *imitate;* bravery and fear are both contagious. In addition to the fear of being a coward, there is to a soldier the positive inspiration of daring in watching one's comrades, in charging shoulder to shoulder.

Make no mistake about it: some men are naturally intrepid, but the bravest are those who fear and conquer it. And there is almost no limit to the possibilities of training one's own nature to encounter danger coolly; not only can one form a habit of attacking the difficult thing, of calmly measuring and meeting what would once have sent him flying in a panic—but there comes after a while a realization of that physiological fact that "danger makes us more alive." The mind and body summon up their utmost powers to meet the emergency. One lives more fully. And this flood-tide of power is so keen and satisfying a delight in itself that it often seems worth facing anything just to experience it.

The first step, then, in getting the most of what life has to offer is to rid oneself of fear. The surest in-

fluence in this is the memory of what other men have done.

So these tales, many of them well known, are their own best excuse.

Whenever possible, these stories are told in the words of the chief actors or those of eye-witnesses. It follows, of course, that the quotations are the same as in some previous collections.

In one or two instances, scenes which were probable have been added to round out the picture or make it more vivid, but only where this was possible without violating historical accuracy.

It would be easy to make from these tales of twenty-four centuries and many nations a list of volumes that would at least form a foundation on which any one could build for himself a Library of Valiant Deeds.

And surely every home and every school should have such a collection, large or small.

The author wishes to acknowledge with thanks the courtesy and kindness of Messrs. Harper & Brothers in allowing the use of "A Swim for Life in the Arctic" from Dr. Nansen's "Farthest North," which they publish.

HENRY W. LANIER.

April, 1918.

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# INTRODUCTION

THERE are many dark pages in the history of Man, even during those few thousand years of which we have a fairly exact record. As for the hundreds, or thousands, of centuries in which he was struggling upward from his ape kindred of the Glacial Period (whose very existence has only been suspected for a few decades) it is probably fortunate that the veil of oblivion has fallen upon them. They would not make pleasant reading for us to-day, save by a sort of awed thankfulness at what we have progressed from.

But happily there is a whole library of man's actions to read which makes us thrill with pride in our fellows and their possibilities.

The record of brave men and women is a vast and inspiring roster including all times and nations. Always there have been, are, and will be dauntless spirits who have endured the utmost rigors of the elements, of savage beasts, of their far more dangerous fellow men; who have looked unflinchingly into the face of the King of Terrors himself; and to stand beside whom, even in imagination, makes us realize afresh how human nature may approach the godlike in thus mastering its own destiny.

When one thinks of it, however, "bravery" is a most comprehensive term. Clearly, any quality which includes such vast extremes as the fight for life of some trapped criminal and the death on the cross of Jesus of Nazareth needs some classification.

It is with this idea that the present collection has

been arranged. Out of the tens of thousands of true stories available, a number have been selected which seem to group themselves into ascending degrees of courage, from that through which a man faces all dangers in order to save his own life, up to the supreme bravery that leads a man or woman to endure untold sufferings in order to die, or (higher still, I fancy) to live, for others.

First come the rising planes of physical bravery; then that intrepidity of the mind which lifts still higher; and finally the courage of the spirit which includes these others and so much else besides.

From Cæsar Borgia, escaping from his well-earned enemies, to Father Damien, devoting his life to the lepers of Molokai with the certainty of a slow and hideous death—that is the gamut of human courage.

The present volume deals with a number of the more primitive types, up to some memorable cases of disciplined bravery.

# PART I

## FACING DEATH TO AVOID IT

*Man shares with the animals the courage that springs from desperation. A cornered rat will fight for its life against odds of a hundred to one in size. That is bravery, in its a, b, c; and under the influence of this feeling men have since times immemorial performed acts of most reckless daring, from those shadowy days when the cave-dweller of a hundred thousand years ago suddenly came upon the monstrous bear whose cavern he had picked for his own home. Even now, at the moment you read this, some resolute man somewhere—on the sea or in some unsettled country—is taking his life in his hands and risking it as the only chance to avoid death.*

*Looked at in this way, you may think such deeds are hardly bravery at all; such a man may be driven mainly by fear. But courage is courage, even when born of cowardice. It is facing odds, fighting difficulties, compelling circumstance. And the magnificent endurance, fortitude, ingenuity, and patience which have been shown in such situations by many hardy spirits surely entitle them to a place among the world's brave men. The instinctive, selfish Will to Live has created many an epic tale of this lowest plane of bravery.*

*Let us then, from the myriads of such instances in the history of the race, glance at just a few memorable cases of the last four centuries, including an Englishman, two Spaniards, three Italians, a German, a Norwegian, and*

*a group of Americans. Several of these are tales of escapes from prisons in which the fugitives displayed almost superhuman persistence and intrepidity.*

*It should be noted that some of these men, especially the immortal author of "Don Quixote," exhibited also qualities of a much higher order than this primitive life-saving daring. But since most of the famous escapes from captivity belong in this division, the tale of Cervantes and his amazing five years in Algerian prisons is included with them.*

# CHAPTER I

## THE ESCAPE OF THE WICKEDEST MAN IN HISTORY

The very name of Borgia carries a suggestion of shuddering horror to our ears. There are few crimes of which human nature is capable that are not recorded of Cæsar Borgia, his beautiful sister Lucrezia, and his infamous father, Pope Alexander VI. Made cardinal in the year of the discovery of America; created Duke de Valentinois by King Louis XII of France, and marrying that monarch's cousin, the daughter of the King of Navarre, six years later; he spent eleven years in writing his name black in history through every species of perfidy, cruelty, and depravity.

In June, 1504, the first taste of retribution began to come to him. Captured by treachery, he was imprisoned at the Castle of Medina del Campo in Spain, not far from Salamanca.

Two weary years he remained in captivity, hoping that his royal connection and powerful friends would come to his assistance.

But the great allies of such a man are apt to fall away when his wings are clipped. No sign of succor came, and even the captive's grim resolution began to weaken as it beat itself vainly against the vigilance of his jailers.

He knew only too well as he reflected, during the long weary days, upon the deeds which had won him his many bitter enemies, that his life was forfeit a

dozen times over; and he knew that his captors would put him to death the instant they felt themselves strong enough to risk reprisal.

Then, one morning at breakfast, help came from a humble and unlooked-for source.

Borgia was disconsolately cutting his loaf of bread when the knife struck something hard.

Surprised and indignant, he broke the loaf apart. There lay a file, a bottle containing a sleeping-draft, and a note from a poor man-of-arms of his, Michelotto, who had followed his master to Spain. The message said that he must do his best to get free with these weapons, and that Michelotto and a friend would await him every night with three horses on the road between the castle and the village.

The great Alexander Dumas tells the story:

Two years' imprisonment had weighed too heavily on Cæsar for him to waste a single moment, now that he had a chance to regain his freedom. He, therefore, lost no time in beginning to work on one of the bars of his window, which opened on an inside court, and soon contrived to cut through so far that a violent shake would enable him to remove it altogether. But the window was nearly seventy feet above the ground, while the only way of leaving the court was by a door reserved for the Governor alone, the key of which was always carried about his person. By day it was suspended from his belt, by night it was under his pillow. To gain possession of this key was the most difficult part of the matter.

Now, in spite of the fact that he was a prisoner, Cæsar had invariably been treated with all the respect due to his name and rank. Every day at the dinner-hour he was conducted from the room in which

he was confined to the Governor's apartments and was received as an honored guest. Don Manuel himself was an old soldier who had served with distinction under Ferdinand, and, while carrying out punctiliously his orders for Cæsar's safe custody, he admired his military talents and listened with pleasure to the story of his fights. He had often desired that Cæsar should breakfast as well as dine with him, but, luckily for himself, the prisoner, perhaps aided by some presentiment, had always refused this favor. It was owing to his solitude that he was able to conceal the instruments for his escape sent by Michelotto.

Now it happened that the very same day that he had received them, Cæsar contrived to stumble and twist his foot as he was returning to his room. When the hour of dinner came he tried to go down, but declared that walking hurt him so much that he should be obliged to give it up, so the Governor paid him a visit instead and found him stretched on his bed.

The next day Cæsar was no better; his dinner was ordered to be served up-stairs, and the Governor paid him a visit as before. He found his prisoner so dull and bored with his own company, that he offered to come and share his supper. Cæsar accepted the offer with gratitude and joy.

This time it was the prisoner who did the honors of the table, and Borgia was particularly charming and courteous in manner. The Governor seized the opportunity of putting some questions as to his capture, and inquired, with the pride of a Castilian noble, who set honor above all, what was the exact truth as to the way in which Gonsalvo de Cordova and Ferdinand had broken their faith with him. Cæsar showed every disposition to give him satisfaction on this point,

but indicated by a sign that he could not speak freely before the valets. This precaution was so natural that the Governor could not seem offended at it; he dismissed his attendants, so that he and his companion remained alone. When the door was shut, Cæsar filled his glass and that of the Governor, and proposed the King's health. The Governor emptied his glass at once, and Cæsar began his story; but he had hardly told a third of it when, in spite of its exciting adventures, the eyes of his guest closed as if by magic, and his head fell on the table in a deep sleep.

At the end of half an hour, the servants, not hearing any noise, entered the room, and found the two boon companions, one on the table and the other under it. There was nothing so unusual about such an event to excite their suspicions, so they contented themselves with carrying Don Manuel to his chamber and laying Cæsar on his bed; they then locked the door with great care, leaving the prisoner alone.

For a minute or two longer Cæsar lay still, apparently plunged in a profound slumber, but when the sound of footsteps had completely died away, he softly raised his head, opened his eyes, and moved toward the door, rather slowly, it is true, but without seeming to feel any ill effects from his accident on the previous day. He stood still for a few seconds with his ear at the key-hole, then, raising himself, with a strange expression of triumph on his face, he passed his hand over his forehead, and, for the first time since the guards had left the room, breathed freely.

But there was no time to be lost, and without a moment's delay he fastened the door from the inside as securely as it was fastened without. He next extinguished his lamp, threw open his window, and

"Help me into the fort," he commanded. "If this is mortal, I'll die at the head of my column"

finished cutting through the bar. This done, he took off the bandages tied around his leg, tore down the curtains, both of his window and his bed, and made them into strips, adding to them sheets, table-cloths, napkins, and whatever else he could lay hands on. At last he had a rope between fifty and sixty feet long, which he secured firmly at one end to the bar next to the one that he had sawn away; then, mounting on the window-ledge, he began the most dangerous part of his expedition by trusting himself to this frail support. Happily, Cæsar was as strong as he was agile, and slid down the whole length of the cord without accident; but when he had reached the very end, he tried in vain to touch the earth with his feet. The rope was too short.

Cæsar's position was terrible. The darkness of the night prevented his knowing how far he might be above the ground, and his exertions had so fatigued him that he could not have gone back even had he wished. There was no help for it. After muttering a short prayer, he let go the rope, and fell—a distance of twelve or fifteen feet.

The danger he had escaped was too great for the fugitive to mind some slight bruises caused by his fall, so he jumped up, and taking his bearings, made straight for the little door which stood between him and freedom. When he reached it he felt in his pocket for the key, and a cold sweat broke out on his face as he found it was not there. Had he forgotten it in his room, or had he lost it in his descent?

Collecting his thoughts as well as he could, he soon came to the conclusion that it must have fallen out of his pocket as he climbed down the rope. So he made his way a second time cautiously across the

court, trying to discover the exact spot where it might be, by the aid of the wall of a cistern, which he had caught hold of to raise himself from the ground. But the lost key was so small and insignificant that there was little chance he would ever see it. However, it was his last resource, and Cæsar was searching for it with all his might, when suddenly a door opened and the night patrol came out, preceded by two torches. At first Cæsar gave himself up for lost. Then, remembering the water-butt that was behind him, he at once slid into it up to his neck, watching with intense anxiety the movements of the soldiers who were advancing toward his hiding-place. They passed within a few feet, crossed the court, and vanished through the door opposite; but though all this had taken such a very short time, the light of the torches had enabled Cæsar to distinguish the key lying on the ground, and hardly had the gate closed on the soldiers, when he was once more master of his liberty.

Half-way between the castle and the village the Count of Benevento and Michelotto awaited him with a led horse. Cæsar flung himself on its back and all three set out for Navarre, where, after three days' hard riding, they found an asylum with the King, Jean d'Albret, father of Cæsar's wife.

## CHAPTER II

### HOW AN ARTIST OUTWITTED A POPE

One of the most brilliant craftsmen, metal-workers, and designers that Italy has produced, Benvenuto Cellini, was also a personality who was bound to be a centre of stirring happenings—which he did not fail to make the most of in his own "Life."

In October, 1538, he was accused by his enemies (of whom he had the greatest plenty!) of having stolen from the Pope precious stones valued at eighty thousand dollars. The results were quick and alarming.

Cellini relates that one morning he was walking along the strada Julia, when the Bargello met him with all his force.

"You are the Pope's prisoner," said the officer.

"Chrespino!" exclaimed the amazed artist, "you have arrested me by mistake!"

"No," returned Chrespino, "you are the talented Benvenuto, and I know you very well; and I have to take you to the Castle Sant' Agniola, whither go lords and persons of talent like yourself."

With this poor comfort, Benvenuto gave up his arms, remembering with a chill that it was on this precise spot that he had slain Pompeio, the papal jeweller, two years before. He was taken to a dungeon up in the keep of the fortress, reflecting that this was the first time in his adventurous life of thirty-seven years that he had tasted imprisonment.

He indignantly denied the accusations against him when examined, and he declares that the missing

jewels were found, but that the Pope was determined to compass his death, and would not release him despite the demands of King Francis.

Having made friends with the guards, some of these urged him to escape; but he said he had given his word to the Castellan and could not abuse it, though one of these men assured him the Pope meant to have his life.

Then a shifty but eloquent friar, a fellow prisoner, urged that a captive's word was not binding. Cellini still refused. The friar gradually won his admiration by his talk and readings, and, adroitly leading the clever artificer on, the latter declared that he could open the prison locks as easily as he could eat a piece of fresh cheese. Cellini thereupon made good his boast by showing the friar how to take a wax impression; the friar adopted this plan and endeavored to get keys made for himself, but was detected; and Benvenuto, for his share in the plot, was locked up close instead of having his former freedom.

Hearing that the friar was to be hanged, and smarting under the insults he had received over the matter, Cellini decided he must be ready for emergencies.

He had new and coarse, clean sheets brought him, and did not return the soiled ones, saying he had given them to the soldiers. A mattress was secretly emptied of its contents, and the straw burned. With these materials he made a sort of rope of strips fastened together, which he thought might be long enough to reach from the high keep to the ground.

Meanwhile, one of his people almost killed a workman of the Pope's in the streets, and Cellini only avoided the trial which he felt would at that moment be fatal by the lucky chance of being able to prove

through the Castellan that the offender had been dismissed from his service. This made him the more anxious to escape.

Listen to the artist's own vivid story:

"This Castellan had every year certain attacks of illness that entirely turned his brain. On one occasion it seemed to him that he was a jar of oil; another time it seemed to him that he was dead and they must needs bury him. This time he began by imagining that he was a bat, and while out walking he used to scream softly as bats do. He also made movements with his hands and body as if he wanted to fly. His doctors and servants humored him, and since he took pleasure in hearing me talk they constantly took me to him.

"He began by asking me if I had ever the fancy to fly: to which I replied, that all those things which were most difficult for men I had most gladly sought to do and had done; and as to this subject of flying, since nature had given me a body very strong and uncommonly fitted for running and leaping, I felt assured that by using the skill of my hands too I could manage to fly. He questioned me as to the method I should adopt: to which I replied, that having observed the flying creatures, there was only one whose natural gifts I might by art imitate, and that was the bat.

"When the poor man heard the word 'bat,' which was then his special delusion, he gave a shout: 'He speaks the truth; he speaks the truth. That is the thing.' Then he turned to me. 'Benvenuto, if any one gave you the means, would you have the courage to fly?' To this I replied that if it would give me my freedom afterward, I had plenty of courage to fly to Prati, making myself wings of waxed linen.

"'I, too, would have enough courage,' replied the Castellan; 'but the Pope has commanded me to keep guard over you as if you were his own eyes, and I know you are an ingenious devil who would escape; but I will have you locked in with a hundred keys so that you shall not manage it.'"

Benvenuto besought him not to do this, reminding him that he had not abused his parole thus far, but the Castellan had him bound and placed in a secure cell.

"When I saw there was no help for it, I said to him in the presence of his attendants: 'Secure me well and guard me well, for I shall certainly escape.' So they took me away and shut me up with wonderful precautions.

"Thereupon I began to think out the plan I must adopt. I set to work to examine how the cell was situated; and when I thought I perceived a way out, I began to consider how I could descend from that great height; so having taken the sheets which I had torn into strips and fastened together, I tried to figure how much would enable me to descend.

"Having reckoned up what was necessary, I secured a pair of pinchers, which I took from a Savoyard, who was one of the watchmen. This man had charge of the tubs and cisterns; he was also a carpenter; and since he had several pairs of pinchers, one of them very heavy and large, I abstracted them and hid them inside that mattress of mine.

"When the time came, I began to test the nails which held together the iron bands of the door; since the door was a double one, I could not see the riveting of these nails, so that only with great labor did I manage to extract one. However, I succeeded at last. Then I proceeded to think how I could prevent the

guards from seeing it. I prepared a little wax with a few scrapings of rusty iron, so that it was exactly the same color as the nail-head; with this I imitated the latter in the iron band; and one after another as I extracted the nails, I counterfeited them in wax. The iron bands were left attached at top and bottom by some of the real nails, but these were cut short before being put back, and lightly replaced, so that they just held the metal in place.

"This work I accomplished with the greatest difficulty, because the Castellan dreamed every night that I had escaped, and consequently sent to inspect my cell from hour to hour; and the man who came had both the name and manners of a constable. He always brought with him a soldier named Giovanni, and this Giovanni never came to my cell that he did not utter some insult. He examined the bands and walls with great care every time, and I would say to him: 'Watch me well, for I surely mean to escape.' This caused the keenest enmity between us; in such measure that I replaced my tools with great care in my mattress.

"One feast-day evening, the Castellan was very unwell; his delusions had increased, for he repeated that he was a bat, and if they should hear Benvenuto had flown away, they must let him pursue me, for he could fly much better at night than I could, adding: 'Benvenuto is a counterfeit bat and I am a real bat; since he has been given into my charge, leave it to me, for I shall certainly catch him.'

"Having resolved upon a feast-day evening to escape at all hazards, I first most devoutly made a prayer to God, imploring his Divine Majesty that he would defend and assist me in so perilous an under-

taking; then I drew out all the things I wished to use, and labored with them all that night.

"When I had come to two hours before daybreak, I removed the iron bands, with great difficulty, because the wooden panel and the bolt offered such resistance that I could not open the door. I had to cut away the wood. Finally, however, I opened it, and shouldering the strips I had wound up on reels, I emerged and went toward a closet. Seeing from within two tiles on the roof, I immediately leaped on to them.

"I was clad in a white doublet and a pair of white stockings; likewise a pair of white buskins in which I had placed my dagger. Taking one end of my strips, I attached it to a piece of ancient tile, built into the keep, which by chance jutted out about four fingers. The strip was arranged after the fashion of a stirrup. When I had made it fast, looking upward, I said: 'Lord God! Aid my right, for I am in the right as thou knowest, and because I am helping myself.'

"Letting myself go gradually, holding my weight by the strength of my arms, I reached the ground. There was no moonlight, but there was a fine brightness. When I was on the earth, I looked up at the great height I had descended so courageously, and went joyfully away thinking I was free.

"This, however, was not the case, for the Castellan had had two high walls built on that side which served him for a stable and chicken-house; this place was shut by two heavy outside bolts.

"When I saw that I could not escape from this place, it put me into great distress.

"While I was pacing back and forth, thinking over my predicament, my foot struck against a long beam hidden under the straw. Raising this with great

difficulty to the wall, I pulled myself up to the top. This had a sharp edge so I could not draw up the beam; I therefore took a piece of my remaining strip, and having bound it to the beam, I descended this wall, which caused me great labor and tired me very much; moreover, I had torn the skin off the palms of my hands, which were bleeding. So I was obliged to rest.

"When it seemed that my strength was returned, I leaped on to the last rampart of the outer walls which look toward Prati. Just as I had arranged my strip around a battlement after the same method employed for the greater height, I discovered behind me one of the sentinels on watch.

"Seeing that my design was imperilled, and myself in danger of my life, I prepared to face him—who, when he saw my determined spirit, and that I was coming toward him weapon in hand, quickened his step in retreat.

"Having gotten some distance from my strip, I turned back; and though I saw another guard, he may not have wished to see me.

"Reaching the strip, I let myself go; but, whether fancying I was near the ground I had released my hands to jump, or whether my hands were really tired out and unable to resist the strain—I fell, struck my head, and remained unconscious for over an hour and a half.

"Then, as day began to break, that slight freshness that comes an hour before sunrise caused me to revive; but I was still out of my senses, and thought my head had been cut off.

"Little by little my powers came back; I perceived I was outside the Castello, and suddenly I remembered everything. Feeling first the shock to my head,

I put up my hands and took them away all covered with blood; then having made a careful examination, I decided I had received no severe injury. But when I tried to rise, I found I had broken my right leg three fingers' distance above the heel.

"Even this did not dismay me. I dragged out my dagger in its sheath—this latter had an end with a heavy, hard ball and this had been the cause of my disaster; throwing away the sheath, I cut off a piece of my remaining strip, and bound the leg together as best I could. Then I crawled along, dagger in hand, toward the city gate.

"I reached the gate. It was closed. However, seeing a stone exactly beneath it, which seemed not firm, I tried to pull it away. Laying hold of it, it presently gave, and I drew it out. Through this hole I entered the city, it having been more than five hundred paces in a straight line from where I fell to this gate.

"When I was inside Rome, some mastiff dogs threw themselves on me and bit me severely; upon whom, when they returned many times to plague me, I drew my dagger, and wounded one of them so severely that he howled loudly, and the others, as is their nature, ran after him. So I crawled on toward the Church of Traspontina.

"Meeting a water-carrier who had his donkey laden with buckets of water, I called him and besought him to take me up the stairway."

The sight of some gold at once convinced this water-carrier that Cellini was a fit subject for his help; he accepted his story of an accident in an affair of gallantry, took the wounded man on his own back, and carried him up the flight of steps to another street. Here the fugitive crawled on to the house of a powerful

friend, who took him in, cared for him, and interceded with the Pope for him. In spite of all, the luckless artist was handed back to his obdurate enemy and underwent more weary months of imprisonment, being finally ransomed by a heavy payment.

Whatever opinion one may get of Master Benvenuto's morality from his own story, one feels he had earned his liberty.

## CHAPTER III

### A GREAT NOVELIST AMONG THE CORSAIRS

On the 26th day of September, 1575, a Spanish galley was proceeding westward on the Mediterranean, impelled by both sails and oars. She was a low, broad, one-decked craft at whose masthead flew a banner with the royal arms of Castile and Leon, while on her queerly shaped triangular sails was blazoned in brilliant red a figure of the rising sun in emblem of her name, *el Sol*.

Besides the crew, and the rowers chained to their benches, she bore as passengers a number of Spanish officers who had served in the war against the Turks and were now returning for a visit to their native land after an absence of several years. Among these was a young man named Miguel de Cervantes—who was, when nearly sixty years old, to give the world one of its great books in "Don Quixote." He had joined the army at the age of twenty-three with a reputation as one of the most promising young poets of Spain. That he was made of sterner stuff than many poets, had been shown at the battle of Lepanto the next year (October 7, 1571) when the combined forces of the Pope, the Venetians, and Spaniards almost annihilated the Turkish fleet; for being violently ill with fever, his captain and comrades urged him to remain below as the fleets closed; whereat he broke out: "Gentlemen, upon all occasions up to this day, I have served his Majesty as a good soldier, and now I will

not do less, though I confess I am ill of fever; it is better to fall in the service of God and his Majesty, and so to die, than to retire to a place of shelter; I must entreat of the captain, therefore, to place me in the most exposed post, for there I shall be till I fall." His commander could not resist this stout-hearted appeal: he was sent with twelve soldiers to the bow—and in the fight that followed, his galley slew five hundred Turks, including the Governor of Alexandria, and captured the royal Egyptian standard. Cervantes himself received three arquebus wounds, one leaving him with a maimed left hand for the rest of his life.

He was now eagerly looking forward to a sight of his own land which he had left five years previously, the more ardently since the galley had passed the Island of Sardinia and covered half the distance from Naples to Barcelona; and while his brother Rodrigo and the distinguished officers of the company talked over the past campaigns and the rumors of coming service, the young poet began to dream again of his university days at Salamanca, of the pastoral poems and sonnets which had first won him reputation. He carried with him letters from Don John and Don Carlos, Viceroy of Sicily, commending him to the King in the highest terms as one worthy of promotion; but this flattering prospect paled beside the youthful thrills with which he remembered he had haunted the theatre, wondering if his passion for the drama would some day enable him to see his own characters and ideas upon the stage.

He gazed dreamily off southward, over the blue expanse of sea, whose eager leaps before the fresh breeze made him think with a pang of those joyous young

hopes that had been swept aside by the stormy realities of war. Surely that was what he was meant to do in the world, instead of devoting his energies to killing his fellow men, even if these were Turks and infidels. And then with the writer's natural habit of turning even his most harrowing experiences to account, he began to revolve in his mind a drama he had conceived, the tragic story of that remnant of besieged Numantians, who, rather than surrender to the conquering Romans, applied the torch, slaughtered each other, and perished with their treasure and city in one vast holocaust of flames.

Suddenly, his inward gazing eye was attracted by a black speck on the horizon. He watched it curiously. As it grew larger, his soldier's instinct became aroused. Quietly calling the captain's attention, they stood staring at the tiny spot which gradually resolved itself into three.

In a moment a shout arose from a sailor forward. "The Moors! The Moors!" Instantly there was a rush to arms. Every man on board knew the meaning of that dreaded cry to mariners off the Algerian coast. Flight was impossible, as the wind favored the enemy, who also had more rowers and swifter ships.

The three corsair vessels approached rapidly. One in particular, a long, slim, greyhound-shaped galley with twenty-two oars, sped ahead of its comrades and seemed to leap toward *el Sol* like an eager hound that closes in on a buck.

There was a hot skirmish as the corsairs shot alongside and boarded—which Cervantes afterward described minutely in the Fifth Book of his "Galatea."

But in spite of valiant resistance, there was no chance against such overwhelming odds. The Span-

iards knew that the corsairs reaped their harvest of the sea in the form of captives, and that they would not be killed at first, but held for ransom; so like experienced campaigners they finally surrendered.

All were made slaves and carried back to Algiers, Cervantes falling to the share of Dali Mami, the Greek renegade who commanded the largest galley.

His precious and hard-won letters of commendation now served him an evil turn. Finding these messages from great noblemen to the King, speaking so highly of their bearer, Dali Mami concluded he had a prize indeed. Cervantes was loaded with chains and treated with great harshness, to make him either urge his family to ransom him, or prevail on him to turn renegade.

Rejecting all such suggestions, the poet turned his lively imagination to planning a method of escape. The moment the rigors of his captivity were relaxed—as a sort of object-lesson of the sweets of freedom—he combined with a number of his comrades, and presently found a Moor who agreed for a large reward to guide them two hundred and fifty miles westward to Oran, where a hundred-mile sail would land them on the coast of Spain.

Buoyantly they set out. But the treacherous guide left them in the desert the first day. With no choice but starvation, the party was forced to return to Algiers, where all were again fettered and watched more closely than ever.

In spite of this, Cervantes made three other similar attempts, all of which failed. Then, in 1576, he sent word by some redeemed prisoners to his father. The latter mortgaged everything he possessed and sent the sum to the prisoner; but Dali Mami refused to

consider such a pitiful amount for so distinguished a personage, so the generous Miguel used it to purchase the freedom of his brother Rodrigo.

He did not lose heart for a moment, however. When Rodrigo left in the summer of 1577, he promised to despatch an armed vessel, which was to approach at a signal and take off the fugitives. Carrying with him urgent messages from several of the imprisoned noblemen to the Governors of Valencia and Majorca, Rodrigo departed, and his indefatigable brother at once resumed the plan which was to make the scheme effective when the time came.

There was a large estate east of the city belonging to the Alcalde Azan, a Greek renegade who had risen to importance. This man had as gardener a Christian slave named Juan. Cervantes had become intimate with the latter, and finding that he too pined for his native Navarre, had induced him to join in a daring enterprise.

One by one, fifteen of the prisoners had been spirited away and concealed by Juan in a cave in the wildest part of this estate, this apparently impossible task being facilitated by the great number of captives. Juan stood guard, warning the fugitives of the approach of any danger; and a prisoner known as *el Dorador* (the gilder), who had once embraced Mohammedanism but returned to his faith, was employed by Cervantes to purchase food and convey it secretly to the gloomy cavern. For more than six months this extraordinary underground colony had thus been built up and supported.

Finally, just two years after his capture, feeling that the time had come, Cervantes contrived to send a message to the brigantine waiting at Minorca, fled

from his master's house in disguise, and joined the anxious group in the cave.

Here, in dampness, darkness, and terrible suspense, they waited day after day, upheld by the courage of their leader, who stoutly assured them that for liberty and honor "we ought to risk life itself."

Meanwhile the rescuing vessel had sailed promptly, and reached the Algerian shore a week after the flight of Cervantes. The captain crept in at dusk to the point nearest to the garden, and sent a boat ashore to inform the waiting fugitives that he was ready for them. But at this critical juncture, a fishing-boat came along; the Moors aboard saw the strange brigantine and the rowboat; and they raised such an alarm that the messengers threw themselves into the sea and swam back to their vessel, which was forced to retreat.

A second attempt met with even worse luck, the party being captured by the Algerians.

All this time the luckless fugitives could only maintain their subterranean vigil, in an anxiety that ever deepened as day succeeded day with no word from their rescuers. Their hopes were shortly to receive a rude awakening.

The gilder chose this auspicious time for a third change of his faith. Having some natural doubts as to the value his Mohammedan masters might set upon so habitual a convert as himself, he presented himself before the dreaded Dey (the Turkish Governor) and betrayed the whole conspiracy.

In delight at the prospect of thus "picking up" such valuable property, the Dey sent out a strong force of cavalry and foot-soldiers. Led by the traitor, these surrounded the cavern and seized the thunderstruck band.

Cervantes coolly took all the blame of the enterprise upon himself. Handcuffed, he was marched on foot to the Dey's palace, through a mob which heaped insults and indignities on him, while his comrades were taken to the chief jail, "the Baths," where there were already a couple of thousand prisoners.

The Dey was notorious even among those fierce people for his bloody-minded cruelty. Hardly a day passed that some "Christian dog" was not hanged, impaled, mutilated, or tortured by his orders. The captives had heard with shudders the tale of two Spaniards, some years previously, who had been taken while endeavoring to escape, and had perished by the bastinado at the hands of this wanton monster himself.

He brought all the terrors of his reputation and torture-chambers to bear upon Cervantes in the effort to make him say that Olivar, the crown agent for the redemption of captives, had aided his attempt. The Spaniard calmly asserted that he alone was responsible. At length, unable to break down his firmness, the Dey appropriated the captives for himself, delivered poor Juan up to the Alcalde for death, and had Cervantes fettered and closely guarded in his own royal "bath."

While his brutal cruelty was not lessened through the fact that Dali Mami's protests forced him to turn a windfall into a speculation by purchasing the "lame Spaniard" for a thousand dollars, this probably saved the future author of "Don Quixote"; for he thus became too valuable to kill outright. But no such influence protected many another prisoner, and the daily horrors which made the Turks themselves call the Dey "a butcher of the human race" were a constant object-lesson to Cervantes.

They had no effect save to harden his resolution to escape. Indeed, they were a constant reminder that his turn might come at any moment in some fit of passion on his master's part. He bribed an attendant to carry a letter to Don Martin de Cordova, Governor of Oran, begging to have spies sent with whom he could plan the flight of himself and three others.

The messenger reached Oran safely; but before he could deliver his appeal, he was seized and the letter was found on his person.

The Dey's reply to this was to impale the messenger alive and to sentence Cervantes to two thousand lashes. But though three other prisoners who had been taken on their way to Oran were also impaled, the punishment of the "lame Spaniard" was for some reason not carried out.

With this fate hanging over him, the undaunted poet began a fresh conspiracy. Through a renegade named Giron, who professed penitence for his lapse from Christianity, he arranged with two Venetian merchants of Algiers for the purchase of an armed, twelve-oared brigantine; sixty captives were admitted to the venture; every detail of the desperate attempt was perfected—when at the very moment of departure a wretch named De Paz betrayed his comrades to the Governor. The latter decided to take the party red-handed, so he allowed matters to proceed.

Cervantes had actually gotten away from the prison to a friend's house when one of the Venetians came to him in great alarm, declaring that the Governor knew all and urging the other to hasten aboard without waiting for his friends. Cervantes refused this as dishonorable and remained in hiding several days. Then a proclamation appeared, forbidding any one to con-

ceal the fugitive under pain of death. Rather than jeopardize his friend, the poet gave himself up again.

The Dey's greeting was to have his hands tied behind him and a rope put around his neck. In the face of these ominous proceedings, Cervantes boldly proclaimed that he alone was as before the originator and leader of the enterprise.

His indomitable courage seems to have awed his despotic master. In fact, the latter had begun to have a superstitious feeling about this amazing "lame Spaniard," and was in constant fear that his incredible boldness and persistence would succeed in carrying out the general uprising of the Christian captives in Algiers, which the Moors constantly dreaded. The truth was that Cervantes had long worked at this very plot. There were twenty-five thousand such captives in the city, largely men-at-arms, and it was an alluring idea to a soldier that he might thus be able to capture by stratagem for his Emperor a stronghold which had repeatedly resisted the assaults of Spanish forces. Moreover, his captors well knew by this time that he would hesitate at no audacity. The Dey more than once remarked that as long as the "lame soldier" was well guarded, he could feel easy about his city, slaves, and ships.

The extra precautions taken because of these apprehensions made Cervantes's progress very slow in this ambitious and far-reaching conspiracy.

All this time his parents and brothers in Spain had been working to raise money for his ransom. Themselves impoverished by the first payment, they sought aid of the King, but it was not till 1580 that the monarch graciously permitted the family to export ten thousand ducats' worth of merchandise and apply the prof-

its to the ransom. This venture, by continued ill luck, produced only sixty ducats, which, with three hundred more, raised by the mother and sister, was given to the "fathers of redemption" then setting out for Algiers.

The Dey refused this, demanding double what he paid for the captive. He was sailing for Constantinople, his term of office having expired, and Cervantes was actually taken on board, in chains, to be carried away, when the good Padre Gil managed to strike a bargain with his master. Paying half the latter's demands, the doughty soldier-poet was at last set free after a captivity of nearly five years.

## CHAPTER IV

### JOHN FOXE, GUNNER OF THE *THREE HALF MOONS*

At the very time when Cervantes was indefatigably making a fresh plan as soon as each scheme of escape miscarried, an Englishman was going through a similar but more fortunate experience fifteen hundred miles to the east, in the city of Alexandria.

Here is the old narrative of the "worthy enterprise" of this stout-hearted gunner, written by one Anthony Munday—who was at Rome when John Foxe came thither in triumph:

"Among our merchants here in England it is a common voyage to traffic into Spain. Whereunto a ship, being called the *Three Half Moons*, manned with eight-and-thirty men, and well fenced (furnished) with munitions the better to encounter their enemies withal; having wind and tide, set forth from Portsmouth in the year 1563, and bent her journey toward Seville, a city in Spain: intending there to traffic with them.

"And falling near the straits of Gibraltar, they perceived themselves to be beset round about with eight galleys of the Turks, in such wise that there was no way for them to fly or escape away; but that they must yield or be sunk.

"Which the owner perceiving, manfully encouraged his company, exhorting them 'valiantly to show their manhood, requesting them also not to faint on seeing such a heap of their enemies ready to devour them'; putting them likewise in mind of 'the old and ancient worthiness of their countrymen: who in the hardest

extremities have always most prevailed; and gone away conquerors, yea, and where it hath been almost impossible. Such,' quoth he, 'hath been the valiantness of our countrymen; and such hath been the power of our God.'

"With such other like encouragements they fell all on their knees, making their prayers briefly unto God; and being all risen up again perceived their enemies by their signs and defiances bent to the spoil, whose mercy was nothing else but cruelty. Whereupon every man took him to his weapon.

"Then stood up Grove, the master, being a comely man, with his sword and target; holding them up in defiance against his enemies. So likewise stood up the owner, the master's mate, boatswain, purser, and every man well appointed. Now likewise sounded up the drums, trumpets, and flutes, which would have encouraged any man, had he never so little heart or courage in him.

"Then taketh him to his charge John Foxe, the gunner, disposing his pieces to the best effect, and sending his bullets toward the Turks; who likewise bestowed their pieces thrice as fast toward the Christians. But shortly they drew near, so that the bowmen fell to their charge in sending forth their arrows so thick amongst the galleys, and also in doubling their shot so sure that there were twice as many of the Turks slain as of the Christians.

"But the Turks discharged twice as fast, until the ship was sore stricken under water. Which the Turks perceiving, made the more haste to come aboard, but ere they could do so many a one bought it dearly with the loss of his life.

"Yet was all in vain, and boarded they were; but

the enemy found so hot a skirmish that it had been better had they not meddled with the feast. For the Englishmen showed themselves men, indeed, in working with their brown bills and halberds, and the company stood to it so lustily that the Turks were half dismayed. But chiefly the boatswain showed himself valiant above the rest, for he went among the Turks like a wood (mad) lion, so that none of them either could or durst stand in his face: till at the last there came a shot which broke his whistle asunder and smote him in the breast so that he fell down, encouraging them to win praise by death rather than live captives.

"This they intended, but the number of the Turks was so great that they were overpressed and could not wield their weapons. By reason of this they must needs be taken.

"Then would it have grieved any hard heart to see these infidels so violently entreating the Christians who must needs go to the galleys. And they were no sooner in than their garments were pulled over their ears and torn from their backs, and they were set to the oars.

"Nigh to the city of Alexandria there is a harbor with strong walls where the Turks do bring their galleys in the winter season and lay them up against the springtime. In which road there is a prison wherein captives are put, every prisoner being grievously laden with irons on his legs. In this prison were these Christians thrown and fast guarded all winter. The master and owner were redeemed, but the rest abided still, with ill usage and miserably starved—saving John Foxe, who being skilful as a barber, helped his fare now and then with a good meal.

"At last he had leave to go in and out at his pleasure, paying a certain stipend to the keeper and wearing a lock about his leg. This liberty six more had, by long imprisonment not being feared or suspected."

In the year 1577, in the winter, the galleys came to their accustomed harbor, and were discharged of their masts, sails, and other furniture. There then remained in the prison two hundred and sixty-eight Christians of sixteen nations. John Foxe having been there thirteen or fourteen years, continually pondering on escape, took a great heart unto him.

Not far from the harbor there was a victualling house kept by one Peter Unticaro, a Spaniard born and a Christian, who had been prisoner above thirty years, and was not suspected of any conspiracy. John Foxe opened to Unticaro the device he would put in practice, and made one more acquainted with their plan. These three debated seven weeks and added another five, determining then to accomplish their purpose three days later.

The last day of December, John Foxe explained the project to the rest of the prisoners and persuaded them without much ado to join in the enterprise. He gave them a number of files he had gathered together, charging every man to be free of his irons by eight o'clock the next night.

The following night Foxe and his six companions came to the house of Unticaro and passed the time in mirth, for fear of suspicion, till the hour came.

In the meantime the other seven had provided them of such weapons as they could get in that house; John Foxe took an old rusty sword without hilt or pommel, bending the hand end to serve as a pommel.

"The keeper now being come into the house and per-

ceiving no light nor hearing any noise, straightway suspected the matter. As he went backward, John Foxe stepped forth.

"'Oh, Foxe!' said he, 'what have I deserved of thee that thou shouldst seek my death?'

"'Thou villain,' quoth Foxe, 'hast been a blood-sucker of many a Christian's blood, and now thou shalt know what thou hast deserved at my hands.'

"Whereupon he lifted up his sword of ten years' rust and struck him a blow that clave his head asunder, so that he fell stark dead to the ground.

The rest came forth and marched toward the gate of the harbor, entering softly.

Six wardens were on guard.

"Who goes there?" asked one.

Quoth Foxe and his company: "All friends."

But when they were all within, this proved contrary, for said Foxe: "My masters, here is less than man to man: look you play your parts."

They entered the jailer's lodge, where they found the keys by his bedside and better weapons. In this chamber was a chest with a rich treasure all in ducats, of which Peter Unticaro and two others stuffed themselves as full as they could between their shirts and their skins. But John Foxe would not touch it, saying it was liberty that he sought.

Now Foxe opened the gates and doors and called forth all the prisoners, whom he set to ramming up the gate, and dressing the best galley with masts, sails, oars, and such furnishings.

At the prison were some warders whom Foxe and his company slew; meanwhile eight more Turks perceived them and got on top of the prison. There was a hot skirmish. John Foxe was thrice shot through his

apparel and not hurt; but Unticaro and the other two who had armed themselves with ducats were slain, not being able to wield themselves with the weight of the treasure, also divers more Christians were hurt.

One Turk, thrust through, fell off and gave the alarm. The city and castle next to the road were aroused, so there was now but one way of escape and that looked impossible.

The harbor side was filled with the fugitives, every man setting his hand to some preparation, but most keeping their enemy from the wall. Shortly the galley was ready, every man leaped aboard, and they hoisted the sails lustily.

"Once out from the shore, the two castles had full power on the galley, cannon on both sides and the vessel in between. There is no man but would think it must needs be sunk.

"The shots went thundering about their ears, yet were they not once touched by five and forty balls fired from the castles. Quickly they passed out of reach."

The Turks rushed to the waterside like swarms of bees to set out in pursuit; but everything was in confusion, there was no leader, and before they could get a single galley properly ready, the fugitives were at a safe distance off the coast.

They met with storms, and were in great misery for twenty-eight days through scarcity of food, so that there died eight persons. But it so fell out that on the twenty-ninth day after leaving Alexandria, they reached the island of Candia and landed, where they were made much of by the abbot and monks.

Sailing along the coast, and just missing a pursuing fleet of seven Turkish galleys, they arrived at Taranto, sold their galley, and divided the proceeds.

The worthy gunner went on to Rome and was rewarded by the Pope; was received and pensioned by the King of Spain, and finally came back to his own country in 1579.

"Being come into England, he went into the court and showed all his travel to the council; who considering that he had spent and lost a great part of his youth in thraldom and bondage, extended to him their liberality to help maintain him now in age—to their right honor and to the encouragement of all true-hearted Christians."

## CHAPTER V

### THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL ESCAPES

THERE is probably no escape from imprisonment on record so noted as that of Baron Trenck.

Trenck was a young, handsome, wealthy Prussian nobleman, who entered the body-guard of Emperor Frederick II when only sixteen. This picked cavalry squadron, magnificently uniformed and equipped, was the most dashing and aristocratic body of troops in Europe, selected individually by the King himself, at once guards, soldiers, instructors, and courtiers.

In three weeks young Trenck was made a cornet. He served with distinction for two years in the war between Prussia and Austria, though by his own confession he did not always allow duty to interfere with his pleasures.

Suddenly in 1746 he was arrested on the charge of treason. What his real offense was has always remained obscure; perhaps, as stated, he lifted his bold eyes to the monarch's sister; but it is certain that the Emperor's friendship changed to relentless severity.

Without examination or trial, he was conducted by fifty hussars to the fortress of Glatz, in the mountains of Silesia. His letter to the King brought no reply, and after five months' imprisonment, he heard that peace had been declared and that his place in the body-guard had been filled. Not only was there no

prospect of release, but he feared that any day might bring the order for his execution. He resolved to try for freedom.

Trenck's first effort to escape was betrayed by the fellow prisoner with whom he had conspired, and in consequence his former comfortable treatment was altered; instead of having the freedom of the citadel and entertaining the officers, he was shut up in a small cell and closely guarded.

The tale is told by himself:

"I was now left to myself, surveyed my destiny on the dark side, and thought only of the means to fly or perish; for the narrow prison began at last to be insupportable to my impatient temper. My first project was this: My window was in the alarm fort, about fifteen fathoms high, and opposite the side of the town, therefore I could not escape from the citadel without first seeking a refuge in the town; this was already assured me, by means of an officer, in the house of an honest soapmaker. With my penknife, which was notched, I cut through three very thick iron bars, but as this took up too much time, and there were no less than eight of them that opposed my passage in front of the window, an officer conveyed a file to me, with which I was obliged to work very cautiously for fear of being heard by the sentry.

"As soon as this was finished, I slit my leather portmanteau into strings, knotted them together, took my bedclothes to my assistance, and let myself fortunately down from this astonishing height.

"It rained bitterly. The night being dark and gloomy, everything was favorable; but I was under the disagreeable necessity of wading through the sink of the common sewer before I could reach the town.

This I had not foreseen. Although I was not above my knees, it was impossible for me to proceed. I did all I could, but stuck so fast that at last I lost all strength, and called to the sentry who was on the alarm fort: 'Tell the commandant that Trenck is sticking in the mud.' To increase my misfortune, General Fouquet was at that time commandant at Glatz; he was a well-known misanthrope, who had fought a duel with my father when a captain, and had been wounded by him. On these accounts he was a bitter enemy to the name of Trenck, and took every opportunity of making me feel the effects of his animosity. He suffered me to remain in this condition as a public spectacle for the garrison till noon, then ordered me to be taken out and shut in my prison again, but would not allow me any water the whole day to wash myself. The figure I made was truly pitiable. My long hair had, in the struggle, fallen into the mire, and nothing could be more obnoxious than my situation, till I was granted a couple of prisoners, who cleaned me.

"My confinement was now increased, with as much rigor as possible. I had, however, eighty louis d'ors in my pocket, which were not taken from me, and from those I found essential service afterward.

"But presently all my passions began to storm, and my young blood mutinied against any reasonable resolve; I saw all hopes vanish; looked upon myself as the most unfortunate creature upon earth, and my monarch as an implacable judge, now further provoked by my unsuccessful efforts to regain my liberty.

"Scarce eight days were passed since my last unsuccessful attempt to fly, when a circumstance occurred that would seem improbable in history if I did

not write it myself, and publicly make it known, at a time when I, the chief actor, am still living, and could call upon all Glatz, the whole Prussian garrison, as eye, ear, and local witnesses.

"The town major, Doo, came into my prison, accompanied by the adjutant and officer of the guard; he visited every corner, and entered into conversation with me, in which he styled my attempt to escape a *double crime*, that would rouse the monarch's wrath against me. The word crime had already made my blood boil. He talked of patience. I asked: 'How long has the king sentenced me?' He answered: 'A traitor to his country, who corresponds with the enemy, has no other appointed time than the King's will.' At that instant I tore from his side his sword, on which I had already fixed my eye, flew out of the door, threw the terrified sentry down-stairs, found at the door below the guard, which had at that moment been called out for the relief, ran upon them sword in hand—every one started with surprise and made way. I laid about me right and left, wounded four men, ran through the middle of them, sprang upon the breastwork of the principal rampart, and directly down from the astonishing height, without the smallest damage—even kept my sword in hand. I got as luckily over the second lower rampart; no pieces were loaded, nobody would leap after me, and there was no other way to pursue me than by going through the town and out of the gate, so that I had near a mile and a half start. In a narrow passage in one of the outworks a sentry ran toward me and opposed my flight; in an instant his firelock and bayonet were parried, and he received a cut on the face; the other sentries of the outworks attacked me in the rear; I

sprang with all haste over the palisades, but, unfortunately, one of my feet remained sticking betwixt them; I was wounded by a bayonet in the upper lip, and held fast by the leg until the others came to help. They sent me back to my prison, bruised, beaten, and for having defended myself like a desperate man.

"My hopes had now an end; my confinement was more rigid, and a non-commissioned officer and two men were placed in my room, which was also strictly guarded on the outside. I was shockingly treated, my right ankle was disjointed, I spat blood, and my wound was not healed for a month.

"I soon found (for I was ever on the watch) new opportunity for a fresh enterprise. I studied the disposition of the men who guarded me; I did not want for money; with that, and excited compassion, anything may be done with a discontented Prussian soldier. In a short time I had a party of thirty-two men on my side, who were ready at a wink to undertake everything; none, except two or three, knew of each other's engagement, consequently they could not all be discovered; and the non-commissioned officer, Nicholai, was my chosen conductor.

"The garrison of the citadel consisted at that time only of one hundred and twenty men from the different regiments that were divided in the county of Glatz. Four officers relieved each other alternately at the main guard, three of whom were in my secret; everything was prepared; cartridges, pistols, and a sword were concealed in a hole in my jail. We meant to release all the other prisoners, and march with flying colors to Bohemia, but an Austrian deserter, in whom Nicholai confided, discovered the whole affair, and the Governor sent his adjutant to the citadel, with orders for the

officer of the guard immediately to confine Nicholai, and with his men to surround the barracks.

"The storm which had been for some time gathering around me began now to rage with violence.

"All possible rigors of confinement ensued, excepting that I was not put in irons; for, in Prussia, no gentleman or officer can be chained unless he be delivered into the hands of the executioner for some infamous crime.

"At a time when every expectation began to vanish, and all probability to escape seemed vain, the following wonderful circumstances occurred:

"Lieutenant Bach, by birth a Dane, who every four days mounted guard upon me, was the terror of the whole garrison—a quarrelsome fellow, who had fought with and marked all his comrades. On this account he had been changed into two different regiments, and at last, by way of punishment, put into one of the battalions garrisoned at Glatz. This man was sitting on my bed, and telling me that the day before he had wounded Lieutenant Schell in the arm. I said to him jestingly: 'If I were free, I think you would scarce wound me.' Immediately his blood flew to his face, and in a hurry we made a pair of foils from an old split door which served me as a table; I touched him on the breast. He ran in a passion out-of-doors—but how I was astonished to see him return with two musketeer's sabres under his coat! He offered me one, and said: 'Now, boaster, show what thou canst do.' I protested against it, wished to convince him of the danger —it was in vain; he attacked me, and I wounded him in the right arm. He instantly flung down the sword, threw himself round my neck, kissed me, and remained crying in that position. At length with an odd kind

of joy visible in his face, he said: 'Friend! thou art my master, and thou shalt obtain thy liberty through me, as sure as my name is Bach.' We bound up the wound in his arm, which, though not mortal, was nevertheless deep. He went away, sent for a surgeon, who dressed him properly, and at night he came to me again.

"Here he suggested that there was no way of escaping unless the officer of the guard accompanied me; he himself would willingly lay down his life for me, but he could not perform any villainous deed, or desert his guard. However, he gave me his word of honor to find me a man in a few days, and to assist as much as possible. At night he returned again, and brought Lieutenant Schell with him. The first word was: 'Here's thy man.' Schell embraced me, pledged his faith, the bargain was concluded, and I was assured of my liberty.

"We agreed that at his next guard everything should be settled, and our design put into execution the ensuing one. He mounted every fourth day, consequently in eight days everything was to be effectuated.

"But it now began to be suspected that the officers were too familiar and intimate with me; and an order was given for my door to be always locked, and my victuals delivered to me through a window; the major kept the key, and all were forbidden to eat with me on pain of being cashiered. The officers, however, got a false key made, and generally spent the best part of the day and night with me.

"Opposite to my room, in the prison, was a Captain Damnitz. This man had deserted from the Prussian service with the company's money, and was made a captain of his cousin's regiment in Austria; but in the

campaign of 1744 he acted as a spy, and was taken in the dress of a peasant by the Prussian army; he was deservedly condemned to be hanged, but received his pardon, at the intercession of the Swedish volunteers who were at that time with the army, and was sentenced, *cum infamia*, to remain in Glatz the remainder of his life.

"This worthless man, who, through interest, not only obtained his freedom after two years' imprisonment but was even made lieutenant-colonel of his cousin's regiment, was at that time secretly employed by the town major as a spy over the other prisoners, and had given information that, notwithstanding the strict orders to the contrary, the officer of the guard passed most of his time with me.

"On the 24th of December Schell was upon guard; he came immediately to my room, and stayed some time with me; everything was this day to be settled how we were to make our escape next time he mounted.

"Lieutenant Schroder was that day invited to dine with the commanding officer, and heard accidentally from the adjutant that he had orders to relieve Lieutenant Schell, and immediately to put him under arrest. Schroder, who was in the secret, instantly conjectured that we were betrayed; although, as I afterward understood, it was owing to nothing else but the spy Damnitz having given notice that Schell was in my room.

"Schroder ran terrified to Schell in the citadel, crying: 'Friend! save thyself, all is discovered, thou wilt be immediately confined.'

"Schell himself might have escaped without the least danger, for Schroder proposed to take horse directly and ride toward Bohemia. But the gallant man,

instead of following his salutary advice, entered my prison, drew a non-commissioned officer's sabre from below his coat, and said: 'Friend, we are betrayed, follow me, and do not let me fall alive into the hands of my enemies.' I wanted to speak to him—he seized me hastily by the hand, saying: 'Follow—there is not a moment to spare.' I instantly threw my coat on my shoulders, pulled on my boots, but had not even time to take my little concealed cash along with me.

"We went out, and he said to the sentry: 'Your prisoner is going with me into the officer's room, stay here.' We actually did go in, but immediately retired, unperceived, by a side door. My friend was planning to go with me under the arsenal to the covert-way, then get over the palisades, and save ourselves the best way we could.

"We had scarce gone a hundred paces when we were met by Major Quaadt and the adjutant. Schell started, stepped upon the rampart, and leaped over the parapet, which at that part was not very high. I followed, and sprang after him, without receiving any other injury but a slight hurt on my shoulder; my friend had the misfortune to dislocate his ankle, which gave him the most excruciating pain; he immediately drew his sword and entreated me to run him through the body and endeavor to save myself.

"He was a small, weak man; I took him in my arms, helped him over the palisades, aided him to get upon my back, and ran without knowing where. It is worthy of remark, how fortune favored us in so desperate an enterprise; the sun was then setting, and the air exceedingly cold, raw, and cloudy; nobody durst attempt to leap after us; the alarm was great—every one knew us—but before anybody could come from

the citadel into the town, and from thence through the gate to follow us, we had got at least half a league.

"The alarm cannons were fired, as in all cases of desertions, before we were one hundred paces distant; this terrified my friend still more, as he very well knew that there was seldom an instance of a deserter escaping who had not at least two hours' start before the guns were fired, because all passages are immediately beset by peasants and hussars, who are particularly strict and watchful.

"We were not above five hundred yards distant from the fortifications before everything was in motion both behind and before us; we fled in daylight, and luckily escaped; for which I partly thank my presence of mind and the character I had established. Among the officers ordered to follow us was Lieutenant Bart, my friend, and Captain Zerbst, of Fouquet's regiment, who always loved me with fraternal affection. We met him not far from the borders of Bohemia, where he called to me: 'Brother, keep more to the left, and endeavor to gain yonder house which stands by itself, that is the border—the hussars are gone to the right!' He moved sideways as if he had not observed us; we had not much to fear from the officers, they always assisted each other where they had it in their power.

"Scarce had I carried my friend three hundred paces till I set him down and looked about me; but the air was so thick that I could neither see the town nor the citadel; of course we ourselves were invisible. My presence of mind never left me a moment; death or liberty was my positive determination. I asked my friend Schell where we were. Where lay Bohemia. Where flowed the Neisse. The good man had not yet recovered himself enough for recollection, but begged

that I would not leave him behind alive, and seemed to despair of all probability of escaping. After having solemnly promised that in case there was no other resource I would deliver him from the ignominious death of a gibbet, I endeavored to cheer up and encourage him by my own example and high spirits; he then looked around and recollected, observing that we were at no great distance from the field ports. I again asked: 'Where is the Neisse?' He pointed sideways. 'Friend,' said I, 'we have been seen moving toward the Bohemian mountains, where it will be impossible for us to pass, for there the cordon is beset, and the hussars and all our pursuers have taken that route.' I took him again upon my back, and carried him toward the Neisse; we now heard a dreadful noise in all the neighboring villages, and the boors who had surrounded the desertion cordon were running about and giving the alarm on all sides.

"The Neisse was but little frozen; I took my friend and conducted him as far as I could wade. In the deepest part, which was not quite three fathoms broad, he was obliged to hold fast by my hair, and in this manner we landed safe on the other side.

"Conceive how pleasant it must have been to swim on the 24th of December, and then to remain eighteen hours without shade or shelter, under the canopy of heaven! About seven o'clock in the evening every cloud had disappeared, and it grew moonlight and frosty. I had my friend to carry, therefore was warm, but fatigued; he, on the other hand, endured cold beside the pain of a dislocated ankle, which I endeavored in vain to reduce; danger and death were before my eyes at every step.

"As soon as we had reached the opposite shore of

the Neisse we were out of danger of the pursuit, for nobody looked for us on the road to Silesia. I walked a good mile and a half by the side of the river, but when we got to the first villages in our rear which bounded the alarm cordon and were by experience well known to Schell, we found by accident a small fishing-boat; we broke the lock, ferried over, and in a short time gained the mountains. There we set ourselves down upon the snow; our courage increased, and we held a council of what was further to be done. I cut a stick for Schell, with which he now and then helped himself forward on one leg, and let me rest a little; this was work of much difficulty, the snow being very deep and its surface exceeding hard.

"Thus passed the night, whilst we tumbled about and over our knees in snow, without making much way; the lofty mountains were here and there insurmountable; the day began to break, and we fancied ourselves near the borders, which were four German miles distant from Glatz; but to our great terror and surprise, we heard the Glatz clock strike. I now felt myself unable any longer to endure the extreme fatigue and cold; the pain of my friend's leg became almost insupportable. In this situation, and tortured by craving hunger, we thought it impossible to survive the day. After a long consultation, we arrived, in about an hour and a half, at a village which lay at the foot of the mountain. About three hundred yards on this side of the village stood two separate houses; therefore, we took the following resolution, which we immediately put into execution.

"We had both lost our hats in getting over the ramparts of Glatz; Schell, as an officer of the guard, had still his gorget and sash about him, which might pro-

cure us some respect from the country people. I cut my finger, and besmeared my face, shirt, and coat with blood, like a man shockingly wounded, at the same time bound up my head. In this condition I carried Schell to the end of a thicket, not far from the houses, where he tied my hands behind my back, but in such a manner that I could easily disengage them, pretended to be in a great passion, beat about with his stick, and called for help. Two old peasants came running toward us. Schell immediately cried out: 'Run to the village, let the judge get a cart and horses ready in a moment —I have got the rascal—he has stabbed my horse, by which I have sprained my leg—however, I have slashed him—make haste—a cart—that he may be hanged before he dies.'

"Thus I suffered myself to be dragged into a room; one of the boors ran into the village. An old woman and a pretty young girl took compassion upon me, and brought us some bread and milk. But how was I astonished, when the old countryman called Schell by his name, and assured us that he knew we were the two deserters whom an officer came after the night before—for the latter had named us in the public house, and described our dress, with the whole story of our flight. This peasant knew Schell personally, for his son served in the same company, and had often spoken to him at Habelschwerd, when he was quartered there.

"Nothing now remained but an immediate resolution and presence of mind; I ran quickly into the stable, and Schell kept the old boor in the room. He was a very honest man, and even told us the way toward Bohemia; we were not above a mile and a half from Glatz, and had wandered backward and forward near

six miles in the mountains. The girl followed me; I found three horses in the stable, but no bridles; I besought her, in a piteous manner, to help me; she was moved, and immediately gave me two.

"I took the horses out, called to Schell—he appeared with his lame leg—I helped him mount—the old countryman cried and begged for his horses; but, fortunately, he had neither the courage nor the inclination to oppose us; for, defenseless as we were, he might at least have detained us with a pitchfork till the village was alarmed. We rode off without either saddles or hats, Schell in uniform, with his sash and gorget, and I in my red *garde du uniform;* but our hopes were nearly frustrated, for my horse would not stir from the place; as a good rider, however, I found means to make him go on. Schell rode first; but scarce were we a hundred paces distant, before we saw the inhabitants hastening out of the village; fortunately, for us, it was a holiday, every one was at church, and the peasant whom we had sent was obliged to call them out; it was about nine o'clock, and had they been at home we must have inevitably been lost. I was fatigued, and Schell lame; we could not possibly have escaped.

"The road led directly to Wunschelburg; there was no way of getting through this town. Schell had been quartered there about a month before; everybody knew him, and our equipage, without either saddle or hat, looked nothing else but desertion. The horses, however, went tolerably well, and we escaped safe, although there were eighty infantry and twelve hussars posted to take up deserters. We went round the town, through the suburbs, and as he knew the way to Bummorn, we arrived safe there about seven

o'clock. The joy we felt that day is not to be described.

"I was once more at liberty."

This adventure would seem enough for one person. But Trenck was captured again in May, 1754, and spent nearly *ten years* in the fortress of Magdeburg. Part of the time half-starved and desperately sick; loaded down with sixty-eight pounds of chains and fetters; in a stone cell with his own tombstone in the floor beneath his feet; in spite of all this, this man freed himself from his irons so that he could restore them when visited, cut through nine inches of oak planks, dug down under the foundations, tunnelled forty feet, carrying the sand by handfuls—only to be discovered when he emerged!

Again and again he attempted to burrow himself free, though for four years he was visited every fifteen minutes day and night.

Friends had arranged to have horses for him at a certain place on the 15th of each month for a year. While laboring naked in his tunnels one night, a great stone fell from the roof behind and blocked the passage. Fainting for lack of air, in the ghastly darkness, dreading discovery and loss of his frightful labor even if he got out alive, he managed to dig a hole in the bottom of the tunnel, drag the stone into it, and return to his cell—actually finding courage to restore the rubbish and make all look natural before the inspectors arrived.

Once all was nearly ruined by his tame mouse which made a noise gnawing a wooden platter and brought in the guards. Still Trenck persisted—only to fail time after time.

At length on the day before Christmas, 1763, the

King released him, banishing him from his domi. ions.

He travelled all over Europe; married a "young, handsome, and virtuous" Frenchwoman; had eleven children; and, after many more romantic adventures, joined the Jacobins in Paris and died on the guillotine in 1794.

## CHAPTER VI

### OUT OF THE HANDS OF THE INQUISITION

A YEAR after Baron Trenck was immured in the dungeon of Magdeburg, an almost equally celebrated character met a similar fate in Venice. This was Giovanni Casanova, brother of a distinguished painter, but himself preferring to "live on his wits"—which had been his chief inheritance from his actor parents.

His gay career was interrupted for a couple of years when he was about thirty. The officials of the church descended upon him as he was starting to an entertainment in all his finery, found in his possession forbidden books of magic, and promptly clapped him into a cell, beneath the roof of the ducal palace and just above the secret room of the Inquisition.

Torture and death were the probable future that confronted the prisoner when he was left alone in the gloomy cell, without a bed and with a ceiling too low to permit him to stand erect.

"I became like a raging madman, stamping, cursing, and uttering wild cries. After more than an hour of this furious exercise, seeing no one, not hearing the least sign which could have made me imagine that any one was aware of my fury, I stretched myself on the ground. . . . But my bitter grief and anger, and the hard floor on which I lay, did not prevent me from sleeping.

"The midnight bell woke me: I could not believe that I had really passed three hours without conscious-

ness of pain. Without moving, lying as I was on my left side, I stretched out my right hand for my handkerchief, which I remembered was there. Groping with my hand—heavens! suddenly it rested upon *another* hand, icy cold! Terror thrilled me from head to foot, and my hair rose. I had never in all my life known such an agony of fear, and would never have thought myself capable of it.

"Three or four minutes I passed, not only motionless, but bereft of thought; then, recovering my senses, I began to think that the hand I touched was imaginary. In that conviction I stretched out my arm once more, only to encounter the same hand, which, with a cry of horror, I seized, and let go again, drawing back my own. I shuddered, but being able to reason by this time, I decided that while I slept a corpse had been laid near me—for I was sure there was nothing when I lay down on the floor. But whose was the dead body? Some innocent sufferer, perhaps one of my own friends, whom they had strangled, and laid there that I might find before my eyes when I woke the example of what my own fate was to be? That thought made me furious: for the third time I approached the hand with my own; I clasped it, and at the same instant I tried to rise, to draw this dead body toward me, and be certain of the hideous crime. But, as I strove to prop myself on my left elbow, the cold hand I was clasping became alive, and was withdrawn—and I knew in that instant, to my utter astonishment, that I held none other than my own left hand, which lying stiffened on the hard floor, had lost heat and sensation entirely."

After six months of suspense, he resolved to escape.

He was permitted to walk a while each day in the rubbish-strewn corridor. Among the litter he found a

small piece of marble, and later a long iron bolt, which he managed to pick up unobserved and hide in his clothing.

After fifteen days of steady labor, which lamed his arm and shoulder so that he could hardly raise them, he succeeded in grinding the bolt to a sharp point. He now had a tool, and the rush seat of his chair made a hiding-place for it.

Then he ordered the guards not to sweep out his cell. His jailer presently noticed this, but Casanova said the dust affected his lungs. He met the jailer's offer to sprinkle the floor with water by the plausible excuse that the dampness would be just as bad for him; but the former's suspicions were aroused and he not only had the room carefully cleaned but made a most thorough search of every foot of it. The precious bolt in the chair-seat, however, escaped his attention.

Casanova said nothing, but the next day he exhibited a bloody handkerchief (he had cut his finger in order to stain it), declaring that this cruelty would mean his death. The Inquisition had its own means of despatching its prisoners, and till it was ready they were sacred. The doctor at once ordered that the floor be left unswept.

Thus the prisoner was free to begin. But first the intense cold and then the presence of a Jew money-lender, who was thrust into the same cell, delayed him for several months. He succeeded in making a lamp before his visitor arrived, unravelling threads from his quilt for a wick, and getting oil from salads.

The first night he was alone, Casanova set to work at the floor beneath his bed, boring with his bolt for six hours, then gathering the scraps of wood into a napkin and emptying them next day in the corridor.

He got through the first two-inch plank. There was another beneath it. This was pierced. He came to a third. Three weeks of cautious, difficult toil were needed to make a hole large enough for his body through all this tough wood. And then he discovered there was a flooring of marble beneath, on which his bolt made no impression.

He had read that vinegar would soften marble. The next day he poured a bottleful down the hole, and to his delight succeeded in breaking the blocks out of the cement. Only a thin plank remained between him and the room below, though having by bad luck come against one of the floor beams, he had to enlarge his hole considerably.

All this had taken nearly four months. Two days before the night he had set for his attempt, came a crushing disappointment. He says:

"On the 25th, there happened what makes me shudder even as I write. Precisely at noon I heard the rattling of bolts, a fearful beating of my heart made me think that my last moment had come, and I flung myself on my armchair, stupefied. Laurent entered, and said gayly:

"'Sir, I have come to bring you good news, on which I congratulate you.'

"At first I thought my liberty was to be restored—I knew no other news which *could* be good; and I saw that I was lost, for the discovery of the hole would have undone me. But Laurent told me to follow him. I asked him to wait till I got ready.

"'No matter,' he said, 'you are only going to leave this dismal cell for a light one, quite new, where you can see half Venice through the two windows; where you can stand upright; where——'

"But I cannot bear to write of it—I seemed to be dying. I implored Laurent to tell the secretary that I thanked the tribunal for its mercy, but begged it in heaven's name to leave me where I was. Laurent told me, with a burst of laughter, that I was mad, that my present cell was execrable, and that I was to be transferred to a delightful one.

"'Come, come, you must obey orders,' he exclaimed.

"He led me away. I felt a momentary solace in hearing him order one of his men to follow with the armchair, where my spontoon was still concealed. That was always something! If my beautiful hole in the floor, that I had made with such infinite pains, could have followed me too—but that was impossible! My body went but my soul stayed behind.

"As soon as Laurent saw me in the fresh cell, he had the armchair set down. I flung myself upon it, and he went away, telling me that my bed and all my other belongings should be brought to me at once."

Presently the man rushed back, in mingled rage and terror, and demanded the axe with which the prisoner must have made the hole he had discovered. Casanova replied that any axe he had had must have come from the jailer himself, since he had been his only visitor; and all Laurent's search failed to discover the bolt. The latter after this had a guard sound the floor and walls every day with a bar, but Casanova noted that he never tested the ceiling.

Before long, getting his guard to borrow a book from another prisoner, he succeeded in starting a correspondence with this man, a monk named Balbi. The letters were written with his finger-nail, dipped in mulberry juice, and the watchful Laurent himself was the unconscious messenger.

Casanova decided the next attempt must start at the other end.

"I wrote to him that I would find some means of sending him an instrument with which he could break through the roof of his cell, and having climbed upon it, go to the wall separating his roof from mine. Breaking through that, he would find himself on my roof, which also must be broken through. That done, I would leave my cell, and he and I together would manage to raise one of the great leaden squares that formed the highest palace roof. Once outside that, I would be answerable for the rest.

"But first he must tell the jailer to buy him forty or fifty pictures of saints, and by way of proving his piety, he must cover his walls and ceiling with these, putting the largest on the ceiling. When he had done this, I would tell him more.

"I next ordered Laurent to buy me the new folio Bible that was just printed; for I fancied its great size might enable me to conceal my tool there, and so send it to the monk. But when I saw it, I became gloomy—the bolt was two inches longer than the Bible. The monk wrote to me that the cell was already covered according to my direction, and hoped I would lend him the great Bible which Laurent told him I had bought. But I replied that for three or four days I needed it myself.

"At last I hit upon a device. I told Laurent that on Michaelmas Day I wanted two dishes of macaroni and one of these must be the largest dish he had, for I meant to season it, and send it with my compliments to the worthy gentleman who had lent me books. Laurent would bring me the butter and the Parmesan cheese, but I myself should add them to the boiling macaroni.

"I wrote to the monk preparing him for what was to happen, and on St. Michael's Day all came about as I expected. I had hidden the bolt in the great Bible, wrapped in paper, one inch of it showing on each side. I prepared the cheese and butter; and in due time Laurent brought me in the boiling macaroni and the great dish. Mixing the ingredients, I filled the dish so full that the butter nearly ran over the edge, and then I placed it carefully on the Bible, and put that, with the dish resting on it, into Laurent's hand, warning him not to spill a drop. All his caution was necessary; he went away with his eyes fixed on his burden, lest the butter should run over; and the Bible with the bolt projecting from it were covered, and more than covered, by the huge dish. His one care was to hold that steady, and I saw that I had succeeded. Presently he came back to tell me that not a drop of butter had been spilled."

There followed several weeks of tense anxiety, while the monk laboriously carried out instructions, Casanova being forced to wait inactive.

One day when Balbi had gotten to work at the roof of the other's cell, and the impatient prisoner stood listening to the sounds overhead like the gnawings of a rat, the startling tramp of approaching feet in the corridor came to his ears. He had just time to give the warning signal of two raps against the ceiling, when Laurent appeared, conducting another prisoner, who was to share his confinement.

This unpleasant-looking person, Soradici, proved to be a spy of the Inquisition. The ingenious Casanova wrote two harmless letters to friends, praising the Inquisition, and begged the spy to deliver them when he was released, making him swear on the image of the Virgin not to betray him.

All went as he had expected. The spy was sent for, promptly delivered the letters to his employers, and came back to learn more. Soon breaking through his deceit, Casanova, as if in desperation, dropped on his knees before the Virgin and implored vengeance on the vile creature who had thus desecrated her name. Soradici, overcome with superstitious dread, besought him to avert this fate—whereupon Casanova wrote to Balbi to start work again at three o'clock next day and continue just four hours.

The following morning Casanova appeared to relent and addressed the abject spy:

"Learn that at break of day the Holy Virgin appeared to me, and commanded me to forgive you. You shall not die. The grief that your treachery caused me made me pass all the night sleepless, since I knew that the letters you had given to the secretary would prove my ruin—and my one consolation was to believe that in three days I should see you die in this very cell. But though my mind was full of revenge—unworthy of a Christian—at break of day the image of the Blessed Virgin that you see moved, opened her lips, and said: 'Soradici is under my protection: I would have you pardon him. In reward of your generosity I will send one of my angels in figure of a man, who shall descend from heaven to break the roof of the cell, and in five or six days to release you. To-day this angel will begin his work at three o'clock, and will work till half an hour before the sun sets, for he must return to me by daylight. When you escape you will take Soradici with you, and you will take care of him all his life, on condition that he quits the profession of a spy forever.' With these words the Blessed Virgin disappeared."

Soradici was ready to believe anything, and the con-

firmation given by the sounds above, from three o'clock to seven, removed his last doubts.

At the moment predicted, a week later, the angel in the shape of dirty and dishevelled Father Balbi came through the ceiling.

The latter watched the bewildered Soradici, while Casanova ascended, pierced the roof of the building, and with Balbi's help raised one of the heavy leaden tiles. The brilliant moon forced them to wait, and the time was employed in making a rope of sheets and towels.

At last they set out, leaving Soradici, doubly afraid now that he saw the trick, on his knees.

As they crawled up the steep roof, Balbi gave an exclamation.

"Stop! Stop!"

"What is the matter?"

"I have lost one of the packages tied about my neck."

"Not the cord!" said Casanova, much disturbed.

"No—but my black coat and a very precious manuscript."

"Never mind, you must endure it and follow," replied the other, feeling he would like to toss the foolish fellow after his manuscript.

They gained the ridge and worked their way along it. The monk's hat fell off, rolled down the roof, and fell into the canal.

"It is a bad omen," he muttered in despair.

Leaving him straddling the summit, Casanova went on to explore.

He saw a skylight. But when he reached it, he found it was covered with an iron grating.

Even his firmness was almost overcome. Then,

as he sat in doubt, the bell tolled out the midnight hour. He remembered his premonition that he should gain his liberty on that All Saints' Day thus ushered in. Resolutely attacking the grating, in fifteen minutes he tore it loose from its fastenings.

He lowered the trembling Balbi to the room below, but the distance was too great for him to drop down himself. Prowling about the roof he discovered a long ladder, and by desperate exertions managed to get it through the opening, almost falling off into the water in his efforts.

Descending, he was in the garret, the door securely bolted from the outside.

Dropping down in complete exhaustion, Casanova went to sleep!

Dawn was breaking when he came to himself. For two hours Balbi had been shaking him, even calling into his ear.

He leaped up.

"This place must have some way out," he declared. "We will break everything; there is not a moment to lose."

They forced the door with the invaluable bolt, coming into a room containing musty government records.

Down one staircase and then another, they crept, reaching the chancellor's office below. This lock resisted them, but they pierced the wood, and beat and pried a hole in the door large enough to squeeze through.

It looked as if, after all, their superhuman efforts were doomed to failure. There were people in the courtyard outside; the doors could not be broken; at any moment the alarm might be given.

At no moment did Casanova show more intrepidity.

He calmly exchanged his tattered clothes for his fresh suit, and put on the silk cloak and the plumed and feathered hat in which he had been taken two years before.

The monk abandoned himself to despairing lamentations and reproaches. Casanova calmly opened a window and looked out.

A servant in the courtyard saw him. Hastily the adventurer drew back, thinking that now, indeed, all was over.

But the man ran to the majordomo and told him he had somehow locked up a gentleman in the offices the night before.

It was easy to believe. The official came up the stairs.

The two inside heard the lock grate, saw the functionary's inquiring and alarmed face as the heavy door swung open.

Without a word Casanova walked past him, in the dignity of an insulted nobleman, the trembling Balbi at his heels. The majordomo, who had feared dismissal, was willing enough to have no attention paid to his fancied error and to let bygones be bygones.

They reached the shore, and stepped into a gondola. Encouraged by the promise of a double fee, the rowers shot the bark over the waters. And with no further mishap, the adventurer passed beyond the borders of Italy.

## CHAPTER VII

### MRS. SCOTT'S FLIGHT FROM THE INDIANS

In 1786 there appeared the following "True and Wonderful Narrative" of the "Surprising Captivity and Remarkable Deliverance" of Mrs. Francis Scott, an inhabitant of Washington County, Virginia, who was taken by the Indians.

"On Wednesday the 29th of June, 1785, late in the evening, a large company of armed men passed the house on their way to Kentucky, some part of whom encamped within two miles. Mr. Scott's living on a frontier part generally made the family watchful; but on this calamitous day, after so large a body of men had passed, he lay down in his bed and imprudently left one of the doors of his house open; the children were also in bed and asleep.

"Mrs. Scott was nearly undressed when, to her unutterable astonishment and horror, she saw rushing in through the open door painted savages, with their arms presented, who at the same time raised a hideous shriek.

"Mr. Scott, being awake, instantly jumped from his bed and was immediately fired at. He forced his way through the midst of the enemy and got out of the house, but fell a few paces from the door. An Indian seized Mrs. Scott and ordered her to a particular place, charging her not to move.

"Here the unfortunate woman was forced to witness the cruel murder of her four children, one of whom was actually tomahawked in her arms.

"In the house were four good rifles, well loaded, belonging to people that had left them as they were going to Kentucky. The Indians, thirteen in number, Delawares and Mingoes, seized these and all the plunder they could lay their hands on, and hastily began a retreat into the wilderness.

"It was now late in the evening, and they travelled all that night. Next morning the chief allotted to each of his followers his share of the plunder and prisoners, at the same time detaching nine of his party to go on a horse-stealing expedition on Clinch River.

"The eleventh day after Mrs. Scott's capture, the four Indians who had her in charge stopped at a place fixed on for a rendezvous, and to hunt, being now in great want of provisions. Three of them set out on the hunting expedition, leaving their chief, an old man, to take care of the prisoner, who now had to all appearances become reconciled to her situation, and expressed a willingness to proceed to the Indian towns—which seemed to have the desired effect of lessening her keeper's watchfulness.

"In the daytime, while the old man was graining a deerskin, Mrs. Scott, pondering on her situation, began anxiously to look for an opportunity to make her escape.

"At length, having matured her resolution in her own mind, upon the first opportunity she went to the old chief with great confidence. In the most uninterested way she asked him for liberty to go to a small stream, a little distance off, to wash from her apron the blood that had remained upon it since the fatal night.

"He replied in English: 'Go along.'

"She then walked by him. His face being in a con-

trary direction from that in which she was going, and he very busy in dressing the skin, she passed on seemingly unnoticed by him.

"After arriving at the water, instead of stopping to wash her apron as she had pretended, she hurried on without a moment's delay.

"She laid her course for a high barren mountain which was in sight, and travelled till late at night. Then she came down into the valley in search of the track along which she had been brought by the Indians a few days before, hoping thereby to find her way back to the settlements without the imminent peril, which now surrounded her, of being lost and perishing with hunger in this unknown region.

"Crossing the valley to the side of a river, she observed in the sand footprints of two men who had gone up-stream and just returned. She concluded these must have been her pursuers, which excited in her breast emotions of gratitude and thankfulness to divine Providence for so timely a deliverance.

"Being without any provisions, having no kind of weapon or tool to assist her in getting any, and almost destitute of clothing; knowing that a vast tract of rugged high mountains intervened between where she was and the inhabitants easterly—and she almost as ignorant as a child of the method of steering through the woods; these reflections produced disagreeable sensations. But certain death, either by hunger or wild beasts, seemed to be better than to be in the power of beings who excited in her such horror. She addressed heaven, and taking courage, proceeded onward.

"After travelling three days, she nearly ran into the Indians, as she supposed, who had been sent to Clinch River to steal horses; but providentially hearing their

It was now late in the evening, and they travelled all that night

approach, she concealed herself among the canes till they had passed.

"This gave her fresh alarm, and her mind being filled with consternation, she got lost, wandering back and forth for several days.

"At length she came to a river that seemed to come from the east. Concluding that it was Sandy River, she resolved to trace it to its source, which is adjacent to the Clinch settlement.

"After proceeding up this stream several days, she came to the point where it runs through the great laurel mountain, where there is a prodigious waterfall and high, craggy cliffs along the water's edge. That way seemed impassable. The mountain looked steep and difficult enough, but our mournful traveller concluded this latter way was the best. She therefore ascended for some time, but coming to a lofty range of inaccessible rocks, she turned toward the river again.

"Getting into a steep gully and scrambling over several high boulders, she reached the riverside, where, to her inexpressible affliction, she found that an overhanging rock fifteen or twenty feet high formed the bank.

"Here a solemn pause ensued. She tried to retrace her steps, but the rocks she had descended prevented her, so she returned to the edge of the precipice and gazed at the bottom which she now viewed as the certain spot to end her troubles—unless she chose to remain where she was and perish of hunger or by wild beasts."

After serious meditation and devout exercises, she determined on leaping from the height. Accordingly she jumped off. Wonderful to relate, though the river's edge below was covered with uneven rocks, not a bone

was broken; but being stunned by the fall, she lay for some time unable to proceed.

The dry season had caused the river to be shallow. She travelled in the water and by its edge, until she got through the mountain, which she thought was several miles. After this, as she travelled along the bank, a venomous snake bit her on the ankle. She had the strength to kill it, but knowing its kind she concluded death must soon overtake her.

By this time, Mrs. Scott was reduced to a mere skeleton with fatigue, hunger, and grief. For four weeks of exhausting travel she had had no food but the juice of wild cane-stalks, sassafras leaves, and some other plants she did not know. She had seen buffalo, elk, deer, bear, and wolves, and while these had not harmed her, they had added to her terrors. One day a bear came past with a young fawn in his mouth; discovering her he dropped his prey and ran off. Almost famished, Mrs. Scott went to pick it up, but fear that the animal might return and attack her drove her on again, despairing.

It may be that this reduced state of her system saved her from the effects of the snake's poison; certainly, very little pain succeeded the bite and there was only a slight swelling.

The wanderer now left the river and came to where the valley split in two. It was a hard situation for the poor creature: one branch led to the settlement, the other to the wilderness. She could not hold out much longer—so it was a choice between life and death, with nothing to guide her.

She was thus agitated when she saw a brilliantly colored bird of some sort flying low, which took the left-hand valley. While wondering if this meant any-

thing for her, another passed her and followed the same direction.

Accepting this as an assurance that her own road lay there, she branched off after them and toiled on for two days more.

Then, on August 11, she saw ahead of her the log houses of the settlement at New Garden—and knew that after three months of terrible suffering and efforts almost superhuman for a woman, she was saved.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE FIGHT THAT FAILED

The gloomy records of polar exploration tell of many desperate struggles, but none more memorable than that made by the ill-fated Lieutenant De Long.

His expedition, fitted out by James Gordon Bennett, sailed from San Francisco in July, 1879, to make an attempt at the pole by the untried way of Bering Strait. The commander had a party of twenty-seven besides three Chinamen and two Aleut dog-drivers.

By September 6 they had reached about latitude 78° N. and longitude 157° W.—north of the island of New Siberia, nearly four hundred miles westward along the bleak Siberian coast.

That day the ice closed about the little steamer, and never fully relaxed its grasp.

For a year and nine months De Long made every effort to save the ship, damaged by the jamming floes, meanwhile exploring over the ice and discovering Henrietta and Jeannette Islands.

During the night of June 10, 1881, after a day of alarming movements in the encircling ice, the floe split in two with a report like that of a cannon, leaving the ship hanging to one edge, while the other body of ice, on which were the dogs and observatory, drifted away some hundreds of yards.

De Long consulted the old whaler, Dunbar.

"She'll be under the floe or on top of it before to-morrow night," said the experienced captain.

Next day, all the stores and boats were removed, the commander superintending from the ship's bridge. Scarcely was everything off, when the ice pressure pushed the steamer over at such an angle that standing on the bridge was impossible. De Long, the last man to leave, jumped off on the ice. The party camped a quarter of a mile away.

About four o'clock the following morning, the whole tired camp was aroused by a shout from the man on watch:

"Hurry if you want to see the last of the *Jeannette!* There she goes! There she goes!"

The crew came running out.

"Amid the rattling and battering of her timbers, the ship righted and stood almost upright; the crushing floes backed slowly off, and as she sank with slowly accelerated velocity, the yard-arms were stripped and broken upward, parallel to the masts; and so, like a great gaunt skeleton clapping its hands above its head, she plunged out of sight."

Here were these thirty-three human beings then, five of them sick, with twenty-three dogs, five sleds, six tents, and three boats, on a great ice-field, moving in what direction they did not know, hundreds of miles from even the dreary Siberian shore.

De Long fully recognized the seriousness of the situation and went at his task with quiet resolution. Spending a few days in organizing the party and in packing, he started south on June 18, travelling by night and resting through the day, hoping to cover the five hundred miles to the mouth of the Lena River and reach some settlement.

It was hard going. The boats had to be dragged by hand, and the surface was so rough and broken up with

hummocks that a road had to be smoothed off in front of them. The sharp edges went through the footgear like knives.

"Many, many times," says Engineer Melville, "after a day's march, have I seen no less than six of my men standing with their bare feet on the ice, having worn off the very soles of their stockings. A large number marched with their toes protruding through their moccasins, some with the uppers full of holes, out of which the water and slush spurted at every step. I have here to say that no ship's company ever endured such severe toil with so little complaint. Another crew, perhaps, may be found to do as well, but *better*—never!"

After several weeks of terrible exertions, averaging perhaps twenty-five miles a day on their southward journey, De Long succeeded in getting an observation of the sun to check their position.

His feelings may be imagined when he discovered that in spite of these exhausting efforts, the drift of the ice-field had carried them so far in the opposite direction that they were twenty-five miles farther away than when they had started! He said nothing, but the men guessed something of the truth, and toiled on in discouragement.

A week later they were cheered by finding they had made some little progress; and they labored along, often not advancing more than a mile a day.

On July 29 they reached new land, which was christened Bennett Island; and having a little open water, they set out in the three boats after killing ten of the poorest dogs. Sailing, rowing, sledging, they crept southwest five miles a day. Eight more dogs strayed away. They had to lighten the boats by shooting two

of the remaining four. Fogs, storms, short rations, illness, and fatigue became their world. The last bit of bread was divided up on August 18. But De Long held them to the task in spite of every hardship, and they passed New Siberia early in September.

On the 12th a terrific gale struck them. The second cutter, with Lieutenant Chipp and nine men, foundered in the night; and the other two boats were separated.

De Long held on and reached land at the tip of the Lena Delta on September 17. They had to land by wading waist-deep through the icy surf. Only the leader's unconquered will aroused his men sufficiently to bring ashore their scanty stock of provisions.

They found themselves, after a day's enforced rest, with three and a half days' rations, at some unknown spot in the vast frozen wilderness of the Lena Delta. All had frost-bitten feet, and three could hardly walk.

De Long set out southward. With a spirit that was superb, he cheered his despairing comrades ever on to fresh effort. The last tin of pemmican was doled out. The Chinook hunter managed to shoot three reindeer, two with one bullet; and with this encouragement, they pressed on their weary march.

By October 3 this supply was exhausted. The one remaining dog was killed for food. One man died and was buried in the ice. A solitary ptarmigan gave them a scanty meal.

On the 9th De Long sent forward the two strongest men, Nindemann and Noros, to try for help from the settlement which he thought only twelve miles away. (In reality it was over a hundred and fifty.)

Unable to proceed farther, with no food and scarcely any fire-wood, this heroic officer held out for three

weeks. His companions passed away, one by one, before his eyes. And finally his brave spirit joined them.

Melville and his party, after frightful hardships, reached some native huts on the Lena River. Through the persistent heroism of this engineer, and by a miracle of good fortune, Nindemann and Noros were saved. Only in late November, when the natives absolutely refused to continue, did Melville abandon the search for De Long. Even then he insisted on staying through the winter with five men, and setting out in March, 1882, to look for his unfortunate commander. After a week's search they found him. Beside him in the snow lay the famous Ice Journal which he had kept up day by day—till he had no longer strength to write.

## CHAPTER IX

### A SWIM FOR LIFE IN THE ARCTIC

It is an extraordinary fact that the feat of drifting poleward, while the *Fram* was gripped in the ice, by which Fridtjof Nansen set the Norwegian flag "Farthest North" in 1897, was made possible through a trifling incident of the De Long expedition.

While the *Jeannette's* crew was working its way over the ice to New Siberia, as just related, the same Noros who was sent ahead by De Long in his extremity, happened to leave a pair of oilskin trousers on the ice. His name and that of the ship were stamped on them. Over nine years later, these oilskins were picked up by Esquimaux, hundreds of miles away on the eastern coast of Greenland! Doctor Nansen saw the fact published in a Danish scientific paper; it confirmed his belief that there was a current setting across the pole, and led to his brilliant achievement.

Nansen's absorbing narrative is full of tales of courage and endurance. The following extract from his diary on New Year's, 1895, after being frozen in on the *Fram* for over a year, implies much of the passive fortitude required:

"I often think of Shakespeare's Viola who sat 'like patience on a monument.' Could we not pass as representatives of this marble patience, imprisoned here on the ice while the years roll by awaiting our time? I should like to design such a monument. It should be a lonely man in shaggy wolfskin clothing, all covered

From "Farthest North," by Fridtjof Nansen; copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.

with hoarfrost, sitting on a mound of ice, and gazing out into the darkness across these boundless, ponderous masses of ice, awaiting the return of daylight and spring."

But the particular incident which illustrates our point so well occurred on the fifteen months' sledging expedition made by him and Johansen. These two had finished the long strange winter in Franz Josef Land (on Frederick Jackson Island) and started back southward on May 19.

They reached open water two weeks later, lashed the kayaks together, and in high spirits sailed along all day.

"In the evening we put in to the edge of the ice, so as to stretch our legs a little; they were stiff with sitting in the kayak all day, and we wanted to get a little view over the water to the west, by ascending a hummock. As we went ashore the question arose as to how we should moor our precious vessel. 'Take one of the braces,' said Johansen; he was standing on the ice. 'But is it strong enough?' 'Yes,' he answered; 'I have used it as a halyard on my sledge-sail all the time.' 'Oh, well, it doesn't require much to hold these light kayaks,' said I, a little ashamed of having been so timid, and I moored them with the halyard, which was a strap cut from a raw walrus hide.

"We had been on the ice a little while, moving up and down close to the kayaks. The wind had stopped considerably, and seemed to be more westerly, making it doubtful whether we could make use of it any longer, and we went up on to a hummock close by to ascertain this better. As we stood there, Johansen suddenly cried: 'I say! the kayaks are adrift!' We ran down as hard as we could. They were already a little way

out, and were drifting quickly off; the painter had given way.

"'Here, take my watch!' I said to Johansen, giving it to him; and as quickly as possible I threw off some clothing, so as to be able to swim more easily; I did not dare to take everything off, as I might easily get cramp. I sprang into the water, but the wind was off the ice, and the light kayaks, with their high rigging, gave it a good hold. They were already well out, and were drifting rapidly.

"The water was icy cold, it was hard work swimming with clothes on, and the kayaks drifted farther and farther, often quicker than I could swim. It seemed more than doubtful whether I could manage it. But all our hope was drifting there; all we possessed was on board; we had not even a knife with us; and whether I got cramp and sank here, or turned back without the kayaks, it would come to pretty much the same thing; so I exerted myself to the utmost. When I got tired I turned over, and swam on my back, and then I could see Johansen walking restlessly up and down on the ice. Poor lad! He could not stand still, and thought it dreadful not to be able to do anything. He had not much hope that I could do it, but it would not improve matters in the least if he threw himself into the water too. He said afterward that these were the worst moments he had ever lived through. But when I turned over again, and saw that I was nearer the kayaks, my courage rose, and I redoubled my exertions. I felt, however, that my limbs were gradually stiffening and losing all feeling, and I knew that in a short time I should not be able to move them. But there was not far to go now; if I could only hold out a little longer, we should be saved—and I went on.

The strokes became more and more feeble, but the distance became shorter and shorter, and I began to think I should reach the kayaks.

"At last I was able to stretch out my hand to the snow-shoe, which lay across the sterns; I grasped it, pulled myself in to the edge of the kayak—and we were saved. I tried to pull myself up, but the whole of my body was so stiff with cold, that this was an impossibility.

"For a moment I thought that after all it was too late; I was to get so far, but not be able to get in. After a little, however, I managed to swing one leg up on the edge of the sledge which lay on the deck, and in this way managed to tumble up. There I sat, but so stiff with cold, that I had difficulty in paddling. Nor was it easy to paddle in the double vessel, where I first had to take one or two strokes on one side, and then step into the other kayak to take a few strokes on the other side. If I had been able to separate them, and row in one while I towed the other, it would have been easy enough; but I could not undertake that piece of work, for I should have been stiff before it was done; the thing to be done was to keep warm by rowing as hard as I could. The cold had robbed my whole body of feeling, but when the gusts of wind came they seemed to go right through me as I stood there in my thin, wet woollen shirt. I shivered, my teeth chattered, and I was numb almost all over; but I could still use the paddle, and I should get warm when I got back on to the ice again.

"Two auks were lying close to the bow, and the thought of having auk for supper was too tempting; we were in want of food now. I got hold of my gun, and shot them with one discharge. Johansen said

afterward that he started at the report, thinking some accident had happened, and could not understand what I was about out there, but when he saw me paddle and pick up two birds he thought I had gone out of my mind. At last I managed to reach the edge of the ice, but the current had driven me a long way from our landing-place. Johansen came along the edge of the ice, jumped into the kayak beside me, and we soon got back to our place.

"I was undeniably a good deal exhausted, and could barely manage to crawl on land. I could scarcely stand, and while I shook and trembled all over, Johansen had to pull off the wet things I had on, put on the few dry ones I still had in reserve, and spread the sleeping-bag out upon the ice. I packed myself well into it, and he covered me with the sail and everything he could find to keep out the cold air. There I lay shivering for a long time, but gradually the warmth began to return to my body. For some time longer, however, my feet had no more feeling in them than icicles, for they had been partly naked in the water. While Johansen put up the tent and prepared supper, consisting of my two auks, I fell asleep. He let me sleep quietly, and when I awoke, supper had been ready for some time, and stood simmering over the fire. Auk and hot soup effaced the last traces of my swim. During the night my clothes were hung out to dry, and the next day were all nearly dry again."

## CHAPTER X

### THROUGH AN ANTARCTIC BLIZZARD

Among the hardy explorers who have in the last few years made the ice-locked antarctic continent give up its secrets, Doctor Douglas Mawson occupies an honorable place. He and two companions located the south magnetic pole (72° 25′ S., 155° 16′ W.) on the ice-cap, seven thousand feet above sea-level; two years later, on an expedition commanded by himself, he confirmed the discredited American discovery of Wilkes Land in 1840, skirting the antarctic circle for twelve hundred miles; and his scientific observations have been of profound interest.

From his many adventures one in particular stands out.

His main party had established itself, January 6, 1912, in Adelie Land, on the edge of the antarctic continent, almost due south of Adelaide, Australia. The weather was terrible, even for the stormy antarctic regions: one gale followed another, and from March to November the wind blew continually, varying only between gales and violent hurricanes. These at times exceeded one hundred and sixteen miles an hour. They would hurl down strongly built structures and lift small stones from the ground. "This river of air rushing unceasingly down from the plateau of the great antarctic continent came loaded with more or less drift-snow, so that it was often impossible to see one's hand in front of one. For days together not a

glimpse would be caught of the neighboring landscape. Through it the daylight came fitfully, and in the winter darkness weird lights (St. Elmo's fire) played about on all exposed objects. Such is the weather of Adelie Land—unparalleled by anything else on earth."

At a temperature of twenty-eight below zero, in this hundred-mile-an-hour hurricane, these intrepid scientists would push into the storm and feel their way to their instruments. By the time they got back, their faces would be covered with a plate of ice which would have to be pulled loose from beard and eyebrows.

In November five parties set out to map the surrounding country. Mawson himself, with Lieutenant Ninnis and Doctor Mertz, was to cross the highlands and explore the coast to the east. They took three sledges and seventeen dogs, with seventeen hundred pounds of supplies.

The party had five weeks of hard travelling, over dangerous crevasses, crossing difficult glaciers, fighting their way over the rough surface with many a fall and continual upsets of sledges.

Then luck seemed to turn. The weather got better. Far below stretched ahead of them the unknown coastline, which their eyes were first to see. Ninnis had gotten relief from a gathered finger through lancing. Their spirits were high as they set out on the 14th of December. Mertz, breaking the trail ahead of the dogs on skis, sang student songs as he went.

Mawson came next with the leading sledge, one having been abandoned. Behind him walked Ninnis, one hand in a sling.

The leader jumped on his sledge to rest and work out the noon observation.

Presently he saw under him the hazy outline of a

crevasse. They had passed dozens that looked worse; Ninnis in particular had fallen through several times. Mawson called back a warning and went on.

Then he saw Mertz looking around anxiously. He turned. Ninnis, his dogs and sledge had all disappeared. They rushed back. A gaping hole told the story. There was no answer to their calls; their ropes would reach nothing.

At length, after reading the burial service, they were forced to go on. They had only ten days' food left, nothing for the dogs, no tent, spade, axe.

They started homeward on their three-hundred-mile effort. The poorest dogs served for food to eke out the scant supply; tin boxes served for mugs or spoons; the sun made the snow surface sticky, so they travelled by night; they were attacked by snow-blindness; the compass proved of no use because of the nearness to the magnetic pole. Still they pushed on.

One dog after another gave out and was killed. The food was so insufficient that all the instruments, except a theodolite, the camera and exposed films, and everything else possible were thrown away.

Yet when the sky cleared on Christmas day, they treated themselves to extra portions of dog-stew, wished each other merrier Christmases for the future, checked up their location, and resolutely faced the one hundred and sixty miles remaining.

On the 28th, the last dog was despatched. A few days later Mertz began to show signs of breaking down. Encouraged by his companion, he kept on trying to advance; but the frequent falls were so hard on him that Mawson persuaded him to ride. In spite of all he grew weaker, his condition making it impossible for the other to proceed. What this meant, Mawson knew

well. "Both our chances are going now," he wrote in his diary on January 6.

But he nursed his companion faithfully—till next night the end came, and he was alone in this frozen wilderness.

He says, in his account of what followed:

"For hours I lay in the bag rolling over in my mind all that lay behind and the chance of the future.

"My condition was such that I might go off rapidly at any time. The gnawing in the stomach had developed there a permanent weakness, so that it was not possible to hold myself up in certain positions. Several of my toes began to blacken at the tips and the nails worked loose.

"The weather remained abominable. Alone, to break and pitch camp in the winds and to negotiate the crevassed region of the Mertz Glacier ahead was a doubtful undertaking. Weak as I was, there seemed little hope of reaching the hut. On the other hand, I felt that I must go on to the end, for it is inaction that is so hard to brook. Failing reaching the hut, a good work would be accomplished if only a point likely to catch the eye of any search-party could be reached, a cairn erected, and our diaries cached. Determined to make every effort to accomplish one or the other of these objects, I commenced, when the day had advanced considerably, to modify the sledge and camping-gear so as to most efficiently meet the demands of a one-man sledging enterprise.

"The sky remained overcast, but the wind fell off till it became almost calm for several hours. This gave a chance to get to work on the sledge, sawing it in halves with a pocket tool, rigging a mast, spar, etc. The spade was remended and a sail made from a foot-

bag and Mertz's burberry jacket. Later in the day I took Mertz's body, wrapped up in his sleeping-bag, outside the tent, piled snow-blocks around him, and raised a rough cross made of two half-runners of the sledge.

"On January 9 the weather was overcast and fairly thick, drift flying in a wind reaching about fifty miles per hour. There were still matters that wanted attending to, and the chances were doubtful of ever getting the awkward tent up again in such a wind. Hour after hour I racked my brains for dodges to facilitate operations and make up for my helplessness in striking and pitching camp unaided in the prevailing winds. In this I was eventually successful, but at what a cost of time on each occasion!

"January 10 was an impossible travelling day, on account of thick drift and high wind, so the time was spent in carefully counting over the food and cooking all the remainder of the dog-meat, in order to save carrying unnecessary kerosene. Late in the afternoon the wind fell and the sun peered through the clouds; but it caught me in the middle of a long job riveting and lashing the broken shovel, so it happened that camp was unbroken till the following day.

"January 11 was a beautiful, calm, sunshiny day. The surface was good and slightly down-hill. From the start my feet felt very lumpy and sore. After covering a mile they had become so painful that I decided to make an examination of them on the spot. It being a still, sunny day, it was possible to do this sitting on the sledge. The sight gave me quite a shock, for the skin, thickened by habitually walking only in fur boots, had separated. In each case a complete cast was shed, and abundant watery fluid had escaped into the socks.

In the absence of nutriment no adequate under-skin had formed. The frail tissue was everywhere abraded and raw.

"I did what appeared to be best in the circumstances —smeared them well with lanolin, of which, fortunately, there was a good store, and with bandages lashed the skin-casts back in place, as they were comfortable and soft to touch the raw surface. Above this I wore six pairs of thick woollen socks, fur boots, and a soft leather overshoe. Then I removed most of my clothing and bathed in the glorious sunshine. A tingling sensation spread throughout my body, and I felt stronger every minute.

"Sunshine is the elixir of life for those who have been without it for weeks in the snows and winds of the antarctic plateau.

"When starting that day in such ideal weather I had thought to accomplish more; but after six and a quarter miles, at 5.30 P. M., I felt nerve-worn and had to camp, 'so worn that had it not been a delightful evening could not have found strength to erect the tent.'

"The following day strong wind and thick drift prevailed.

"On the 13th camp was broken again in good weather, and a slow descent made over a rough crevassed blue ice surface into the valley of the Mertz Glacier.

"'Descended hard ice-slopes over crevasses, etc.—almost all descent—but surface cut my feet up. At 8 P. M. camped, having done only five and three-quarter miles. Painful feet—on camping find feet worse than ever. Things look bad, but shall persevere. It is now 11 P. M., and the glacier is firing off like

artillery—appears to send up great jets of imprisoned air.'

"The next day the bed of the glacier was reached. Fifteen miles away, across the valley occupied by crevassed and ridged ice, the slopes could be seen rising to the plateau in the direction of winter quarters. Away to the north Aurora Peak, a landmark on our outward journey, was visible.

"The crossing of the Mertz Glacier took some days, during which time the sky remained overcast and snow fell in frequent showers. The soft surface underfoot was very comfortable for the sore feet, but made the sledge-dragging immensely heavy. There were many providential escapes from crevasses, the most remarkable occurring on January 17. On that occasion I had gone a couple of miles in light-falling snow, and had 'escaped several large, open crevasses, not seeing them until right upon them or grazing past. I blundered blindly on. Then, going up a long, fairly steep slope, deeply covered with soft snow, broke through lid of crevasse, but caught myself at thighs—got out—turned fifty yards to the north, then attempted cross trend of crevasse, there being no indication thereof. A few moments later was dangling fourteen feet below on end of rope in crevasse—sledge creeping to mouth. Had time to say to myself, "So this is the end," expecting every moment the sledge to crash on my head and both of us go to the bottom unseen below—then thought of the food uneaten on sledge—but as the sledge pulled up without letting me down, thought of Providence again giving me a chance.'

"The chance was very small, considering my weak condition. The width of the crevasse was about six feet, so that I hung freely in space, turning slowly

round. A great effort brought me to a knot in the rope, and after a moment's rest I was able to reach another, and then the top just below the overhanging snow-lid into which the rope had cut. Then, when gently climbing out on to the surface, a further section of the lid gave way, precipitating me once more to the full length of the rope. Exhausted, weak, and chilled (for my hands were bare and pounds of snow had got inside my clothes), I hung with the firm conviction that all was over except the passing. Below was a black chasm; it would be but the work of a moment to slip from the harness, and then all the pain and toil would be over. It was a rare situation—rare temptation, a chance to quit small things for great – to pass from the petty exploration of a planet to the vaster unknown beyond. But there was all eternity for that, and at its longest the present would be but short. I felt better for the thought.

"My strength was fast ebbing; in a few minutes it would be too late. It was the occasion for a supreme effort. New strength seemed to come to my assistance as I addressed myself to one last tremendous attempt. The struggle occupied some time, but by a miracle brought me safely to the surface. This time I emerged feet first, still holding on to the rope, and pushed myself out extended at full length over the snow-bridge. The solid ground was reached.

"Then the reaction was so great that I could do nothing for quite an hour. After that the tent was erected in slow stages and finally food prepared. Later on I lay in the sleeping-bag thinking things over. The problem that absorbed me for a time was whether it was better to enjoy life for a day or two sleeping and eating my fill until the provisions gave out, or to plug

on again in hunger with the prospect of any moment plunging into eternity without the great luxury of consuming the food. At this stage an idea presented itself that greatly improved the prospects. A length of Alpine rope was available, and out of this a rope-ladder was made, one end of which was attached to the bow of the sledge, the other carried over my left shoulder and loosely attached to the sledge-harness.

"The following day snow continued to fall, but, buoyed up by the safety-ladder, camp was broken as usual and I continued with the very eventful journey across the glacier.

"It ended successfully, thanks to the ladder, for on three occasions I was precipitated the length of my harness rope into crevasses, but climbed out easily by ascending the safety device. Fortunately the sledge never followed, owing, no doubt, in large measure to the fact that soft snow lay very deep on the ground, often as deep as one's knees.

"The western side of the glacier was reached before noon on January 19. Ahead were steep, snow-covered slopes, up which a laborious climb was commenced the following day.

"Every ounce that it was possible to do without was discarded from the load. Amongst other things left by the way were the rope-ladder and crampons. Fortunately the wind was of considerable assistance at this stage. With full sail set and the lightest possible load a few miles' progress was made each day notwithstanding the up-grade. The sky remained densely overcast, and it snowed heavily most of the time. For some days vision was limited to a few yards, for dense, driving snow filled the whole atmosphere. In such winds, on each occasion quite a long distance was

covered, for, with sail set, little energy was required to keep the sledge going. It was when camping-time came that the greatest difficulty had to be faced—that of erecting the tent single-handed, with the wind tearing savagely at it.

"By January 27 the crest of the plateau was reached, an ascent of quite two thousand five hundred feet in the week. A high blizzard was raging, the snow falling in large round pellets, to be compacted by the wind. In a single day the whole surface of the plateau thereabouts had been raised two and a half feet. The new surface was quite good to sledge over, the runners making but little impression.

"Bad weather, added to the inadequate ration, was beginning to tell again—patches of beard came out, and every day hair strewed the floor of the tent and even became a nuisance in the hoosh.

"Miraculous good fortune came on January 29. On that day, with a good wind helping and considerable drift in the air, whilst travelling along on an even slow down-grade, something dark loomed through the drift a little to the right. All sorts of possibilities fled through my mind as the sledge was headed for it. The unexpected happened—it was a cairn erected by McLean, Hodgeman, and Hurley, who had been out searching for us. And on the top of the mound was a bag of food, left on the off-chance of its being met!

"With it was a note stating that the ship had arrived at the hut and was waiting, that Amundsen had reached the pole, and that Scott was remaining another year in Antarctica.

"And so the marvel had happened and I had escaped alive!"

# PART II

## THE TREASURE-SEEKERS

*There have always been men a-plenty who were ready to face any dangers for the chance of getting gold. Only too often they have not hesitated to face also the laws of God and man. For in a vast majority of these seekings the treasure has been taken only by that right of the strongest which the world for thousands of years has sought to curb and outgrow.*

*The first famous expedition after treasure seems to have been that of Jason, in his fifty-oared "Argo," seeking the Golden Fleece; and all other companies, however stout-hearted, pale beside that which numbered among it Hercules, Theseus, Orpheus, and Nestor. The wise schoolboy of to-day laughs at the breathless old tales of their perils—the Clashing Islands, the fire-breathing bull, the menacing crop from the dragon's teeth, the sleepless dragon. But it is probable that the ancient legend commemorates some real expedition of daring Greek adventurers, bent on spoil, pushing their way to the fringes of the known world.*

*We reach firmer ground with Hanno, the Carthaginian, who sailed to the opposite "ends of the earth" about 500 B. C., passing beyond the Pillars of Hercules; and the hardy Phœnician sailors surely quested far and near after the wealth of commerce and of spoils.*

*Many of the great barbarian waves which swept over Europe and Asia were due mainly to this lust of plunder and "easy money," as when the Gauls in 390 B. C.*

*sacked Rome and only left on payment of a great treasure in gold, and when Alaric and his Goths eight hundred years later ravaged the imperial city.*

*Early Britain had more than her share of these unwelcome seekers after others' treasure. Hengist and Horsa with their Jutes harried her in the fifth century; Sweyn and his fierce Danes only ceased their successful assaults on the payment of tribute by Ethelred the Unready; the dashing Vikings (or fiord-dwellers), who captured Paris three times, settled themselves in Normandy, and had camps at the mouth of nearly every navigable river of France, took their will of her for three centuries, until, liking these tastes, they finally gobbled up the whole in the Norman invasion of 1066—having long before swept on to Sicily and southern Italy.*

*Even the Crusaders in 1204 turned aside from their thoughts of the Holy City to plunder the riches of Constantinople—with little more pretext than that needed by Genghis Khan when he sacked Peking eleven years later.*

*Brave men were these, but robbers all. Nor had the dashing Drake very much more justification for some of the buccaneering expeditions during those years from 1572–1579, when he circumnavigated the globe and took such vast treasures from the Spaniards. The exploits of the heroes in "The Pirates' Own Book"—Lafitte, Blackbeard, Kidd, Mary Read, and the Algerine Corsairs—were actuated by much the same motives.*

*We have come to look somewhat differently at these matters, even though modern naval warfare still permits*

*legalized piracy. The vast fortunes secured by the British East India Company in the eighteenth century were won by methods on the border-line between conquest and commerce. The modern treasure-seekers have been the Forty-niners, searching for California nuggets; the diamond hunters of South Africa in 1867; those frantic "gold-rushers" of Ballarat and of the Klondike—with occasional hunters after buried or sunken plunder, like that of Cocos Island, which might be considered the property of him who recovered it. And, of course, the riches which have drawn most minds for half a century are those incalculable ones of modern business—which often calls out the same qualities as the romantic treasure-hunting of centuries ago.*

*The resolute men selected for this section include examples of the conqueror, the pirate, the lost-treasure hunter, the miner of the earth's riches, the twentieth-century business man. Whatever other qualities they may have possessed, in these scenes they are actuated mainly by the lure of gold.*

## CHAPTER XI

### WITH NO VIRTUE SAVE COURAGE

While the Puritans and Pilgrims were contending with the rigors of nature and the problems of a new colony on the coast of Massachusetts, the waters of the West Indies far to the south of them became infested with bands of pirates, who, from having in many cases been engaged in making and selling smoked beef or "boucan" from the wild cattle there, got the name of buccaneers. They drew to their yellow flag riffraff from the "Seven Seas" and the four quarters of the earth, and among this company was a young Welshman named Henry Morgan, who had run away from his home as a boy. His headlong fearlessness had made him second in command to the leader, Mansvelt, when, in 1667, that bold Dutchman was planning to "carve out a buccaneer republic" from the rich lands still held in Spain's loosening grip.

Mansvelt died. Morgan after sacking Puerto Principe in Cuba found himself, by virtue of his strength and ferocity, the leader of a wild band numbering about four hundred and fifty of the very scum of the earth. Setting sail in his nine small ships, he landed in Costa Rica. When the pirates found that he proposed to attack the strongly fortified and garrisoned town of Puerto Bello, even this rakehelly crew was dismayed. Morgan outlined his plan, appealed to their lust for plunder, and wound up with the ringing phrase: "If our numbers are small, our hearts are great!"

They captured the castle, drove the garrison into the great hall, heaped all the powder in the vault below, and blew up the whole. The fort resisted stoutly: Morgan dragged the trembling monks and nuns from the convents, put into their hands ladders which he had made, and drove them in front of his assaulting party; the commander of the fort did his duty as a soldier and in spite of this distressing barrier opened fire; the monks and nuns rushed forward in desperation, and those who were not mown down placed the ladders in position; the fort was captured; and for two weeks the pirates pillaged the hapless town.

Morgan sent to De Guzman, Governor of Panama, demanding a great ransom for the inhabitants, and when the Governor replied with an armed force, he ambushed it and forced it to retreat. The terrified citizens got together the ransom and Morgan sailed away, promising De Guzman to pay him a visit next year. That remarkable officer sent word he had better not try it, and accompanied this warning with a gift of a superb ring of emeralds!

With the help of the English Governor of Jamaica, who contributed a fine war-ship from New England, the *Oxford*, Morgan made ready for a descent upon the Spanish settlements in Venezuela. A French vessel, the *Flying Stag*, came along and he captured her by strategy without firing a gun. Sailing with fifteen ships and eight hundred men, half his force broke away on the high seas, but Morgan pressed on with the other half, captured the town of Gibraltar with great booty, and entered the strait leading to the lake and city of Maracaibo. He presently found his fleet "bottled up" by a strong fort and by three Spanish men-of-war mounting nearly a hundred guns between them. Mor-

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Morgan found himself, by virtue of his strength and ferocity, the leader of a wild band

From a drawing by Howard Pyle

gan built a fire-ship, crammed with powder, brimstone, and tar, and showing guns and figures of men, made of logs; with this in the lead, he bore down upon the Spaniards, who, believing the fire-vessel to be the pirate flag-ship, waited till they could sink it at one broadside. Before they woke up, the dangerous craft was fast to their galleon. It burst into flames, the venturesome crew leaped overboard, and while the Spaniards were fighting the fire, Morgan sailed up and annihilated them.

His first attack on the fort failed; anchoring in sight, he went through the pretense of landing a force for a shore attack; the garrison at once set to work and laboriously shifted their cannon to that side to cover the expected assault. The wily pirate drifted down with his ships that night, undiscovered till he was close to the walls; before the heavy guns of the fort could be moved back to bear on him, he was safely past and bound for the high seas.

Emboldened by his successes, the buccaneer now decided to carry out his boast of bearding De Guzman in his own capital of Panama. His fame brought a swarm of dare-devils to his flag from every town of the Spanish Main; several ships from New England joined him; the flag-ship (the same *Flying Stag* which Morgan had captured from the French) was furnished by the Governor of Jamaica and flew the English flag, while Morgan's colors were a red banner with a white cross, and a bow flag of red, white, and blue; it was by far the largest and most nearly lawful expedition he had commanded, there being over two thousand men on the thirty-seven vessels.

They captured the fortifications at St. Catherine's Island, and stormed the redoubtable castle of St.

Lawrence that commanded the mouth of the Chagres River, along which their route lay; this mountain fort was impregnable on the waterside, but the pirates hewed a path through the tangled woods with their cutlasses, crawled across the open on their hands and knees in the face of a terrific fire from cannon and sharpshooters, and strove desperately all day to carry the palisades at the top. The leader, Bradley, with both legs broken, still urged on the assault; that night another party attempted a surprise: one, a Frenchman, received an Indian arrow in the shoulder; dragging it from his flesh, he wrapped some lint around it and fired it from his musket; it struck a dry roof, and in a moment the building was ablaze; in spite of a desperate resistance, the fort was taken and the garrison killed, a score of prisoners and wounded only being left out of three hundred and fifty Spaniards.

For physical hardihood these buccaneers were veritable Berserkers: one wounded man, when the surgeon hesitated, because of the dreadful agony, to remove an arrow from his eye, tore it out himself, tied a rag around his head, and rushed into the fight once more. They left two hundred of their number dead, and several ships were wrecked in the harbor through carelessness.

Nothing daunted, Morgan set out with thirteen hundred followers for the march across the Isthmus, some in boats, some on the shore. But for the sordid motives, that feat would be an epic worthy of a great poet. Their provisions gave out before they were well started, till, ravenous with hunger, they soaked and cooked old leather bags they found, cutting them into pieces small enough to swallow; they eagerly devoured the cats and dogs they killed in the deserted streets of Cruz; they slept on the wet ground; their clothing

speedily became rags and tatters; they were ambushed by Indians. Still Morgan held them together and drove them forward by his fiery will. After ten days of this they repeated the experience of Balboa: gaining the summit of a mountain, still called Buccaneers' Hill, they saw the shining waters of the Pacific, and knew they were drawing near their quarry.

The ragged, starved pirates forgot their miseries. Hastening down the slopes they came upon great herds of cattle and feasted upon the half-cooked flesh like savages. That evening their eager eyes beheld the steeples of the capital in the distance.

Panama was a city of thirty thousand, the rendezvous of the Spanish treasure-fleets, "the strongest, richest, most magnificent city in the New World." The buccaneers found themselves next morning facing an army five times their size, half of them seasoned Spanish cavalry and foot-soldiers, while back of this array frowned the big guns of the city forts. The invaders began to waver at the prospect. To add to their dismay, the enemy had an extraordinary contingent of two hundred fierce bulls, who bellowed and pawed the earth and could hardly be held by the negroes and Indians who managed them.

Morgan braced them with a burst of flaming confidence, and when their courage was somewhat revived, he reminded them they had only two choices: to defeat the Spanish or to die. With two hundred sharpshooters in advance, he led them down the slope in three battalions.

The Spanish cavalry charged, but they were adroitly decoyed into marshy ground and while in confusion were riddled by the marksmen. As the main forces engaged, the bulls were turned loose. But the invaders

knew something of cattle stampedes: they actually turned the animals, headed them back for the Spanish infantry, and charged behind the flying hoofs, which swept dismay and destruction through the ranks of their owners. The Spanish line was broken, the army fled in disorder.

Calling his men from the slaughter, Morgan hastened to get between the scattered remnants and the city; the defenses were stormed; the streets were cleared in hand-to-hand fighting; when the sun went down, Morgan was master of Panama.

For four weeks he had his will of the place. Then, having suppressed one or two mutinies with a stern hand, he marched out, leaving behind a ruined city, and bearing a booty of two million dollars in gold, besides silks, arms, merchandise—everything that could be transported. The leader returned to Jamaica, settled down as a capitalist, was knighted by Charles II, and was for a time acting Governor of the island. But his just reward overtook him, and when the King died, he was thrown into prison, where he probably ended his days.

If ever there was a case of the misuse of superb qualities of manhood, it was that of Henry Morgan. And in spite of his crimes, his savage cruelty, no one who reads the story of his Homeric march against Panama can doubt his claim to a place among the bravest fighting leaders.

## CHAPTER XII

### A YANKEE TREASURE-HUNTER WHO BECAME GOVERNOR

TWENTY-FIVE years after the Puritans landed at Boston there was a family named Phips living on the edge of the Maine wilderness at the mouth of the Kennebec River. There were twenty-six children in the pioneer cabin—which must have been pretty full, for twenty-one of them were boys. The father died; there were no schools; and the youngsters ran wild on the wooded peninsula at Woolwich which jutted out into Monseag Bay. The Indians were all about, and the settlers lived in daily fear of the war-whoop of raiding bands.

One of the youngest of the big Phips brood was named William. His job was to tend the flock of sheep; and he did not do much else till he was eighteen—except grow strong in body and resolute in mind beyond any of his twenty brothers.

These swelling powers could not be contented with a shepherd's life: he apprenticed himself to a ship's carpenter in the near-by settlement, and in four years his hard work made him master of his trade.

He must have begun to dream dreams in those early days. There were no books or newspapers, but the sailormen he met brought tales of adventure by sea, of the naval fights between the English and Dutch, of the privateers and pirates beginning to swarm in the West Indies, of the scores of lost Spanish treasure-ships in those waters.

Like any vigorous young man Phips drank in these tales; but he went a step farther than most, for he made up his mind that here was a golden field where a boy from the Maine backwoods had as good a chance as an English lord, if his heart were but stout enough. And, as one who knew him, the great Cotton Mather, wrote years afterward: "He was of an inclination cutting rather like a hatchet than a razor; he would propose very considerable matters and then so cut through them that no difficulties could put by the edge of his resolution. Being then of the true temper for doing of great things, he betakes himself to the sea, the right scene for such exploits."

First, however, he betook himself to Boston, worked at his trade, learned for the first time to read and write, and presently, at the age of twenty-three, married a buxom widow. He contracted to build a vessel at his former home on the Sheepscot River; but just as he finished it the Indians attacked the settlement—and instead of his expected return lading of lumber, Phips had to carry off the terrified settlers to save them from the savages.

Though his affairs were embarrassed by this miscarriage, he "would frequently tell the gentlewoman, his wife, that he should yet be captain of a King's ship; that he should come to have the command of better men than he now accounted himself, that he would be the owner of a fair brick house in the Green Lane of north Boston; and that it might be even that would not be all that the providence of God would bring him to. She entertained these passages with sufficient incredulity, but he had so serious and positive an expectation of them that it is not easy to say what was the original thereof."

It was small wonder that the "gentlewoman"—a captain's daughter and formerly quite wealthy—thought her poor carpenter-husband somewhat over-confident; and when at thirty-two, he finally got a crazy ship, "not much unlike that the Dutchmen stamped on their first coins with the words about it, 'None can tell where Fate will bear me,'" and sailed southward on some rumor of a wrecked vessel off the Bahamas, it must have seemed like a crack-brain effort to reach these ambitions.

These waters were full of pirates who would slit a man's throat for the coat he wore; but Phips cruised about, actually found his wreck, and salvaged a little money from it. More important still, he heard of another galleon "with a mighty treasure" which had been wrecked off Hispaniola (San Domingo) half a century before.

His slender resources were inadequate for this enterprise. He boldly sailed for England hoping to interest the King or some great lord in the venture.

In spite of his poverty, ignorance, and lack of friends, his enthusiasm and persistence and "some small tokens of treasure" from his first voyage aroused interest in a court which remembered the exploits of Drake and Raleigh some generations before. The Duke of York, then High Admiral, induced King James to give the bold adventurer a small frigate, the *Rose-Algier*, in which to prosecute his search; so that in 1685 Phips found one of his rash prophecies fulfilled, and himself the captain of a King's ship of eighteen guns and ninety-five men.

He sailed away in high hopes. But there were some more hard years ahead of him.

His crew was a lawless band, attracted by the hopes

of Spanish gold; the months of cruising about on false trails, the hard labor and lack of proper implements, the perpetual disappointments, drove them to thoughts of the better chances in a piratical cruise.

These mutterings grew to open mutiny: with drawn swords they came at the captain, threatening him with death if he refused to join in this pirate expedition.

But they had mistaken their man. "Though he had not so much of a weapon as an ox-goad or a jaw-bone in his hand, yet like another Shamgar or Samson, with most undaunted fortitude, did he rush upon them and with blows of his bare hands felled them and quelled the rest."

Overawed for the moment, the mutineers bided their time and plotted a more effectual rising. It was found necessary to clean the bottom of the vessel, foul with many months in the tropical seas, and she was beached at a desolate Spanish island, a bridge being laid to the land by which the stores could be unloaded.

The men were given shore-leave for a time; but no sooner were they out of sight than the rogues "entered into an agreement which they signed in a ring (round-robin fashion) that about seven o'clock that evening they would seize the captain and those eight or ten which they knew to be true to him, and leave them to perish on the island, and so be gone away into the South Seas to seek their fortune. . . . These knaves considering that they should want a carpenter with them in that villainous expedition, sent a messenger to fetch unto them the carpenter who was then at work upon the vessel; and unto him they showed their articles; telling him what he must look for if he did not subscribe among them.

"The carpenter, being an honest fellow, did with

much importunity prevail for one half-hour's time to consider the matter; and returning to work upon the vessel, with a spy by them set upon him, he feigned himself suddenly taken with a fit of the colic, for the relief whereof he suddenly ran in to the captain in the great cabin for a dram. Where, when he came, his business was only in brief to tell the captain of the horrible distress which he has fallen into; but the captain bids him as briefly return to the rogues in the woods and sign their articles and leave him to provide for the rest.

"The carpenter was no sooner gone than Captain Phips, calling together the few friends that were left him aboard, whereof the gunner was one, demanded of them whether they would stand by him in this extremity, whereto they replied they would stand by him if he could save them, and he answered, 'by the help of God he did not fear it.' All their provisions had been carried ashore to a tent made for that purpose about which they had placed several great guns to defend it in case of an assault by the Spaniards. Wherefore Captain Phips immediately ordered those guns to be silently drawn and turned; and so pulling up the bridge, he charged his great guns aboard and brought them to bear on every side of the tent.

"By this time the army of rebels came out of the woods; but as they drew near to the tent of provisions, they saw such a change of circumstances that they cried out: '*We are betrayed!*' And they were soon confirmed in it when they heard the captain with a stern fury call to them: '*Stand off, ye wretches, at your peril!*' He quickly cast them into more than ordinary confusion when they saw him ready to fire his great guns upon them.

"And when he had signified unto them his resolve to

abandon them all unto the desolation which they had proposed for him, he caused the bridge to be again laid, and his men began to take the provisions on board. When the wretches beheld what was coming upon them, they fell upon their knees protesting that they had never had anything against him, except only his unwillingness to go away with the King's ship upon the South Sea design. But upon all other accounts they would choose rather to live and die with him than with any man in the world. However, when they saw how much he was dissatisfied at it, they would insist upon it no more and humbly begged his pardon. And when he judged that he had kept them on their knees long enough, he having first secured their arms, received them aboard, but he immediately weighed anchor, and arriving at Jamaica, turned them off."

At Hispaniola Phips succeeded in making friends with an ancient Spaniard who remembered all about the wreck they were seeking, and who was finally induced to tell its exact location, on a reef a few miles north of Port de la Plata—which town had its very name from the arrival there long before of a shipwrecked party with a boat-load of silver plate saved from their frigate.

With only this to show for his expedition, Phips had to return to England, the *Rose-Algier* being out of repair and not half manned. The admiralty would not renew his commission, but nothing could daunt the treasure-seeker now that he believed he really knew the whereabouts of his prize. He managed to induce the Duke of Albemarle and some friends to fit out a small vessel for him, and obtain a patent from the King giving them all wrecks discovered for a number of years.

During the wearisome delays, Phips designed and helped to make some rough drags and hooks for exploring the bottom. His indomitable spirit conquered all obstacles: sooner than would have seemed possible, he was back at Port de la Plata in the little *James and Mary*, with another smaller craft as tender.

His first task was to make a great dugout canoe from a cottonwood-tree, "so large as to carry eight or ten oars, for the making of which perigua (as they call it) he did, with the same industry that he did everything else, employ his own hand and adze, and endure no little hardships, lying abroad in the woods many nights together."

This canoe was used by the native divers who lived in the tender, and day after day Phips sent out several trusted men with these half-amphibious Indians, diving and dredging along the shoals pointed out by the old Spaniard. This reef was called the Boilers; and though the rock came within a few feet of the surface, it dropped off sheer into fifty feet of water on the far side.

As weeks went by with no reward for their anxious toil, all lost courage except the leader, who so firmly believed in his informant and in his own destiny that he carried the whole party along from one exertion to another. And at last capricious fortune seemed to relent toward the suitor who had proved steadfast through so many rebuffs for these long years.

The canoe had finished its allotted task one day and was returning to report the usual failure. One of the men, gazing over the side, saw in the water below a particularly beautiful coral "sea-feather," with gay-colored long plumes, hanging on the face of the perpendicular reef.

Thinking they might as well take something back with them, he ordered a diver to fetch it up.

The Indian plunged overboard. They could see him break away the graceful growth. Then he seemed to pause, holding on to the rough rock.

In an instant he shot up to the surface. Dashing the dripping water from his face he began to jabber excitedly: in a breathless silence, one translated his statement that he had "perceived a number of great guns in the watery world where he had found the feather; the report of which great guns exceedingly astonished the whole company; and at once turned their despondencies for their ill success into assurances that they had now lit upon the true spot of ground which they had been looking for; and they were further confirmed in these assurances when upon further diving the Indian fetched up a *sow*, as they styled it, or a lump of silver worth perhaps two or three hundred pounds. Upon this they prudently buoyed the place that they might readily find it again: and they went back to their captain, whom for some while they distressed with nothing but such bad news as they formerly thought they must have carried him. Nevertheless, they so slipped the sow of silver on one side under the table (where they were now sitting with the captain and hearing him express his resolutions to wait still patiently upon the providence of God under these disappointments) that when he should look upon one side, he might see that odd thing before him. At last he saw it and cried out with some agony:

"'*What is this? Whence comes this?*' And then with changed countenance they told him how and where they got it. Then said he: '*Thanks be to God! We are made!*' And so away they went, all hands to

work, wherein they had this further piece of remarkable prosperity, that whereas if they had first fallen upon that part of the Spanish wreck where the pieces of eight had been stowed in bags among the ballast, they had seen more laborious and less enriching times of it. Now, most happily, they first fell upon that room in the wreck where the bullion had been stored up, and then so prospered in this new fishery, that in a little while they had without the loss of any man's life brought up *thirty-two tons* of silver, for it was now come to measuring silver by tons."

Phips drove his men hard, the sailors on deck hammering several inches of incrusted limestone from the treasure. "They knocked out whole bushels of pieces of eight which were grown thereunto. Besides that incredible treasure of plate in various forms, thus fetched up from seven or eight fathoms under water, there were vast riches of gold and pearls and jewels, which they also lit upon; and indeed for a more comprehensive invoice I must but summarily say: *All that a Spanish frigate was to be enriched withal.*"

This vast treasure, worth nearly a million and a half of dollars, almost produced another mutiny. Phips, however, promised that every man should receive a share, even if it had to come out of his own portion—an engagement which he honorably carried out. Not daring to stop at any port, even for provisions, he set sail for England and turned this dazzling booty safely over to his backers.

His own share, with the large deduction for the seamen, was only eighty thousand dollars. But this was a fortune for those days; and with it, a gold cup worth another five thousand presented by the Duke to Mrs. Phips, and the order of knighthood bestowed by the

King, the triumphant adventurer sailed back to New England in 1688, resisting many fair offers of advancement if he would remain in London.

I should like to have seen the face of "that gentlewoman, his wife," who had been so incredulous at her carpenter-husband's dreams, when Sir William Phips presented her that gold cup from the great Duke, and told her of the "sea change" that had come upon him!

They had their fair brick house in the Green Lane (corner of Charter and Salem Streets, Boston) and the stout-hearted Sir William went on to become Governor of Massachusetts and to capture Port Royal. But nothing in his romantic career was more striking than that valiant quest for the Spanish treasure off Port de la Plata.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE MAN WHO CONQUERED AN EMPIRE

One summer evening, nearly four hundred years ago, a man stood on a rocky headland looking out over the Gulf of Mexico. The sun was setting over the tangled tropical forest to the west, and he had removed his steel helmet to enjoy the sea-breeze which was fanning away the fierce heat, and stirring the blue-green waters of the bay whose shores curved around beneath him. A tall pyramid of rough bricks towered behind him, with a flight of stone steps leading to a platform, on which a fire shot up wavering flames and smoke in the gathering twilight.

The cavalier rested one steel-clad arm on the saddle of his bay horse, which turned its head inquiringly toward the motionless figure of its master. He was in the early thirties, tall, slender, with large dark eyes, now fixed on the waters of the bay, and with an expression of great resolution on his face. Upon his steel breastplate gleamed a huge emerald in a heavy gold setting, curiously wrought into the figure of an eagle bearing in his talons a serpent; this single ornament hung from his neck by a gold chain. As still and silent as the sacred pyramid itself, he watched several boats, heavily loaded with sails, spars, anchors, and rigging of all sorts, which were being rowed toward shore from a little fleet of five ships that rode the rippling waters.

Presently, the last boat, rapidly forced along by several sailors, left the side of the largest vessel, which, like all the rest save one little caravel, was stripped to bare masts. The watchful figure on the headland stiffened, and bent forward, as if in expectation of something. While he looked, the deserted vessels began to move slowly, drifting before the wind. The man never took his gaze from them. Suddenly, the bow of the largest rose high in the air. She heeled over to one side, quivering like a desperately wounded thing. Then, slowly, the hull began to disappear beneath the surface. Down, down, she went, till the tips of the masts sank out of sight.

Another followed, and another. It was like a flock of injured water-fowl diving. In a few minutes the waters of the bay were bare of life, except for the tiny caravel, still bobbing at anchor, and for the group of boats steadily approaching the shore. The man stood a while longer; then he turned impulsively toward the golden glow in the west, stretching forth his arm. Vaulting into his saddle, he rode rapidly away southward into the darkness.

The cavalier's name was Hernando Cortés. The ships were his own, sunk by his order—and five others had been destroyed just before in the same way. He was in a strange land, untrodden by any white man, among savage and hostile Indians; and he had thus deliberately cut off the only means of return to civilization for himself and his little band of comrades.

And why did he commit an act of such madness? It was the end of the first act in the most amazing romance of history, and the story up to this point shows the kind of man it was who made an immortal name for himself and his men in this incredible expedition.

Hernando Cortés had been a boy of seven when the news of Columbus's discovery of the New World excited the mind of every man in Spain and all Europe. He showed no signs of greatness in his youth; indeed, his parents were much distressed by his idleness at school and college. He was not even a healthy boy; but he grew stronger as he got older, and became noted for his frolicsome disorders. At seventeen his fancy was taken with the venturesome exploits of his country's famous soldiers; and, after missing one chance to sail for the West Indies by a humiliating misadventure in a love-affair, he finally went to Hispaniola at the age of nineteen. Having spent seven years as a planter, he joined the expedition which conquered Cuba in 1511, and soon managed to get into the bad graces of Velasquez, the Governor. Escaping from prison twice, and narrowly missing death both by hanging and drowning, he succeeded in regaining the friendship of the Governor, married a beautiful girl, and settled down as a prosperous planter and miner. For eight years more he followed this peaceful life, growing wealthy, and becoming *alcalde* or magistrate. Then, toward the end of 1518, the whole colony was aroused by the return of Pedro de Alvarado, who had gone with Grijalva, the Governor's nephew, to follow up the discovery of Yucatan the previous year by Cordova. Alvarado brought back gold ornaments and jewels worth a quarter of a million dollars, obtained from the natives in exchange for a few glass beads, pins, and scissors. Velasquez, in great excitement, decided to send out a larger expedition, and Cortés managed, through his friendship with the Governor's secretary and the royal treasurer, to get appointed as the leader.

This was the real birth of the great Cortés. He spent

all his own money, pledged his estates, exhausted his credit, borrowed from his friends, bought vessels, stores, and arms, enlisted recruits, with an energy, enthusiasm, and good judgment of which his former years had given no promise. Before he was ready, the Governor's distrust of him returned. Learning that he was to be deprived of the command, Cortés set sail from St. Jago (Santiago) that very night, waving a farewell from his boat to the outwitted Velasquez. At three other Cuban ports he got stores and enlisted recruits; he seized a ship and persuaded the captain to join him; Velasquez tried to have him detained at Trinidad and Havana, but Cortés won over the commandants of both places, and finally set sail, February 18, 1519, with less than six hundred soldiers, of whom thirty-two had crossbows and thirteen carried the clumsy arquebuses which served in place of our rifles. He had also fourteen cannon and sixteen horses, the last proving of surprising importance.

Landing on the coast of Yucatan, the little army presently defeated a horde of forty thousand Tabascan Indians with terrific slaughter, and made their way with much difficulty along the coast. In a short time their eyes were opened to what lay before them. The Tabascans told them that the gold ornaments they saw came from the west, from "Mexico"; and proceeding along the shore till they reached the spot now occupied by the city of Vera Cruz, they learned from the natives that their province was part of the great Mexican empire ruled over by Montezuma. Through the Governor of the province Cortés sent a request to this Emperor that he might deliver in person a message from the Emperor of Spain—and while this was refused by the mysterious monarch three times, the embassies which

returned brought presents that dazzled the eyes of the Spaniards: among them gold and precious stones in quantity and workmanship almost beyond belief. One gold and silver plate, "as large as a carriage-wheel," represented the sun, being richly carved with figures of plants and animals. This was valued at a quarter of a million dollars.

In spite of Montezuma's refusal to see him, Cortés was only the more determined after this to probe this mystery to the heart. For he was urged on irresistibly by thoughts of unbounded glory and riches, as well as the religious duty of converting these heathen to the true faith. He was continually dreading that Velasquez or the Spanish Government would send over some one to take his place and snatch this marvellous opportunity from him; but he formed his audacious plan and followed it as coolly as if there were not a doubt of his position. In spite of the opposition of the friends of Velasquez in his own party, who insisted he should return to Cuba, he managed affairs so that his soldiers demanded the founding of a colony in the name of Spain; and the new officials of the new town of Villa Rica de Vera Cruz at once appointed him Captain-General.

With this shadow of authority, with gold, and by the force of his own character and enthusiasm, he got his followers in hand again. Most adroitly he made an alliance with the Totonacs, a neighboring tribe who, he found, wished to throw off the yoke of Montezuma. He contrived at the start to make them offer an open insult to the Mexican Emperor; and, helped by these allies, a Spanish town arose as if by magic close to their chief city of Cempoala—with "fort, granary, town house, temple, and public buildings." Cortés thus

had a safe headquarters among friends. (Immediately thereafter, by the way, he risked the success of the whole undertaking by forcibly destroying the idols in one of his new friends' chief temples—actually succeeding in substituting the forms of his own religion!)

Next he sent a letter to the Emperor of Spain, along with the princely treasures from Montezuma, begging for a confirmation of his acts and his position, so that he should no longer fear what Velasquez might do.

But just as he felt everything was ready for his venture, a conspiracy came to light in his ranks: one of the members confessed that this party was to seize one of the vessels that very night and return to Cuba. They had provisions, water, and all necessities on board, and but for the weakening of this man must have succeeded in their plan.

Realizing the dangers he must expect perpetually from this source, Cortés came to a bold decision, resulting in the scene with which our story began: he had his pilots report that the ships were in such bad condition as to be unsafe: and, removing the sails, anchors, and the like, nine of the ten vessels were sunk by his order. Under all the circumstances, it was an almost unparalleled act of resolve, and well showed the steely courage of the Great Conquistador.

## II

When the soldiers, twelve miles away at Cempoala, heard that the ships were sunk, they were thunderstruck. The faint-hearted began to murmur that the general had betrayed them: the despairing protests became outspoken: and it seemed as if the leader's enemies would surely triumph with this weapon he had

put into their hands. But Cortés showed himself, as before, the master mind. Addressing the men with the rough eloquence he understood so well, he presently turned their minds from fears for their return to a wild enthusiasm for advancing on this marvellous country, whose ruler could bestow on strangers such superb gifts. "They testified the revulsion of their feelings by making the air ring with their shouts: 'To Mexico! To Mexico!'" Accordingly on August 16, 1519, the audacious little band of four hundred foot-soldiers and fifteen horse, with seven cannon and some Indian allies, struck out to the west.

The first day they passed through plantations of banana, vanilla, cocoa, and cochineal; through primeval trees of vast height, loaded with a tangle of orchids and other parasites, with grape-vines and convolvuli—amid which flew gaudy, shrieking parrots, strange toucans, myriads of wonderfully colored butterflies, and all the richness of the sea-level tropics. Then they began the mountain climb to the vast table-lands, finding themselves amid fields of corn and the products of the temperate zone, with forests of oak and pine. From the city of Xalapa (from which our drug of jalap gets its name) they saw the great Sierra Madre Mountains, and snow-crowned Orizaba ("Star-mountain") towering to its seventeen thousand three hundred and sixty-eight feet. Then came three exhausting days of travel past volcanic mountains, amid storms of sleet and rain; and on the high table-land beyond, the plant life had again changed to fields and hedges of cactus, and of the invaluable aloe with its yellow flowers (which furnishes drink and clothing). The chief of the province received them coldly and gave them impressive details of Montezuma's grandeur, stating that the

Emperor could muster from his thirty vassals an army of three million men, and that twenty thousand human victims were sacrificed on his altars each year. He may have thought to frighten the adventurers into retreat. But says old Bernal Diaz, one of the party: "The words which we heard, however they may have filled us with wonder, made us—such is the temper of the Spaniard—only the more earnest to prove the adventure, desperate as it might appear."

They were advised at the next town to pass through the republic of Tlascala, whose mountaineers were still unconquered by the Mexicans; so sending ahead Indian messengers, they passed a week later the huge stone wall marking the boundary of that country. A few leagues farther on, while pursuing a small party of Indians, they were attacked by a body of several thousand, who made so fierce an onslaught that they killed two of the horses, and were only routed by the muskets and crossbows.

In spite of a visit from two Tlascalan envoys, assuring them of a friendly reception, the Spaniards spent a watchful night, and advanced next day in strict order. Dispersing a small band who confronted them, they were drawn by these into a narrow passage, where neither the cavalry nor the cannon could operate; and as they turned an angle of this defile, they saw before them a great army of tens of thousands of warriors, whose bright plumes and banners were dominated by an ensign showing a heron on a rock.

With their piercing war-whistle and the *boom* of many drums, the Indians closed in upon the little company. Their repeated onslaughts were so savage that one horseman was killed, and it looked as if the Spaniards would never force their way through; but,

inspired by the spirit of their leader, they finally forced the enemy back out of the pass. With room to use cannon, they soon spread death and terror among the savages, who, brave as they were, could not stand before the sulphurous thunders of these unknown weapons; and having suffered heavy losses, including eight chiefs, the Tlascalans withdrew in good order. Cortés spent that night in a stone temple on a rocky hill, caring for his wounded, planning for the morrow, wondering if his whole advance must be in the face of such a stubborn foe.

It did not lessen his care to receive next day a defiant message from the chief Xicotencatl, who was reported to have fifty thousand warriors with him. The invaders, he said, might reach the city of Tlascala, but once there, their flesh would be hewn from them as a sacrifice to the gods. It was a solemn company that received absolution that night from the priest. Honest Diaz says, "We feared death, for we were men"—and this kind of death had few attractions even for the danger-loving adventurers.

It was on the 5th of September when they confronted the array of painted battalions, a sea of feathers, plumes, gold ornaments, fantastic head-pieces, and copper-headed spears, the great gold eagle of Tlascala spreading his wings above the lesser ensigns. The battle began with a shower of Indian arrows that "darkened the sun." Despite a most destructive volley from the Spanish guns, the savages charged upon the invaders, breaking their ranks and sweeping them away by sheer force of numbers. The voice of Cortés was drowned in the clamor. It looked as if the rash expedition would meet with its end then and there.

But the seasoned warriors fought with the energy

of desperation. The cannon hurled balls upon the enemy's flank. Cortés at the head of his cavalry charged into the thick of the press. The Tlascalans were beaten back again and again. After several hours a rivalry caused one chief to withdraw with ten thousand men; and the Tlascalan leader was forced to retreat.

This redoubtable warrior was still undismayed, however, by his defeat, or by the terrible cannon, or the horses which filled the common soldiers with such awe and terror. He urged the council to reject Cortés's proposals of peace next day, and, contrary to custom and the laws of country, planned a night attack which should catch the strangers unawares.

Cortés heard nothing of this; but his men always slept with their arms beside them, and the horses were saddled by night as by day. On the appointed night, a sentinel saw a dark mass approaching in the moonlight. He gave the alarm. In five minutes the camp was ready for battle; and with characteristic audacity Cortés decided to attack instead of awaiting the foe. As the Indians reached the rising ground, the Spaniards dashed down upon them, threw them into utter confusion, and pursued them till weary of killing.

It was enough. The council of lords submitted their country to these terrible, invincible beings; and the alliance, faithfully kept by the Indians through all sorts of dangers and reverses, proved of the first importance later on.

Cortés here rested his men, quelled the beginnings of another mutiny among those who had had all the fighting and hardships they cared for, and received a fourth embassy from Montezuma. This brought three thousand ounces of gold, hundreds of feather-work

mantles, and other gifts—but still refused him admittance to Mexico. The vacillating Emperor followed this up presently with another, also bearing rich presents, this time inviting the Spaniards to come to the capital, urging them to make no alliance with the barbarous Tlascalans, and suggesting the route by way of Cholula, where, he said, they would be received as his guests.

Against the advice of the Tlascalans, Cortés proceeded to that city, which had formally tendered him its submission. It was of great antiquity, having been founded by the people who preceded the Aztecs then ruling the land; it was believed to have been the abode, after leaving Mexico, of the Fair God (Quetzalcoatl), whose coming again was universally expected—a belief to which the Spaniards owed much of their astounding success, since it became generally supposed that they were at least messengers from this long-expected deity; and it contained the most famous temple in the land, a pyramid of bricks and clay a hundred and seventy-seven feet high and twice as long as the great pyramid of Cheops in Egypt (fourteen hundred and twenty-three feet). Thousands of human victims, according to the horrible custom of the country, were sacrificed each year before the altar of this "god of the air," above whose dark face was a crown "waving with plumes of fire," about his neck a collar of gold, great turquoises in his ears, a jewelled sceptre in one hand, and a curiously painted shield on his arm.

From Cholula the ardent Spaniards could see, beyond hundreds of towers, beyond the beautiful gardens, forests, and cultivated fields, two vast volcanoes guarding the pass to Mexico: Popocatepetl, "the mountain that smokes," and Iztaccihuatl, "the white woman."

The first reception was most hospitable. The weary Spaniards enjoyed to the full the luxuries and novelties of this highly civilized city. But the sharp eye of Cortés soon detected a change in the attitude of his hosts that put him on the alert; and the faithful Indian girl from the coast, Marina, who had acted as interpreter, presently brought an alarming tale. The Spaniards were to be attacked suddenly as they left the city, various barricades having been erected to throw them into disorder, and a force of twenty thousand Mexicans was outside the city to make sure of exterminating the little band. Cholula was a trap, and the Spaniards were fast in its jaws.

In this alarming situation, Cortés met guile with guile. Making absolutely sure of the fact, he bade the chiefs of the nation to a conference at his headquarters. They came, secure in the belief that their plot was secret.

When they entered the great square courtyard, they found all the gates guarded and the Spanish soldiers drawn up along the walls. Cortés at once charged them with the conspiracy, showing that he knew all the details. In a voice of thunder he denounced their treachery, declaring that he proposed to make such an example of them as should never be forgotten.

At a signal, the soldiers poured a volley from muskets and crossbows into the huddled mass of Cholulans. They were killed almost to a man, the only ones who escaped hiding under the dead bodies; with the aid of the Tlascalan allies, Cortés soon put down the aroused citizens, and set fire to the temple, while the Tlascalans, against his orders, plundered the city.

After restoring quiet, freeing the captives reserved for sacrifice, and receiving another embassy from the

thoroughly alarmed Montezuma - who denied having any share in the plot, and sent as usual gold, jewels, and other valuables Cortés again took up his march toward Mexico. The road led between the two great volcanoes, Popocatepetl belching up its threatening smoke from its snowy cone three thousand feet higher than the tallest mountain of Europe. Sleet and snow and icy winds made the difficult passage still harder, but when on the second day they suddenly looked out and down to behold spread out before them the exquisite panorama of the Valley of Mexico, all remembrance of their hardships and perils vanished: there, amid beautiful lakes and hills and gardens lay the capital of Montezuma.

As they saw its charm, its richness, and thought of what it must contain, they cried out: "It is the Promised Land." With fresh enthusiasm, but exercising the greatest caution, they made their way down, and were welcomed in the name of Montezuma by the King of Tezcuco as the Emperor's representative. Every step showed a fresh marvel: the handsome houses, often built on piles out above the lake; the great stone causeways running for miles across the water and wide enough for eight horsemen abreast; the floating islands, natural and artificial, with trees, houses, and gardens; the vast population and swarms of canoes; the fertile irrigated fields and multitude of flowers; the royal palace of Iztapalapan, with its botanical gardens, aviary, and fish-basin nearly a mile in circumference; it was like a descent into fairyland. The battered adventurers felt as if they were being transported bodily among the wonders of some of the old romances.

On the eighth day of November, 1519, at a fort on

the great causeway about a mile from the city, Montezuma met them, in all the splendor of a barbaric Emperor. He was in the royal palanquin, blazing with gold, borne on the shoulders of nobles. His canopy of bright feathers, adorned with jewels and silver, was carried by four more lords. As he advanced, in a cloak sprinkled with pearls and precious stones, the attendants placed mats before him that the golden soles of his sandals might not touch the earth.

Greeting the visitors like the great monarch he was, Montezuma had them conducted past the swarming myriads of onlookers into the city. Here with his own royal hands he hung a massive collar of gold about the neck of Cortés, and presented to him the palace of Axayacatl, which was to be the Spaniards' quarters. This huge structure offered accommodations for the whole "army." And, as the ever-watchful eye of Cortés at once discovered, it was also an admirable fortress which could be defended against almost any odds.

## III

Here then were our adventurers, at the goal to which they had cut their bloody path through the hordes of one tribe after another. It did not take long for them to find out that in wealth and splendor this hitherto fabulous capital surpassed their fondest dreams. The great stone buildings with squares and busy marketplaces; the teeming throngs of people; the evidence at every turn of a surprising stage of civilization: the Aztecs, for instance, were such good astronomers that they were eleven days nearer the correct time than the Spaniards themselves, and their enormous botanical gardens were unknown in Europe till almost a genera-

tion after the Conquest; the magnificence of Montezuma's way of life: the endless kinds of food kept hot with chafing-dishes—including fish and ocean products, as well as tropical fruits brought by fast runners in twenty-four hours from the coast; his beautiful tableware—given away after a single meal; his clothing—also worn once and then given away; the host of nobles serving him barefooted and in coarse mantles, a household which required *two thousand* pitchers of the national chocolate each day; a ghastly total of yearly human sacrifices which ran into tens of thousands; all this tremendous stirring life only made more difficult the question as to what they were to do next. It was like the ardent hunter who pursues an elephant—to find himself facing a whole herd.

One little accident helped to whet their appetite, if that were needed. After a fruitless attempt to induce Montezuma to let them cast out the idols from the great temple—an impudent suggestion which outraged the Emperor beyond measure—Cortés obtained permission to convert one of the halls in the palace they occupied into a chapel for the service of their own church. In the course of these alterations, the curious Spaniards broke open a plastered door, and beheld a large hall filled with gold and silver bars, with jewels and rich stuffs.

Bernal Diaz was one of those who looked in. "I was a young man," says he, "and it seemed to me as if all the riches of the world were in that room." The door was walled up again, but the treasure-seekers never forgot what they had beheld.

To add to the perplexities of the situation, Cortés heard that the garrison he had left at Vera Cruz had been drawn into a quarrel with a neighboring chief,

and eight of them, including Escalante, the leader, had been killed—and their prisoners declared the whole affair had been planned by Montezuma.

He resolved as usual to grasp this nettle firmly. With five of his most trusted cavaliers, Alvarado, Sandoval, Lujo, De Leon, and De Avila, he called upon Montezuma, ordering thirty soldiers to drop in, three or four at a time, as if by accident.

After some casual talk, Cortés charged the Emperor with responsibility for the fate of Escalante. The surprised monarch despatched an order for all those concerned to appear at the capital. Cortés then suggested that, to prove his innocence to the Spanish Emperor, Montezuma should take up his residence at their quarters.

The indignant monarch refused. For two hours the discussion got nowhere.

Then, losing patience, De Leon cried out: "Why do we waste words? Let us seize him, and if he resists, plunge our swords into his body."

Marina, the interpreter, begged the Emperor to yield, assuring him it would mean instant death if he resisted longer.

The unhappy King, overcome by superstition as well as fear in the very midst of his power and splendor, at last yielded. He was carried in his litter to a suite of rooms in the quarters, having the extra humiliation of being obliged to quiet the crowds in the streets and assure them he was going of his own free will. His captors treated him at first with great respect, but when the chiefs who had killed Escalante arrived, and were sentenced to a horrible death, they declared they had followed Montezuma's orders—whereupon Cortés had the luckless Emperor put in irons. Though

soon released, Montezuma's once proud spirit was utterly broken by this final insult. From this time on, he was absolutely under the will of the Spaniard.

There is nothing in the wildest romances of Dumas's "Three Musketeers" which can compare with this exploit. The man who could carry through such a feat and the sinking of his ships already described, manifested a courage, not of what we consider to-day the highest order, but surely as high of its order as history has ever recorded.

## IV

Cortés was now the real ruler of the Mexican Empire. He explored the country, found out where the gold was obtained, secured a better harbor on the coast, and sent De Leon with a hundred and fifty men to plant a colony. He started a great plantation for the Spanish Crown which he stocked and planted, soon having the fertile land under such cultivation that, as he wrote the Emperor of Spain (Charles V), it was already worth twenty thousand ounces of gold. And above all, he easily persuaded the passive Montezuma to acknowledge himself a vassal of Spain, receiving from the latter the treasure of Axaycatl, which the Spaniards as related had discovered by chance—a dazzling hoard of golden grains, nuggets, bars and ornaments, with jewels and precious stuffs, reaching in value the great sum of more than six million dollars. One-fifth of this was stamped with the royal arms as the share of the Spanish Crown; another fifth went to Cortés; and by the time the expenses of the expedition were taken out, there was not much left for the eager soldiers.

Six months of this dictatorship passed. Then came a thunderbolt. Word came that eighteen vessels,

bearing a thousand soldiers, sent by his old enemy Velasquez and commanded by Panfilo de Narvaez, had landed near Vera Cruz—with the avowed purpose of arresting Cortés as a traitor.

Thoroughly aroused, Cortés sped as ever to meet the greatest danger. He left Alvarado, with a hundred and forty men, to guard Montezuma as his life, and taking only seventy tried soldiers, set out by forced marches for the coast. On the way he had the good fortune to gather up, not only De Leon's band, but sixty more soldiers from the garrison at Vera Cruz who had heard the news; and with this inadequate force he pressed forward on foot to meet four times the number of his own countrymen, well supplied with cannon, arquebuses, and horses. Peremptory messages from Narvaez showed him there was no appeal except to arms. He only hastened his march.

In a terrific rain-storm, this forlorn hope reached a river three miles from the camp of Narvaez. It was a raging torrent. Encouraged by their leader, Cortés's band struggled through in the darkness and tempest, losing two men in the foaming waters. They floundered on beyond, through mud and thicket, undiscovered, for Narvaez foolishly supposed the storm to be sufficient protection. One sentinel, indeed, did rush back with news of the advance. His report was not believed; and suddenly, like a pack of famished wolves, the conquerors burst upon the astonished encampment. There was a little fierce fighting, but in half an hour Narvaez, with an eye struck out by a spear, was a captive, the garrison surrendered, and the cavalry followed their example.

Narvaez and several of his leaders were brought before Cortés in chains.

"You have great reason," said the former, "to thank fortune."

"I have much to be thankful for," was the scornful answer, "but I consider my victory over you one of the least of my achievements in this country!"

To complete the transformation, the successful general won over the soldiers who had just been arrayed against him, trebling his forces, and furnishing priceless help in guns and horses. Then he despatched one body to complete the colony before planned, a second to conquer a province to the north, and a third to dismantle the ships of Narvaez's fleet.

His triumph was soon interrupted. A message arrived from Alvarado in Mexico saying that the people had attacked him, and he was so hard beset that only speedy help could save the little garrison. Instantly Cortés prepared his troops and sped back with his thousand men two hundred miles over the mountains to the capital.

In five weeks from the time when he had set out on his desperate enterprise, he re-entered the great causeway. But the streets were now silent and deserted. Many of the bridges had been removed. The tramp of the horses' feet sounded forebodingly amid the emptiness.

The cause was soon explained. Alvarado had made the terrible mistake, under the spur of a belief in a plot against the Spaniards, of trying to imitate the massacre at Cholula: while several hundred unarmed chiefs were celebrating a great religious festival, he and his companions had rushed upon them and butchered them to the last man. Coming on top of the imprisonment of their Emperor, this had set the city in a blaze. The first direct attack on the palace had been checked by

Montezuma's appeals, but under the leadership of the Emperor's brother the whole country was aroused. The Spaniards were now blockaded, their water cut off, provisions refused. A spring had been miraculously discovered within the enclosure, but the outlook was black indeed.

"Your conduct has been that of a madman," said Cortés to Alvarado. But after a short display of exasperation, his resolute mind grappled with the task before him. His greatly increased force emboldened him; he had not experienced in person the aroused fury of the people; and he sent a despatch full of confidence to Vera Cruz. It was but a few minutes afterward that the storm broke.

The war-whistles sounded outside the walls, and a multitude of Aztecs rushed forward upon the fortress. In spite of repeated volleys from the guns which mowed them down by hundreds, they reached the ramparts. Driven back, and failing to make a breach in the walls, they shot burning arrows which set part of the quarters on fire, and it proved necessary to throw down a portion of the defending wall to put out the flames. Only when night fell did the Mexicans withdraw.

At sunrise the Spaniards sallied forth and drove the enemy before them, till they were stopped by the barricades. These were cleared by cannon, but the Indians fought fiercely, both in the streets and from the flat roofs of the houses, casting stones and missiles of all sorts upon the soldiers. Cortés burned several hundred houses and cleared the streets, yet the enemy built up the defenses almost as fast as they were demolished.

Says Diaz: "The Mexicans fought with such ferocity that, if we had had the assistance of ten thou-

sand Hectors, and as many Orlandos, we should have made no impression on them! There were several of our troops who had served in the Italian wars, but neither there nor in the battles with the Turks had they ever seen anything like the desperation shown by these Indians."

Cortés rescued his secretary, Duero, dashing alone into a body of Mexicans and saving the man from a horrible death; and the Spaniards killed scores for every man lost on their side. Still, the prospect that night was gloomy enough. They could ill spare a single man; Cortés himself had a painful wound; the enemy's numbers seemed inexhaustible; and the leader realized for the first time what formidable foes faced him when in their present aroused state.

With much difficulty he induced Montezuma to show himself on the walls and command the people to disperse. After the first moment of instinctive obedience to their dreaded ruler, the crowd broke into execrations of him. A shower of stones and arrows flew through the air. The luckless Montezuma was carried below, badly wounded and heart-broken at the realization of his degrading position.

Next day the Spaniards stormed the great temple close to their quarters, from which the Mexicans had harassed them with deadly swarms of arrows. Cortés fastened his shield to his wounded hand and himself led the three hundred chosen. Clearing a path with the guns, he dashed up the stone steps which led around the outer face of the pyramid four times. For nearly a mile the Spaniards fought their way up this perilous path, the defenders showering arrows, spears, stones, beams, and blazing sticks upon them. Driving the enemy at last to the flat top, a fierce hand-to-hand

battle ensued in mid-air. Cortés was seized by two gigantic warriors and dragged toward the unprotected edge, with the evident intention of throwing him and themselves over the drop of a hundred and fifty feet. By a supreme effort, he tore himself loose and hurled one of his assailants to destruction. At the end of three hours, the temple was captured, the Aztecs all slain except a few priests, and the structure set on fire. But the conquerors had lost forty-five of their best men in the assault; and Cortés's attempt to gain submission in a parley met with stern defiance.

"Your little numbers are lessening," said the fierce Aztecs. "Your provisions and water are failing. The bridges are broken down, and you cannot escape."

Indeed, it looked only too probable that the Spaniards would become sacrifices to the Aztec gods, as their enemy dinned in their ears; and Cortés had to subdue the beginnings of mutiny among his despairing soldiers. He made repeated sallies, repairing the bridges, only to find them again destroyed each time. On one occasion the enemy got between him and the camp; the Spaniards were thrown into confusion; by superhuman exertions Cortés rallied the remnants; he saved himself, when the last man had crossed the bridge, only by leaping his horse over a gap six feet wide.

Utterly discouraged and worn out, the Spaniards met with the heaviest blow yet on their return: completely crushed in body and spirit, Montezuma died. Their one safeguard was removed. Nothing remained but to retreat from the city.

Cortés prepared for transport as much of the treasure as they could take, many of the soldiers loading themselves with what had to be abandoned; he built a

portable bridge on which to cross the canals; and on the night of July 1, 1520, they set gloomily out in the rain through the silent streets.

Disaster awaited them. The enemy was aroused as they placed the bridge over the first canal. When they reached the second (there were three), word came from the rear that the bridge had stuck and could not be moved. They were hemmed in between the canals —and the Mexicans, in increasing numbers, attacked them savagely, each apparently content to die if he could slay or capture one of the diminishing band.

The Spaniards were thrown into utter disorder; struck down in the darkness, carried down by the gold they carried and drowned in the lake, dragged off by the swarming enemy, it became a question of each trying to save himself. Cortés with a few comrades crossed the second and the third canals, some riding, some swimming, some holding on to the horses' tails. They were comparatively safe.

But word came that the rear-guard under Alvarado was being borne down by the myriads that beset him. Nothing in the whole story is more memorable than the superb courage which those in the lead showed at this crisis. Despite the horrors behind them, they turned, galloped back, swam the canals, found Alvarado wounded and with his horse down, checked the tide for an instant till the hard-pressed handful and themselves could plunge into the lake, and won their way back— what was left of them. The mighty Alvarado, who had performed prodigies of valor, was left on the brink, the Indians around him, canoes everywhere in the water. Setting his long lance on the débris at the bottom of the canal, he vaulted into the air with the vigor of desperation and cleared the yawning gap—

a feat so incredible that the place is called "Alvarado's Leap" to this day.

Pressing on with these remnants, Cortés camped for the night in the temple on the commanding Hill of Montezuma. He had lost two-thirds of his soldiers, three-quarters of his Indian allies, most of the treasure, all his baggage, cannon, and muskets. The victorious myriads of the enemy were behind him. His brief glorious dream was shattered. No wonder that this goes in Spanish records by the name of "the melancholy night."

Hungry, wounded, exhausted, discouraged, they slowly made their way back toward Tlascala. After a week of frightful misery, but seeing only scattered parties of the enemy, they rounded a mountain wall—and beheld before them a mighty host of Mexicans stretching as far as the eye could reach. In their abject condition they felt this was the end, but they prepared to die like Spanish cavaliers.

Cortés addressed them, striving to hearten them with the memory of their glorious record. They descended the mountain into the "vast ocean of their enemies."

Every man fought like a paladin; but the deeper they cut their way, the more hopelessly they were surrounded. Their forebodings would have been realized and the "conquest" would have ended here at Otompan but for Cortés.

Anxiously scanning the enemy, he discovered at some distance the chief who commanded the Mexicans, with the distinguishing staff, bearing a golden net, attached to his back. The Spanish leader did not hesitate an instant.

"There is our mark. Follow me!" he cried to the

cavaliers nearest to him. Backed by Alvarado, Sandoval, Olid, Avila, and a few others, he set spurs to his tired horse and charged straight through the mass. Nothing could stop this fiery onset; in a few moments they reached the chief. Cortés dashed aside his guards and thrust him through with the lance which had done such execution. Juan de Sandoval leaped from his horse, killed the fallen leader, tore away his golden banner, and handed it to Cortés.

The loss of their general broke the enemy's ranks. They turned to flee. The Spaniards hunted them till they were weary, killing thousands. With renewed spirits and spoils of much value, they set out once more, and a few days later reached Tlascala, where, to the eternal credit of their allies, they were received as warmly as if they had never suffered so disastrous a reverse as that of "the melancholy night."

## V

The soldiers thought only of resting here till they could again take up the retreat to Vera Cruz: their fondest hope was that they might still manage to reach Cuba alive. They did not yet know the temper of their leader. He had lost the use of two fingers on his left hand and had two wounds in the head, one so alarming that a piece of bone had to be removed, leaving him helpless and fevered in bed for several days. He learned that a large amount of his gold had been captured by the enemy and fifty soldiers in charge of it had been killed. Yet his mind was occupied with nothing save plans for carrying through the conquest to which he had set his hand, and retrieving the disaster that had dimmed his glory.

When they learned this, the soldiers broke out into open remonstrance at such madness. Once more Cortés showed his leadership. After painting in burning words what they had done and what remained to do, he bade any who were too faint-hearted to share in this achievement to return "in God's name." He would rather remain with a few brave men than have the company of cowards. The result was as he had calculated: his veterans protested that they stay with him till death; and the newer recruits were carried along by the determination of their comrades.

In addition Cortés had to use much diplomacy to prevent trouble with the Tlascalans. He managed, however, to hold the friendly chiefs firm to their alliance; so that when the new Mexican Emperor, Cuitlahuac, attempted to draw these ancient foes into a league against the Spaniards, his overtures were rejected.

The next six months were a busy time. Cortés sent for reinforcements and ammunition to Santo Domingo; got more from a vessel which happened to come to Vera Cruz; drilled the Tlascalan battalions and helped them by subduing the surrounding tribes; managed to get sulphur from the volcano of Popocatepetl to make powder; and, having formed the audacious plan of building thirteen brigantines and carrying them piecemeal to the Mexican lakes—actually conveyed all the sails, anchors, and rigging saved from the destroyed fleet, by porters, over the formidable mountains from Vera Cruz to Tlascala so that they could be used in constructing this fleet.

Just before the end of the year, he started on his mission of vengeance, with a force of six hundred men, including forty cavalry, eighty musketeers and cross-

bowmen, and nine cannon. He had besides a great force of Tlascalans, estimated at a hundred thousand warriors, who had been drilled to much greater efficiency by his careful training.

"We had no choice," he wrote home, "but victory or death; and our minds once resolved, we moved forward with as light a step as if we had been going on an errand of certain pleasure."

The Mexican Emperor had died, and Montezuma's warlike young nephew, Guatemozin, reigned in his stead. Valiant he was, and "so terrible that his followers trembled in his presence." He had been straining every nerve to make ready for the life-and-death struggle which he saw approaching: those who could not fight were sent away from the city of Mexico, hundreds of thousands of warriors were brought in from the subject provinces around, the defenses were strengthened, and he proclaimed a great reward for any one who should bring a Spaniard before him, dead or alive.

While awaiting the completion of the ships, Cortés conducted two expeditions which fought their way completely around the Valley of Mexico, meeting in several places with a resistance that showed the natives were ready to die rather than yield. At one town the Indians cut the dike holding in the waters of Lake Tezcuco, destroying their city in the attempt to drown the Spaniards—in which they came within a hair's breadth of succeeding. At another, in a hot fight, Cortés was surrounded. His horse fell. He received a violent blow on the head which felled him to the ground. As he was being dragged away, a Tlascalan sprang to the rescue; a couple of his servants followed; and between them they managed to get the com-

mander free and in the saddle—when he rallied his troops and charged again. Had it not been for the keen desire of the Indians to take him alive for sacrifice, his career would have ended there. The success of this circuit, however, drew away from the Mexican Emperor one wavering tribe after another. The city was surrounded.

At length, along came the thirteen brigantines, borne piecemeal on the backs of thousands of Indian carriers for sixty miles across the mountains—a stupendous feat.* Work had for some time been proceeding on a canal from the old royal gardens at Tezcuco to the lake, a mile and a half. This herculean task, a ditch twelve feet wide and twelve feet deep—in places through solid rock—with sides of wood or stone, with locks and dams, took the labor of eight thousand men for two months. But when it was ready, and the vessels set up and each armed with a cannon, the invaders had the means of commanding the lakes, the lack of which had largely helped in bringing about their former disaster.

Just at this tense moment, a profound sensation was caused by a conspiracy against the life of Cortés and his friends, headed by a soldier named Villafana, who had come from the army of Narvaez. The plot was complete, and was only discovered the day before the one set, by the confession of a conspirator. When arrested, Villafana attempted to swallow a paper. Cortés seized it and read a list of those concerned, many in places of trust. He promptly destroyed the

* "Hannibal, and Gonsalvo de Cordova, did the same thing," remarks Prescott, "but for short distances. And Balboa managed to get two vessels out of four across the sixty-six-mile width of the Isthmus of Darien."

list, hanged Villafana, and went ahead with his plans as if he had no knowledge of the other plotters. It was a daring and well-calculated handling of a menacing situation.

On April 28 the first navy ever launched in American waters spread its sails on the Lake of Tezcuco, flying the royal flag of Castile, amid salvoes from cannon and muskets. It soon met with a fleet of five hundred war-canoes and at once showed its importance by dashing through this mass of frail boats, crushing and sinking them with prows and cannon-balls, till but a tiny fraction escaped. Different divisions of the army advanced and occupied the causeways to the north and south of the city, cutting off the water-supply at Chapultepec as they went—and about the middle of May, the actual siege of Mexico began.

With the co-operation of the ships, one on each side of the causeway and thus directing a deadly cross-fire at the enemy, the army drove back the defenders along these highways, repairing one bridge after another. They pressed forward into the heart of the city, reaching their old quarters and chasing a number of the Mexicans into the great temple they had carried by assault once before. The cross was gone. The ghastly image of the Mexican war-god was again in its place. The invaders tore it from before its altar and hastened down again to the area, to find new masses of the enemy streaming in from every side. They were driven back by these fresh forces, and only escaped a real rout by the arrival of a small troop of horse.

Day after day, the troops of Cortés fought their way in and back again, till it became evident that only the destruction of all that part of the city would suffice, since the indefatigable foe undid each night all

that the Spaniards had accomplished. Accordingly, though with great regret, Cortés began a systematic destruction of all the magnificent structures along the route, at the same time using his Indians to fill in one breach of the causeway after another with such great stones that they could not be disturbed by the enemy. Alvarado, too, hammered away on the north, advancing step by step into the city's vitals.

In spite of the far more terrible ravages of famine, the Mexicans rejected every suggestion of surrender and fought on with dogged courage.

The impatient soldiers urged Cortés to make a general assault and he consented. All went well at the start; but the advance-guard under Alderete pressed forward too impetuously, failing to obey orders and fill up the canals before they advanced. They reached the great market-place in the heart of the town.

The sacred horn of Guatemozin suddenly sounded from a near-by temple. The flying Aztecs turned, reinforced by thousands from every direction. The Spaniards were swept along by the irresistible tide toward the open breach, on the other side of which stood Cortés and his party striving to repair the fatal error of not filling up this chasm. The latter saved as many of the fugitives as they could, stretching out their arms to the poor wretches floundering in the water.

Cortés was a conspicuous mark for the Mexican missiles. Failing to strike him down, six picked warriors rushed forward crying, "Malintzin! Malintzin!" (their name for the Spanish leader), and made a concerted effort to drag him down to their canoe.

Cortés got a bad wound in the leg, and it seemed as if he would surely be taken. But Olea, one of his men, threw himself upon the assailants, cut off the arm of

one with a single blow and plunged his sword through another. As he fell himself, mortally wounded, another Spaniard and a Tlascalan chief sprang to the rescue, killing three more of the Aztecs over the prostrate body of Cortés.

Others followed, and the commander was soon remounted and urged away from the scene. They retreated, while the exultant Mexicans hurled down on them bloody heads from the house-tops, shouting, "Tonatiuh" ("Child of the Sun," their name for Alvarado), "Sandoval," and so on. Alvarado and Sandoval (with whose reported death the enemy thus sought to strike despair into the hearts of the discouraged Spaniards) were also compelled to retire on the north by the failure of this main attack, in which sixty-two Spaniards and many allies had fallen alive into the hands of the Aztecs—and the army had the horrible experience that night of hearing the huge drum of serpent-skins *boom* forth its ghastly message to the surrounding air for miles and miles, and of seeing these luckless comrades sacrificed to the Aztec gods on the summit of one of the temples.

Many of the Indian allies deserted the besiegers after this reverse, but Cortés held steadily to his former plan; and with this relentless though slow advance from without, and the most frightful sufferings from famine and pestilence within, the lot of the Mexicans was terrible indeed. Even after weeks of this, however —with thousands of dead unburied, with the living driven by unbearable hunger to cannibalism, with a smoking ruin in place of the temples and palaces of the larger part of the city—in spite of all, Guatemozin remained calm and courageous, refusing to consider surrender.

There followed a last butchery (the defenders being almost too weak to resist), in which Cortés himself states that forty thousand were killed. Even then the remainder would not submit. On the following day, however, Guatemozin was captured by one of the brigantines as he fled in a canoe. Without a leader, the Mexicans submitted to the inevitable.

Guatemozin was brought before the Conqueror.

"I have done all I could to defend my people," said he. "I am now reduced to this state. You will deal with me, Malintzin, as you will."

"Fear not," replied the Spanish general. "You shall be treated with all honor. You have defended your capital like a brave warrior. A Spaniard knows how to respect valor, even in an enemy."

The remnant of the inhabitants were allowed to depart, the streets were cleansed and purified, and in solemn procession the battle-scarred veterans defiled through the city which had cost them so dear. The conquest of Mexico was accomplished.

## VI

The subsequent career of Cortés was on the whole a sad one. Though confirmed in his command, and granted a vast estate in Mexico, where he lived in splendor, he never received the full recognition which was his due, the Spanish Crown fearing such a powerful leader in its new dominions. He made, and had made, at heavy expense, many explorations, especially on the western coast in the Gulf of California, but of course failed to find the strait which was the dream of that time, in order to get a quicker route to the East Indies. He finally died in Spain after a fruitless three

years' effort to get his suit for these expeditions even brought to trial.

Nothing more was necessary, however, after his Mexican campaign to win for him a foremost place among the boldest of the world's adventurers. We have learned nowadays to value other kinds of courage more highly, since the world has more need of men who will sacrifice themselves than those who will sacrifice others; and in our peaceful times it is difficult not to shudder at the terrible cruelty which Cortés had to practise to carry out his aim. It is true, too, that while full of hot zeal for converting the heathen, it was the thirst for treasure and for personal glory which mainly led the Spaniard on.

Yet his deeds on this plane of courage were so pre-eminent, his resolution in the face of any odds was so superhuman, that so long as men admire physical bravery, the name of Hernando Cortés must be blazoned bright in the annals of the race.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE TERRIBLY PERSISTENT SWINEHERD

When Columbus added the New World to the Spanish possessions, there was living in a little town of southern Spain a certain Francisco Pizarro, who had just reached manhood, having been born about 1471. His father made claim to ancient lineage, but there was a stain upon Francisco's birth. He took care of a herd of swine and grew up without learning to read or write. Probably there was no one of less importance, even in his quiet, forgotten village of Truxillo.

Almost the only career open to such a one in those days was that of a soldier of fortune. Young Pizarro drifted across the ocean to Hispaniola, along with so many thousands of other adventurers who had all to gain and nothing to lose. The first definite glimpse of him there is when he accompanied Ojeda in his disastrous expedition to the mainland. The Spaniards were always looking for the marvels of romance in this unknown land: Amazons, giants, fountains of youth—and especially that fabled El Dorado, where the sands were strewn with precious stones, the streets were paved with gold, and nuggets could be fished up with nets from the streams. They founded colonies, made the Indians till the soil for them, were filled with fiery zeal for converting these infidels (or slaying them); but it was this golden vision in particular which ever lured them on through the utmost hardships and dangers.

As related elsewhere, Ojeda, that incredibly brave and absurd little warrior, landed on the shore of South America. He found, instead of gold, showers of poisoned arrows, which killed all his comrades. Rescued by a force from the ships he sailed along the coast with his two tiny brigantines and set up a settlement called San Sebastian on the Isthmus of Darien. Disaster followed. The Indians fought them savagely and continually, until the party found itself reduced to one-third of those who had started, and these facing starvation. Out of the skies came temporary help in the shape of a ship-load of provisions seized by one Talavera and a band of seventy pirates. But soon hunger again gripped them. Ojeda decided to return to Hispaniola for help. Leaving Pizarro in command, with orders to wait fifty days and then follow if he had not come back, he sailed off with Talavera and his ruffians. He was wrecked on the coast of Cuba, then not settled, got to Jamaica after a desperate struggle, and found himself ill, without money, without credit, unable to get any men or supplies—finally dying in the Franciscan monastery.

Meanwhile Pizarro, of course knowing nothing of what was happening, followed orders. Amid constant fighting, sickness, hunger, despair, he stuck to his post. The seven weeks dragged themselves away. No word arrived from Ojeda. He was free at last to try to save his party and himself. But to his dismay he found the two little vessels, in bad condition as they were, would not carry even what was left of the expedition.

So with grim resolution, he sat down and waited, seeing all too clearly that he need do nothing else to reduce the numbers of the wretched party. One can imagine him counting up the list after each fresh dis-

aster, calmly looking forward to the inevitable. And when the poisoned arrows and starvation and disease had cut down the number to the sixty or seventy whom the brigantines would hold, Pizarro put them aboard and sailed away. One ship was lost, with all on board; Pizarro reached Hispaniola with the other and thirty survivors—and narrowly escaped hanging, under the suspicion that he had murdered and deserted Ojeda.

He went back to San Sebastian with another expedition, there being on board, concealed in a provisional barrel, a poverty-stricken stowaway named Vasco Nuñez, better known as Balboa. With him Pizarro helped to found a settlement on the shore of Panama, Maria de la Antigua del Darien, where they got their first taste of gold to the extent of about twenty-five thousand dollars captured from the cacique of that country, and started a town, Darien, which is therefore nearly a hundred years older than Jamestown. A Governor came from Spain to take charge of this new colony. His name was Pedrarias; he was seventy-two years old, and he well earned his doleful title (once borne by Attila, King of the Huns) "the Scourge of God," being as described "a two-legged tiger." Balboa submitted to his authority, and shortly after set out to cross the isthmus and discover if the Indian tales were true of a great sea on the other side. It was Pizarro who led forward the little band of sixty-seven men to the point of outlook beside Balboa, as that leader stood alone,

"Silent, upon a peak in Darien,"

the first white man to view the silver waters of the mighty Pacific Ocean.

The gallant and lovable Balboa presently quarrelled with Pedrarias; it was patched up, and Balboa—after the memorable achievement of building brigantines on the eastern coast, and carrying them piecemeal thirty miles over the mountains till he reached navigable water on the other side—got ready to sail south to investigate the native tales of a marvellous land down there where gold was so abundant that men thought nothing of it; but while waiting only for a little pitch and iron, the fierce Governor, whose anger had been aroused, recalled him and put him to death.

At the age of fifty, therefore, Pizarro found himself in Panama, a failure, with little except his sword, a firm belief in the Indian stories of an El Dorado to the south, and a reputation for being "of a terrible persistence" in whatever he undertook.

The return, in 1522, of Andagoya's expedition to the southward, with many fresh rumors of the golden land, and the news of Cortés's actual discoveries and superb achievement, added fuel to the smouldering fire within him. Taking into partnership another old soldier, Almagro, as poor as himself, they attempted to raise money for the expedition. A priest named Luque (who afterward proved to be simply an agent for the licentiate Gasper de Espinosa) supplied most of the funds in expectation of a third of the prospective finds; and Pedrarias readily consented to their effort upon the agreement that he, too, was to have a good share. One of poor Balboa's ships was lying dismantled in the harbor of Panama; buying this, they hastily put aboard such provisions and supplies as they could get, and about the end of 1524, Pizarro set sail with a hundred men. Almagro was to follow in another vessel as soon as it could be made ready.

Passing the Isle of Pearls, a few leagues from Panama, they held south, against head-winds and incessant tempests of rain. Entering the Biru River, beyond the farthest point reached by Andagoya, they landed, but found nothing save dismal swamp and desolate rock; and a little farther down the coast, they ran into such a violent storm that the ship almost foundered. Provisions and water began to get low. Reduced to two ears of corn a day for each man, they were glad to gain shore.

But this "Port of Famine" still offered naught but swamp and an impenetrable network of silent, gloomy undergrowth and forest. The men became mutinous, but Pizarro encouraged them and sent back half the company under Montenegro in the ship to bring supplies from the Isle of Pearls. His own party dropped off one by one from starvation and from eating poisonous roots; they sought for some trace of natives, picking up shell-fish, eagerly eating the bitter buds of palms, a few berries, and herbs.

As week after week passed, it was only their leader's example that kept them even struggling to live. When twenty were dead, and the others almost at the end of their strength, they came upon a small Indian village, and the maize and cocoanuts which they greedily seized gave them a little heart. And the tale they heard of a mighty kingdom to the south, which had just been conquered by the "Child of the Sun," did almost more. Although Montenegro hardly knew his emaciated comrades when he finally returned at the end of six weeks, Pizarro had little difficulty in persuading his men to press on.

Creeping along the unknown shore, beset by furious storms at sea and cannibal tribes when they landed,

they had a sharp battle with the Indians at a place they called Punta Quemada. Pizarro received seven wounds, and almost lost his life through a fall as the enemy beset him. With prodigious effort he held off his assailants till help arrived; but two Spaniards were killed and many disabled. So he decided to go back for reinforcements, trusting that the various confirming stories of the land of gold would serve in place of anything more substantial.

He sent the ship on to the settlement, but he himself was set ashore at Chicamá, a little west of Panama, as he feared Pedrarias. Here he was joined by the returning Almagro, who had followed his route, had gone farther, and had lost an eye in a fight with the Indians.

Almagro hastened back to Panama, but found Pedrarias irritable and incredulous. Not only would he have nothing to do with a fresh expedition, but he refused to allow it; and it was only through the influence of Father Luque, upon whom the explorers' story had made quite a different impression, that permission was finally gained, the Governor appointing Almagro equal in command with Pizarro. Pedrarias sold out his share for a thousand pesos; a fresh contract was drawn between the three parties, coolly dividing between them the treasures of this unknown empire; two larger vessels were purchased; and though there was little enthusiasm in Panama for what was considered a crazy venture, Pizarro managed to get together a force of a hundred and sixty men and a few horses. He also secured Bartholomew Ruiz, the best pilot in the country.

They stood out to sea this time, heading straight for the point at which Almagro had turned back; and reaching this after a prosperous voyage, they captured

a village where they took a considerable prize of golden ornaments. It became clear, from the increasing number of natives, that their force was too small. Almagro went back, with the treasure as a bait for fresh recruits, Ruiz was sent ahead to explore, and Pizarro encamped where he was. The last had the worst of it: his exploration inland found little but a tropical jungle, full of parrots and monkeys; mosquitoes made life a burden; great boas, alligators, and hostile Indians relieved the sufferings of many by death, fourteen men being cut off at once; and their old enemy famine pressed his gripping hand upon them.

Their one faint hope became that some miracle might get them safe back to Panama—when, in their black despair, along came Almagro with eighty more men and fresh stores, and Ruiz with a tale that set them aflame again: he had gone past the equator, had found more prosperous settlements all the way, had, to his astonishment, met at sea a great *balsa* or raft propelled by a square sail, loaded with fine embroidered woollen cloth and with gold and silver ornaments of skilful workmanship—and had brought along from this *balsa* two Indians from Tumbez, a Peruvian port farther south. These natives declared that their ruler had vast flocks of the llamas from which this wool was obtained, and that gold and silver were as common as wood in his palaces.

In hot haste, like the bloodhound who scents a fresh trail, they set forth southward again. At Tacamez they found a better-cultivated country, a city of two thousand houses, the natives wearing rich ornaments; and near by was the River of Emeralds, from whose banks the Peruvian Incas obtained their gems. But the natives confronted them boldly, to the number

of ten thousand warriors; and the fight which followed, against Pizarro's orders, was going badly for the Spaniards, when one of them fell off his horse. The Indians had never seen a horse; they thought cavalrymen were a new species of being: and when they saw one of these strange creatures suddenly divide itself in two, they drew back in alarm!

The adventurers returned to their boats. The more timid were for returning, as they were daunted by the prospect; but it was finally decided that Pizarro again was to be left, on the little island of Gallo, while Almagro went back for reinforcements. The soldiers grumbled openly at this; and though the leaders seized the letters of complaint which were sent home, one man concealed in a ball of cotton, to be presented to the Governor's lady, a note telling of their hard lot, and declaring they were being sacrificed to Pizarro's insane ambition. It wound up with this verse:

> "Look out, Señor Governor,
> For the drover while he's near;
> Since he goes home to get the sheep
> For the butcher, who stays here."

There was a new Governor in Panama, and he was very angry when this missive came to light. Refusing all Almagro's petitions, he sent two ships to bring home the whole party.

Pizarro had sent away the second vessel also, to rid himself of the faintest hearted and to give no choice to the others; and he needed all his steadfastness in the weeks that followed. His party was even harder pressed by hunger than they had been before; and the daily thunder-storms of the rainy season added greatly to their misery.

When the Governor's ships arrived, the soldiers were in raptures at the thought of escaping from this horrible island; but Pizarro, who had received letters from his partners begging him to hold on in hope of their ultimate success, showed once more that "terrible persistence" which made him a conqueror.

He faced his men and the relief party, who all looked at him in wonder. Drawing his sword, he scraped a line with the point in the sand, from east to west.

"Comrades!" said he, pointing his blade southward. "On that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru, with its riches; here, Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south."

He stepped across the line. Ruiz followed. A cavalier named Pedro de Candia leaped across after him. One by one, eleven brave hearts took their place beside their leader. Their names should not be forgotten. They were: Cristoval de Peralta, Domingo de Soria Luce, Nicolas de Ribera, Francisco de Cuellar, Alonso de Molina, Pedro Alçon, Garcia de Jerez, Anton de Carrion, Alonso Briceño, Martin de Paz, Juan de la Torre.

At this impressive moment Pizarro touched one of the high points of his life. Just think of it: these thirteen half-naked, half-starved, weary adventurers on a lonely island, without equipment, without a boat, electing to remain, in the vague hope that their friends would still succeed in bringing the help which had been denied by the authorities. It took Men, that.

The astonished commander of the relief expedition was with difficulty persuaded to leave them a few pro-

visions. Then he sailed away, and the brave handful were left to the misery of their own choosing.

Pizarro decided to move to another island, Gorgona, where there was wood and a few pheasants and rabbits. Making a raft, they managed to drift across the seventy-five miles and reach this new abode, where they built huts and settled down to their dreary wait.

Seven weary months they waited, their anxious eyes each day beholding naught but the waste of waters about them and the chill, snow-capped peaks of the Andes towering above the clouds on the distant mainland.

Then at last, a sail! And lo! instead of reinforcements, it was a tiny vessel which the Governor had reluctantly consented to let Almagro send to rescue the rash party. It brought a stern order to Pizarro to report at Panama in six months whatever happened.

This indomitable being had grown only too well accustomed through the long years to take what he could get and make the best of it. Leaving two ill soldiers with some friendly Indians, he disobeyed these orders and set his face resolutely toward that golden vision which ever drew him southward.

At the end of three weeks, they found themselves approaching Tumbez, the native city of the Indians whom Ruiz had taken off the *balsa* so many long months before. Inland, the mighty mountain range, which had borne them company all the way, rolled up to the vast dome of Chimborazo, while Cotopaxi shot upward its terrible fire and smoke from its silver-white dome over twenty thousand feet above their little craft.

It was the largest city they had yet seen, many of the buildings of stone and plaster; the harbor was full of canoes and *balsas*, and on the shores hundreds of

curious natives were watching. They were soon on friendly terms with the inhabitants, who regaled them with all manner of fruits and vegetables, fish and game, together with a number of llamas, of which the Spaniards had hitherto seen only drawings. The natives were amazed and awed at the firearms and horses. They gazed with astonishment at these fair-haired "Children of the Sun" and at a negro attendant who had come from Panama: trying to rub from the black man's face with their hands what they supposed to be dye—whereat the good-natured African showed all his teeth in a grin. They had never seen chickens, and a rooster fascinated them: when he crowed loudly they started back, then turned to the strangers and asked what this new god was saying!

The Spaniards on their side were little less impressed. They saw the fort, surrounded by a triple wall; the temple, its inner walls bright with plates of gold and silver; the gardens of the convent which housed the destined brides of the Inca, where besides real flowers there shone beds of golden imitations which they beheld skilful artisans fashioning elsewhere; they talked with an Inca noble, an *orejon* (wearing the distinguishing mark of his rank, the massive gold earrings, which in some cases distended the ears so that they touched the shoulders!), and learned that all these wonders were but a feeble imitation of the incredible splendors of Peru itself.

They might well be amazed, for after all their persistence they had at last touched the outskirts of one of the most extraordinary civilizations the world has ever known. For four hundred years one Inca after another, in unbroken line, had ruled over the land; the first was believed to be the child of the Sun, and

each when crowned was worshipped as only second to that sacred luminary with his sister Moon and attendant Stars. The victorious armies of these proud monarchs had extended their dominions till they covered a strip of twenty-five hundred miles along the mountainous western coast of South America, taking in about what is now Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chili. They proudly called their domain "the Four Quarters of the Earth." The Inca was absolutely supreme over his million of subjects; he himself was law and religion; he was the Child of the Sun, his banner was the Rainbow; he boasted that the very birds would not dare to fly without his orders; he wore a scarlet fringe on his turban, adorned with two plumes of a rare bird and it was death for a subject to use these feathers; only one of the thousands of royal descendants (for the monarchs frequently had six or seven hundred wives) could hold the most important positions at the court, in the army, in the priesthood, in the outlying provinces—and even these proud princes could not enter the royal presence without special coarse robes over their fine clothes and jewels, and without bearing loads to proclaim their inferiority; they spoke a special court language, had a costume of their own, were of a perpetual higher order, to which even the chiefs of the conquered lands could never attain. When an Inca died, his mummy took its place, in all the dead ruler's most gorgeous attire, in the solemn line that ranged itself on either side of the huge golden Sun in the temple at Cuzco; his treasures, his palaces, his belongings were religiously kept, in expectation of his bodily return some day; and on certain festivals these departed monarchs were brought out at the head of a great procession in the public square, amid "such a

display of gold and silver plate and jewels as no other city in the world ever witnessed."

Under their far-seeing policy, the narrow strip of land between the mountains and the sea was cultivated as was no other soil in primitive America, water being brought down in canals and aqueducts for plentiful irrigation, the only approach to a plough among any American tribes being used, the very sides of the rocky hills being terraced, filled in with soil and made to produce the products of every zone. They built thousands of miles of good roads, over the pathless mountains, across rock and snow and chasms and rivers and desert, marked off with mile-posts kept in splendid repair, with storehouses of provisions and clothing, and quarters for the ruler, his messengers, his army, at stated intervals. An elaborate system of runners, with stations five miles apart, brought him delicacies from mountain or sea, or news, at a speed of probably two hundred miles a day. Knowing nothing of writing, and not having the Aztec picture-writing art, these communications were by means of the *quipus*, two-foot cords of colored threads, with a fringe, by the colors of which and by a system of knots the Peruvian sent messages, kept a wonderfully complete census, and preserved the national epics.

The monarchs had their swarming thousands of workmen build palaces, forts, temples, quarrying without steel, and transporting for leagues without beasts of burden, huge blocks of stone some of which, in the Temple of the Sun, were thirty-eight feet long, eighteen broad, and six thick! This temple was well called *Coricancha*, the Place of Gold: the whole of the main interior was covered with seven hundred tiles of gold and silver a foot wide; the image of the deity was a

human face engraved on a great golden plate blazing with jewels, from which dashed golden rays—and the morning sun always streamed through the open doorway upon this representation of himself; in the gardens beside the myriads of flowers gleamed golden plants and animals wrought by skilled artificers, among them being life-sized stalks of corn with leaves of silver and grains of gold. No ruler of Babylon or Persia could compare with this semidivine monarch in splendor.

Meanwhile the people were slaves. They were cared for paternally; no man could starve, for he was supplied with food if he needed it. But work he must: tilling the soil, and turning over the fruits of his labor, one part to the Sun (for the temples and priests); one part to the Inca; the rest for himself. He could never change his condition, but toiled on in the footsteps of his fathers, at the land, in the workshop, in the army, on the roads, or public buildings, caring for the vast flocks of llamas, domestic and wild, which were the Inca's property. It was death even to question the ruler's authority. At the age of twenty-four he had to marry—and must choose from the girls of eighteen years in his own community. When he married he was given land to care for; when children came he got more land; in misfortune he received food from the King's granaries or clothing from his storehouses. He had to keep his national costume, but was frequently transferred in bodies of ten thousand at a time to colonize some alien territory. He kept his own language, but his children learned the court dialect. No other nation of which we know ever imagined such a prodigious paternal despotism as that which the Peruvian Incas wielded unquestioned over millions of human

beings, differing in language, habits, dress, religion, for a term of at least four hundred years.

Small wonder that the enraptured Spaniards thought their wildest dreams were far short of the reality.

Pizarro kept his men firmly in hand: they were not allowed even to take presents of anything valuable, to prove their disinterestedness. They were met with greatest friendliness everywhere; and after sailing on down the coast as far as Santa, over six hundred miles below the equator, the expedition turned back to Panama, sure that they would find every man flocking to their banner and praying to share in the conquest they planned.

But when they arrived, bursting with their great news, they were discredited and laughed at. The Governor declared coldly that he did not propose to throw away any more men's lives because of their show of "cheap gold and silver toys and a few Indian sheep!"

It was a bitter disappointment. Pizarro and his partners had exhausted all they had. No one had enough faith to lend a hand. But the ex-swineherd's persistence was now founded on too secure a rock of knowledge to think of giving up. Convinced that the only chance lay with the Emperor at home, he sailed for Spain in the spring of 1528, taking with him a few scanty evidences in the shape of golden ornaments, woollen fabrics, and some of the curious llamas.

Here it was a different story. His tale was believed. He was authorized to conquer the land, being made Governor and Captain-General with a great salary and many dignities—all to come from the riches of the country itself. He received the Order of St. Jago, the proudest dignity of Castile. Almagro was to rule the

region to the south of him, Luque was to be Bishop of Tumbez, Ruiz, Lord Mayor.

In spite of all this recognition, Pizarro had much difficulty in raising the two hundred and fifty men which his commission called for; he was helped by his distant kinsman Cortés, then in Spain, whose name went far in such matters because of his colossal success in Mexico; but at the end of six months the expedition was not complete. Pizarro, hearing he was to be stopped by the council, set sail hurriedly, his brother Hernando following with two other vessels, in which were two more brothers, Gonzalo and Juan.

Almagro was greatly discontented with the inferior award bestowed upon him, compared with that given his partner, and a bitter quarrel followed, which, though patched up, left the seeds of future trouble. Still, they realized that this was no time for disagreement. The preparations were pushed forward.

In January, 1531, Pizarro set out from Panama with barely two hundred men and twenty-seven horses, in three vessels, on his third and final effort. He was sixty years old. For nearly ten years he had pursued this dream in the face of poverty, famine, disbelief, dangers—at times almost alone in his belief and courage. Probably his force was far from seeming so absurdly inadequate to him as it does to us for the subjugation of a powerful empire.

This time, as if in recompense for the many buffetings of fortune in the past, his star was in the ascendant. Meeting with head-winds, he decided to land about three hundred miles north of Tumbez and march along the shore, while the ships made their way as they could. Capturing a town, they were rejoiced by the unexpected sight of quantities of gold and fine stuffs, besides

a great store of precious stones (this being near the River of Emeralds). One emerald as large as a pigeon's egg fell to Pizarro.

He promptly sent back the ships to Panama for recruits, with a quantity of this gold as an earnest of what might be expected, and pressed on. It was hard travelling, through the scorching heat of desert sands, through forest, and over rocks. A mysterious plague of ulcers attacked their bodies. The disheartened soldiers cursed the hour when they had been drawn into this mad enterprise. But Pizarro still drove them forward.

Presently a vessel with supplies and some Crown officials caught up with them; and after they had defeated the natives of Puña with much slaughter, their own two ships appeared, bearing a welcome addition of a hundred soldiers, led by the afterward famous discoverer of the Mississippi River, Hernando de Soto. Moreover, the commander learned that the three years which had intervened since his first visit to Tumbez had fought for him more effectively than could a reinforcement of a thousand cavaliers.

The Inca who had conquered the land of Quito, north of Tumbez, Huayna Capac, had died in 1525. Against the unbroken tradition of his forefathers, and against all principles of wisdom, he had divided his realm between his lawful son, Huascar, and his child by a princess of Quito, Atahuallpa. The latter was a bold, ambitious prince, while his half-brother was a gentle, lovable nature, content with his share, and unable to resist Atahuallpa when the northern ruler openly attacked him. Only a few months before Pizarro's arrival, Atahuallpa had marched on the ancient capital of Cuzco, defeated his brother in a bloody battle, im-

prisoned him, and reigned in the greatest state over the whole empire. He was at this moment encamped at Caxamalca (the modern town of Cajamarca) taking the warm baths for which that health resort was noted. At this auspicious time, with the country still rent by the furies of civil war, did the invaders arrive.

The Spaniards found Tumbez devastated and the natives hostile. Pizarro decided to make a settlement as a headquarters, and after a month's exploration he picked out a spot a hundred miles south. Soon a church, fortress, storehouse, hall of justice, and some dwellings marked the new town of San Miguel. Still hoping for reinforcements, Pizarro waited some weeks longer, receiving many further accounts of the wealth and power of the new Inca only a two-weeks' journey away. At length he decided action was less dangerous than further delay. On September 24, he set out to beard the victorious Inca, in the midst of his army flushed with success.

There was more than one in that band of less than two hundred who felt tremors at the prospect. The leader perceived this spirit. He knew there was men's work ahead. On the fifth day, he halted in a beautiful valley, and inspected the troops and their equipment. Then he addressed them:

"A crisis has arrived in our affairs," said he. "It will take all our courage to meet what is ahead. No man should think of going forward if he has any fears in his heart. If there is any such, it is not too late still to turn back. San Miguel is but poorly garrisoned: I shall be glad to see it strengthened. Any one of you who chooses may return, and he shall have the same proportion of land and vassals as the rest. I want none but the bravest to go forward.

"As for me," his eyes flashed, "be it one or all who decides to take the chance with me, I shall follow this adventure to the end."

There was a silence. Four foot-soldiers and five horsemen shamefacedly fell out of the ranks and turned back toward the coast. But their departure was drowned in the shouts of their comrades, who, fired with enthusiasm by the bearing of their chief, vowed they would follow him into the jaws of death.

It was another of Pizarro's high points, this remarkable scene—a display of resolution in itself sufficient to carry an ordinary man's name down to posterity. It was, alas! almost the last time he reached such levels, though he was shortly to obtain that heart's desire for which he had striven so long and mightily.

They went forward. De Soto was sent ahead to reconnoitre. He returned, after an alarming delay, accompanied by an envoy from the Inca. This noble brought presents—two stone fountains, clothes of fine wool embroidered with gold, a peculiar perfume made of dried goose-flesh; besides an invitation from Atahuallpa to visit him.

Again they advanced, with much anxiety, on account of conflicting rumors as to the Inca's whereabouts and his intentions. At the end of a week, they faced the mountains behind which lay Caxamalca. Ahead were dangerous passes, where they might be cut off at any moment, leading to the Emperor with his great army. To the right ran the broad highway to Cuzco, the capital. How easy for a smaller man to persuade himself that the wise plan was to capture this important city first. His followers urged it. But Pizarro pointed out that they no longer had any choice but to go to Caxamalca or be branded as cowards.

And once more the inspirited soldiers submitted their wills to his.

The path led along ledges, by the edge of precipices, beneath overhanging rocks, across frightful clefts. They passed from the oak forests into gloomy pines, then through stunted bushes and alpine plants, then over the bare and desolate upper regions where naught grew but stunted yellow grass, and where an occasional mountain-llama and the great condor soaring overhead were the only living creatures.

After six days (during which two embassies arrived that increased Pizarro's apprehensions) they came to the charming valley of Caxamalca, a perfect garden-spot, where the travellers' astonished eyes beheld such a host of tents marking the Inca's encampment as caused "something like fear and confusion in the stoutest bosom." So writes one of the party, adding: "But it was too late to turn back or betray the least sign of weakness, since the natives in our company would in such a case have been the first to rise upon us. So with as bold a countenance as we could, after coolly surveying the ground, we prepared for our entrance."

The first interview was disappointing. Hernando Pizarro, De Soto, and a few others were led into the presence of the Inca, who sat in great state amid his nobles, the imperial crimson *borla* on his brow. Without dismounting, they told him their leader came from the great Emperor across the seas, to offer their services and to tell him of the True Faith; and they invited him to visit their general at his quarters.

Not a muscle of Atahuallpa's face changed. It was as if he had not heard them. The speech was translated. Still the Inca sat like an image, too far above them to heed.

There was an awkward pause. Then Hernando begged the monarch to speak. And at last he deigned to reply that he would come; meanwhile the Spaniards were to stay where they were, in the buildings opening on the public square. De Soto, perhaps feeling that they cut a sorry figure, noticed that those near him shrank from his mettlesome charger. Striking the spurs to his horse, he dashed away over the plain, performing all sorts of feats of horsemanship; then, galloping fiercely back straight at the Emperor, he threw the animal back on its haunches so close to the Inca that flecks of foam flew off on the royal garments.

Atahuallpa sat as motionless as ever, but some of his attendants drew back—and the Spaniards were told that these were put to death that evening.

The adventurers passed an anxious night. Perils seemed to beset them on every side. There were many who wished themselves back in San Miguel. But Pizarro remembered the master-stroke of Cortés in Mexico. He made his preparations with minute care and awaited the event.

The next day was Saturday, the 16th of November. After an interminable morning, the royal procession was seen to start about noon. Then it halted half a mile away. Word came that the Inca would not come till the following day. Pizarro was confounded. He feared his men's nerves would not stand a longer strain. He returned an answer, begging Atahuallpa to come as planned, as he had everything ready for his entertainment. It was true, but little did the luckless Emperor imagine in what sense it was true. He came, with only a few unarmed attendants, on a golden throne upon a litter, which shone with wonderful feathers and pre-

cious ornaments; his attire was magnificent; round his neck was a priceless collar of emeralds.

Pizarro's chaplain met him, Bible in hand, commenced to expound the doctrines of the Christian faith, and urged him to submit himself to this and to the Spanish Emperor.

As he began to understand, Atahuallpa's wrath rose. "I will be no man's vassal!" he cried. "Nor will I change my faith. My God," he pointed to the sun sinking behind the mountains, "still lives in the heavens and looks down on his children."

He demanded of the friar his authority, and the latter handed him the Bible. Atahuallpa took it; then, realizing to the full the indignity offered him, he cast it down, exclaiming that the Spaniards should give full satisfaction for the wrongs they had committed in his land.

The chaplain hastened to the general. The moment had come. Waving a white scarf, Pizarro leaped forward. A cannon was fired. Shouting their battle-cry, "St. Jago and at them!" the Spaniards poured out from the halls where they had been stationed into the square, and attacked the unarmed Indians. These loyally tried to protect the Emperor with their own bodies, striving to force back the horses by the bridles; but in spite of Pizarro's stern cry, "Let no one who values his life strike at the Inca," one of the excited cavaliers would have ended the tumult by cutting him down, had not Pizarro stretched out his arm and caught the blow. He was the only Spaniard wounded —and that by his own soldier.

When the ghastly butchery, which ran to some thousands, was over, the Inca was a prisoner. It was a disgraceful act, and worse was to follow. They

pillaged the Inca's palace and the storehouses and recklessly slaughtered the great herds of llamas which had been so carefully protected.

Seeing their lust for gold, the royal captive one day told Pizarro that he would fill the room they stood in with gold as high as a man could reach in return for his freedom. The Spaniard eagerly assented. For months the royal treasure poured in, from all parts of the land, on the backs of porters and llamas, a throne of solid metal, vases, dishes, tiles, ornaments from the temples, bars, nuggets—and in addition silver and other treasures.

The mark was so nearly reached that Pizarro executed a formal agreement declaring the Inca's contract fulfilled. It took a month for the goldsmiths to melt most of the huge heap into ingots so that it could be divided. The value of the whole was nearly eighteen millions of dollars, by far the largest ransom ever recorded. The Spanish Emperor received a fifth, Pizarro was a millionaire, the common soldiers had fortunes; having no iron they shod their horses with gold and silver; a man would give twenty-five thousand dollars for a horse, four hundred for a pair of shoes, a hundred for a quire of paper.

And then, when the Inca became a problem in their advance, Pizarro, on an unproved charge of a conspiracy, put him to death. It was a base act, which stained his whole record.

Pizarro captured Cuzco, the capital, getting six or seven more millions of treasure, and grasped the whole country. He was acclaimed in Spain and made a Marquess, but, save for one final scene, his story from the point of view we are considering ends before his treachery to Atahuallpa. He quarrelled with Almagro

and finally let him be put to death; there was one great uprising of the sheeplike Peruvians, who besieged Cuzco under the brave young Inca, Manco; but this was finally put down. Pizarro founded the city of Lima; there followed years of squabbles and civil war and rebellion among the conquerors. Then, inglorious as is the setting, we get a last flash of the Pizarro who is worthy of chronicle.

The "Men of Chili" (as Almagro's followers were called, from his expedition into that country) had never forgotten their leader's death. Driven to desperation, they finally plotted to assassinate the Marquess who had at least permitted it. On Sunday, the 26th of June, 1541, a score of the conspirators rushed through the streets of Lima to the Governor's palace, where Pizarro had just dined with a distinguished party. They burst in. Most of the dinner-party fled through the windows into the garden.

Pizarro called to an officer in the outer room to fasten the door. He and his half-brother, Martinez de Alcantara, coolly began to buckle on their armor. But the officer attempted to parley with the intruders. They ran him through, sprang over his dead body, and entered. The attendants were soon despatched. Alcantara sprang to the defense. Presently, he too and the pages were down. Half-armed, Pizarro fought as of old, and so terrible was he, that the murderers drew back with two of their number lifeless.

"Why are we so long about it?" cried Rada, the leader. Seizing one of his companions, he hurled him bodily upon Pizarro, and before the veteran could withdraw his sword from the body, they were all upon him.

Thus, at the age of seventy, died the Marquess

Francisco Pizarro, who gave to Spain her most priceless treasures of gold and silver, and who in the years of his terrible persistence displayed a steadfastness rarely equalled in mortal man.

## CHAPTER XV

### HOW CECIL RHODES ENDED THE MATABELE REBELLION

Probably every one who reads this knows something of Cecil Rhodes, the "empire builder" of South Africa. However the future may estimate him, it is certain that few men of modern times have shown such boldness of conception, or such resolute ability in carrying out his colossal dreams. His courage was proved on many occasions; but it was in 1896 that he took his life in his hands to save the fortunes of the "Chartered Company" which was so dear to his heart.

Here was the situation.

Eight years before, Mr. Rhodes had secured from Lobengula, King of the fierce Matabele, a concession giving him the exclusive right to search for gold and diamonds in that ruler's territory of Mashonaland—a great unknown country of one hundred and seventy-four thousand square miles or nearly three times as large as all our New England States together. He paid for it five hundred dollars a month, a steam gunboat (afterward changed to twenty-five hundred dollars in cash), one thousand Martini-Henry rifles, and one million rounds of ball-cartridges. In the light of subsequent events, the last two items were more expensive than they seemed at the time. A year later he secured a charter from the English Government for the British South Africa Company, giving this corporation complete control of this great region. Its boundaries were

marked on the east, south, and west; but at Rhodes's insistence no line was given on the north—for as this audacious dreamer confessed, he hoped to see that part of Africa "all red" (under the English flag) clear up to the source of the Nile.

The new colony of Rhodesia, as it was christened, was thrown open. It developed rapidly, though there were inevitable discontents among the settlers and miners; but the expenses of the company were enormous; for instance, seven hundred police were needed, costing over a million dollars a year, because of the constant trouble with the Matabele natives. This item was cut down by the administrative skill of Doctor Jameson (later famous in the Jameson raid). War with the Matabele followed; they were promptly defeated with a tenth the number of volunteers that the military experts said would need a year for the job; but the company had rolled up more millions of debt, and great outlays were still needed for development. Mr. Rhodes's own large fortune was tied up in tremendous telegraph, railway, and mining developments, and the carefully nurtured company, into which he had poured his ideas, strength, and money, was just trembling in the balance, when in 1896 the Matabele again broke loose, and spread terror through the colony by their bloody massacres.

The volunteer force could not put down this rebellion and the settlers threatened to leave the country; General Carrington and a body of soldiers came up and drove the fierce warriors back step by step to their fastnesses in the Matoppo Hills; the rainy season came on, and the commander announced that his force must go into winter quarters and finish the campaign next spring.

This was a crushing blow. The home government had charge of the operations, but the Chartered Company was paying the bills—to the tune of tens of thousands of dollars a day. Such a long-drawn-out campaign meant a probable total of fifteen or twenty millions—and in the existing state of affairs that meant bankruptcy for the Chartered Company and the downfall of its founder's ambitious visions.

In this critical emergency, Rhodes took a desperate chance: he decided to go into the enemy's stronghold himself and try to persuade the chiefs to make peace.

General Carrington, when consulted, pronounced the plan foolhardy and washed his hands of all responsibility. But he agreed to postpone his own movement into winter quarters until the event proved itself.

Refusing any escort, and taking with him only three white men (one a veteran hunter, Johann Colebrander) and two native guides, Rhodes started for the hostile camp. The party had no rifles, and while each of his companions was allowed to wear a revolver, the leader carried nothing but a riding-whip.

Pitching camp close to the Matabele outposts, a guide was sent forward. He found the chiefs holding an indaba (council); and when he told them the facts, the leaders frowned down the murmurs of the hotheads and declared they would be glad to see their "friend Johann" (Colebrander)—and Mr. Rhodes, too, though they did not suppose he would come.

The party went forward. The appointed spot was a level amphitheatre surrounded by granite walls two hundred feet high, and commanded by a hill (kopje). As they approached, they saw the redoubtable Matabele swarming on these heights, armed with rifles and the

broad-bladed assegais which were such terrible weapons in their hands. They knew only too well that they were going among natives as savage and cruel as any in the world, now inflamed both by their bloody successes and their subsequent defeats; and at that moment the promise of safe-conduct under which they had proceeded did not appear of very great value.

But there was no hesitation. They advanced boldly to the meeting-ground. And as they watched tensely, a white flag fluttered in the breeze on the hill. Presently a long procession of chiefs (indunas) filed solemnly down the slope, garbed in their ceremonial finery.

The procession wound along and swung itself in a semicircle about the little group. Squatting down on the ground, the fierce black faces gazed at the four adventurous whites, who looked back at these leaders of the thousands about, whose hands and spears had dripped English blood so many times in the preceding months.

The elaborate formal greetings followed. When they were at last completed, Colebrander interpreted Rhodes's invitation to the Matabele to tell him what they desired.

"Speak your troubles to your father who has come among you with peace in his heart," he concluded.

The spokesman recited their grievances, real and fancied; and for a long time Rhodes met them point by point with frankness, fairness, conciliation: they should have no more native police over them; the mistakes as to confiscated cattle of the dead Lobengula had been unavoidable—and, anyhow, nearly all the cattle had perished of the rinderpest; and so on.

Then, these definite complaints disposed of, Rhodes adopted a tone that alarmed his comrades. Cole-

brander could hardly bring himself to translate the imperious, threatening denunciations for their wanton massacres. "I do not upbraid you for making war on the white men," wound up Rhodes, his eyes blazing. "But why did you slay our defenseless women and children? For that you deserve no mercy."

The three beside him held their breath, expecting every instant to hear the battle-cry ring out, to feel the assegais or rifle-bullets.

But the fire and commanding presence of the leader awed the fierce warriors. In silence the indunas bowed their heads as if in recognition that they were before their master.

Rhodes's voice rang out again.

"The past is past and done with. But what of the future? Is it to be peace or war?" He pointed out their defeat, the increasing odds against them.

This was the crucial moment. The four Englishmen could almost hear their hearts beat as they waited for the result.

There was a long silence.

Then one of the oldest chiefs arose from his squatting position in the semicircle. Slowly and with dignity he advanced toward Rhodes, holding above his head a light wand he carried as a symbol of his office.

"See," said he solemnly. "This is my rifle. I cast it at your feet."

He repeated the motion.

"And this is my spear: it too I cast at your feet."

Not a sound was uttered, while, at the same measured gait, he returned to his place.

Then a great shout of assent burst from the lips of the whole tribe.

The Matabele rebellion was ended.

Thus did Cecil John Rhodes risk his life to save the fortunes of his Chartered Company. And his only comment was made to Doctor Sauer as the party rode off:

"It is just such moments as these," said he, "that make life really worth living."

# PART III

## SOLDIERS WHO KNEW NO FEAR

*We expect bravery from the soldier. It's all in the day's work for him. To a certain extent, indeed, this attitude is forced upon him—since it is after all easier for most men to face the chances of battle than the risk of being shot for desertion.*

*Yet no matter how commonplace the abstract idea becomes, no matter how much one may hate war, it is impossible to resist the thrill of human valor in battle. There are thousands upon thousands of such narratives which make even the cold, dead type throb with beat of drum and scream of shell and pounding of hearts; even the quiet reader responds to the surge of excitement that obliterates the thought of death in a fierce white flare of determination to succeed.*

*Ever since the record of our race commenced, its history has been largely taken up with wars and the daring of those who fought them. A thousand volumes would hold but a fragment of the Epic of the Warrior, begun so unforgettably by Homer's resounding stories of clashing Greeks and Trojans. A whole library of valiant deeds was enacted in the twentieth-century Great War alone—French and German and English and Serbian and Italian and Austrian and Russian and "Anzac" and Canadian and American.*

*So one might select this handful of tales at random—for what are ten stories out of twenty centuries of almost continuous battling?*

*They show Kings and Imperial Marshals side by side with British Tommies and American privates, Roman foot-soldiers in armor beside leather-jacketed birdmen—in that companionship where a man's measure is his scorn of death, is his achievement of the impossible under the urge of his blazing spirit.*

## CHAPTER XVI

### HOW HORATIUS HELD THE BRIDGE

The last of the Roman Kings was Tarquin the Proud. He came to the throne by murder, and held it by tyranny. After twenty-five years of misrule, the people revolted under the leadership of Tarquin's nephew, who had only escaped his father's and brother's fate by pretending to be half-witted and meekly accepting the name of Brutus (stupid). The tyrant was driven out.

Tarquin raised an army among the Tuscans and led it against Rome, but it was defeated, though his son and Brutus killed each other in battle. Again and again the deposed King tried to regain his throne.

At last he formed an alliance with Lars Porsena of Clusium, a powerful prince to the north of Rome, who took up the fugitive's cause as his own. When the Romans refused Porsena's demands to reinstate their former ruler, he warned them when and where he meant to attack, and gathered all his forces for the effort.

Word came of his approach. The people were filled with terror, for this was one of the foremost powers of Italy which was descending upon them. Moreover, the Tuscan ranks were swelled with their bitterest enemies: deserters and exiles, and all who envied their growing power; and they knew only too well what bloody Tarquin's course would be if he succeeded in his attempt.

But the consuls, Publicola and Lucretius, as if to show their disregard of the enemy, proceeded to build

the new-walled city of Sigliura, and placed within it a colony of seven hundred men.

This bravado had little effect upon Porsena, at least. He assaulted the town, drove out the garrison, and sent them flying in disorder toward Rome. Nor did he give them any chance to recover, but followed so hard upon them that a panic seized the citizens. The gates must be kept open to admit their own people; but the foe was so close upon their heels that it looked as if this meant letting him in also. The walls of Rome they felt were impregnable against anybody; a victorious enemy actually within the gates was another matter.

Great was the confusion as the press of battle swayed to and fro by Tiber's side. The Romans fought valiantly, but they were outnumbered; and in spite of their utmost efforts they were being forced back upon the wooden bridge spanning the Tiber River.

The river was the main natural defense of the city on the west: once in possession of the Sublician bridge, an enemy had a direct entrance, so that the struggle for possession became more and more desperate.

At the critical instant, the consul Publicola sallied out of the gate with a chosen band. For a time his onslaught drove the Tuscans back. But before long he fell, desperately wounded; his followers carried him back out of the fight, and the pressure at the bridge head was renewed.

The other consul, Lucretius, attacked bravely also. He too fell wounded. With both leaders gone, the Romans lost heart and retreated before the fierce onslaughts. A dash of the invaders captured the Janiculum, and from thence the Tuscan host pressed triumphantly forward.

There was clearly but one chance left. The bridge must be destroyed. If they could break it down before Porsena's army could pass, "Father Tiber" would guard his chosen town. For the river was in flood and it would be a bold man who would even venture to try to cross it in the face of a hostile force.

All this was clear as day to those in command. What was not clear at all was how the Tuscans were to be held back even for the short time required to saw and hack through the bridge timbers on the city side. To be sure, it was a narrow passage, where a few men side by side could guard the way. But where were there any who would attempt such a foolhardy feat?

It looked like certain death. Even if one were warrior stout enough to defend himself from those fierce war-wolves thronging forward so eagerly, what would happen when the bridge fell behind him?

There was a moment's silence in the hurried council of war, as the menacing facts impressed themselves on every mind.

Then up stood one Horatius. He was nephew to Horatius the consul, and came of that line which had made the name memorable in the tremendous combat between the Horatii and Curiatii in the reign of Tullius Hostilius. He bore his own record upon his face, for he had received in the wars such a wound between the eyes that at first glance he seemed to have but one great eye in his forehead. Hence he was called Cyclops, the one-eyed, which had somehow been converted by the ignorant populace into Cocles.

He bade his disheartened comrades face the grim truth: the one chance for safety lay in facing the enemy.

"Let him who thinks to escape death by deserting his post reflect that if he flies, there will soon be more

of the enemy in the Palatium and Capital than now are in the Janiculum.

"Besides, death comes to all: how can a man die better than in defending his home and gods?

"Do ye break down the bridge, by sword, by fire, or by any means whatever. What one man can do to hold back the foe, that will I do."

Like a lion among a frightened flock, he strode across to the first entrance to the bridge. Breasting the current of those whose backs were toward the enemy, he reached the narrow passage; and the exulting Tuscans paused in sheer surprise at the sight.

Two Romans there were who were inspired by his example. Spurius Lartius and Herminius, patricians both and proved warriors, rushed forward and took their places, one on his right hand, the other on his left.

The road to Rome was guarded. It was three men against an army. But they were three who were concerned only to purchase with their lives the minutes necessary to destroy the bridge behind them. And already their comrades, shamed into action by their devotion, were hacking desperately at the timbers.

The Tuscan warriors were not slow to accept the challenge. Their champions sprang forward from the serried ranks into the confined space. Warily the three met the onset. Swords and spears clashed upon their ready shields. Their own weapons flashed in the sunlight, then bit deep into their assailants, cleaving through armor and flesh.

One after another of the assailants went down and were dragged away to make room for a fresh attack. Battered, and covered with blood and sweat, Horatius and his supporters glared at each fresh adversary

like some wild boar surrounded by baying hounds, awaiting the instant to strike a fatal blow.

Never a word spoke they, but strained their ears backward for the sound of axe and lever which came from the rear.

Maddened by the check and the sudden obstacle to the easy victory that had lain before them, the Tuscans attacked more furiously than ever. Bitter was the chagrin of Porsena and the traitor Sextus to see their doughtiest warriors laid low, their whole vast force held back by that thin wall of human courage.

A shout from behind made even the combatants turn. "It falls! It falls!" ran the cry from those who wrought so eagerly at destruction. "Back, Horatius! Back Lartius! Back Herminius!"

The leader of the three looked round. Coolly he bade his comrades to retreat. They darted back, and as they sped to safety the timbers cracked beneath their feet.

In a frenzy of rage the assailants hurled a perfect cloud of spears upon the solitary defender. Skilfully protecting himself with his shield, he defied them with taunts that bit deeper than their weapons.

"Slaves are ye all," he called, "slaves of haughty tyrants. Ye have lost your own freedom, yet ye think to take away the liberty of Romans."

There was a mighty crash, above which rose the triumphant shouts of the Romans. The great bridge collapsed into a mass of wreckage, and the swift waters of the Tiber seized hold of truss and girder. Horatius was cut off between the gap and the threatening mass of the enemy.

There was a moment's pause as the realization sank into their minds. Then there rose a hoarse cry from

a thousand throats, demanding vengeance on the one who had wrecked their hopes.

Horatius sprang to the edge of the shattered bridge. He raised his hand aloft.

"Holy Father Tiber," cried he, "receive these arms and this thy soldier in thy propitious stream."

With this invocation, he leaped into the flood. A silence fell upon friend and foe alike as the gallant warrior reappeared on the surface, and, encumbered as he was by his heavy armor, struck out for the city shore.

Recovering themselves, many of the Tuscans hurled javelins at him as he strove against the buffeting waves and current. One of these wounded him in the thigh, but with powerful strokes he swam across the space in safety and rose dripping from the shallows among the cheering multitude of his countrymen.

He had saved Rome, and Rome gave him full meed of gratitude.

Publicola, the consul, decreed that, in spite of the public scarcity, every citizen should present to him one day's provisions for his maintenance; and even the women were proud to be among the hundreds of thousands who thus honored the one-eyed, and now lamed, hero. He was granted as much land as he could encircle with a plough in a day. And a brazen statue of him was set up in the temple of Vulcan, that future generations * might ever remember the son of Rome who was ready to give her all, including life itself.

* A generation grown sceptical, twenty-four centuries later, pronounces the tale of Horatius a legend instead of history. The statue, they surmise, was one to Vulcan himself, the lame, one-eyed god, with whom tradition has confused the valiant man. Be this as it may, the deed is in character: such things have happened, do happen, will happen among men lifted up by patriotism. And the story thrills us to-day, in prose or in Macaulay's trumpet verse, as a typical example of soldier heroism.

## CHAPTER XVII

### RICHARD LION-HEART TO THE RESCUE

If ever there were a man who seemed born to fight it was Richard the First of England. Indeed, he would have been badly off had it not been so: for he was at the age of twelve the acknowledged Duke of his mother Eleanor's great land of Aquitaine; and for the next twenty years there was hardly a time when he was not at war with the rebels of his duchy, or with his father or brothers.

While still a mere boy, he reduced the great lords to his authority, and carried his victories to the borders of Spain, becoming renowned as a shrewd leader, as a hot-tempered but generous warrior of enormous personal strength, and as one of the boldest knights errant of his time.

"Woe to the traitors in Aquitaine," sings one of the old minstrels. "Fly before the face of bold Richard, Duke of Aquitaine, for he will annihilate all who oppose, from the greatest to the least!"

More has been written, though less history than legend, of this fighting ruler than of any sovereign of his day. The romancers loved to tell how he thrust his arm down the lion's throat and pulled out its heart before his Austrian captors—thus getting his nickname of Cœur de Lion; how he cleft the great chain across the harbor of Acre with one blow of his battle-axe; even of his fondness for Saracen flesh instead of pork; of his imprisonment, and final release through the faithful minstrel, Blondel; and scores of other marvels. Scott

uses many of these tales, in "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman," more credibly.

But the facts were marvel enough, and the exaggerations seem natural when one gets a glimpse of this mighty man-of-arms in action.

Fortunately there is a record, by an eye-witness, of a characteristic exploit by the Lion-Heart in the Holy Land.

He had started on the Third Crusade in 1189, immediately after being crowned King of England, and had increased his already tremendous reputation by his feats at Acre and in the two years of fighting with the Saracens. He had led his knights to a spot only twelve miles from Jerusalem, but was being compelled to return home without accomplishing the main aim of the expedition: the recapture of the Holy City. Then, in the summer of 1192, word came that Saladin, the Turkish Sultan, had attacked the city of Jaffa, where there were five thousand Christians. The town had been taken with much slaughter, the citadel was besieged, and the survivors were close to surrender.

King Richard was at Acre preparing for his return to England. He was then at the height of his powers—very tall, of shapely build, with curly red-gold hair and beard, and an eye that few could look upon when he was angry. His favorite weapon was a battle-axe weighing twenty pounds, or a great sword beyond ordinary wielding. His chief pleasure in life seemed to be opening a path with these through some desperate mélée.

To his tent entered the messengers from Jaffa, relating the sad case of their beleaguered companions.

They had hardly explained the facts when Richard broke out:

"As God lives," said he, "I will be with them and give them all the assistance in my power!"

He gave instant orders for his army to be made ready. His French allies refused to aid, but nothing checked the King's generous ardor. Sending part of his force by land, he embarked with the rest and set sail.

The land force went slowly for fear of an ambuscade. Head-winds delayed Richard's galleys three days.

"The King, vexed at this delay, exclaimed aloud: 'O Lord God, why dost thou detain us here? Consider, I pray Thee, the urgency of the case, and the devoutness of our wishes.'

"No sooner had he prayed thus, than God caused a favorable wind to spring up which wafted his fleet into the harbor of Jaffa."

It was high time. Unknown to the rescuers, the unfortunate survivors in the citadel had just secured from Saladin a respite of a single day, under penalty of a great ransom if aid did not come to them.

Ahead of the hour, the besieged were pressed to fulfil the conditions of the truce. They had no recourse save to begin to pay over the promised bezants to the Turks—whereupon the latter promptly cut off the heads of seven who had paid.

At this treachery the remainder retired to the tower again, and awaited with lamentations the certain death which seemed their fate.

But in the midst of their despair and the Saracen threats from without, one gave a cry of joy. All eyes turned to the harbor. There swept in the royal galleys and rounded-to, ready to anchor and discharge the rescuers they brought.

It is Master Geoffrey de Vinsauf who seems to have

seen these things and set them down for us over seven hundred years ago. Says he:

"The Turks, discovering the arrival of the King's fleet, sallied down to the seaside with sword and shield, and sent forth showers of arrows: the shore was so thronged with their multitude that there was hardly a foot of ground to spare. Neither did they confine themselves to acting on the defensive, for they shot their arrows at the crews of the ships, and the cavalry spurred their horses into the sea to prevent the King's men from landing.

"The King, gathering his ships together, consulted with his officers.

"'Shall we,' said he, 'push on against this rabble multitude that occupy the shore, or shall we value our lives more than the lives of those poor fellows who are exposed to destruction for want of our assistance?'

"Some replied that further effort was useless, for it was by no means certain that any remained alive to be saved; and how could they land in the face of such a multitude?

"The King gazed out thoughtfully, and at that moment saw a priest plunge into the water and swim toward the royal galley. When he was received on board, he addressed King Richard with heaving breath and voice almost failing him.

"'Most noble King, the remnant of our people, waiting for your arrival, are exposed like sheep to be slain, unless the divine grace shall bring you to the rescue.'

"'Are there any of them still alive then?' asked the King. 'And if so, where are they?'

"'There are still some living—hemmed in, and at the last extremity in front of yonder tower.'

"'Please God then,' replied the King, 'we will die with our brave brothers-in-arms; and a curse light on him who hesitates.'

"The word was forthwith given. The galleys began to move toward the shore. The King dashed forward into the waves, with his thighs unprotected by armor, and up to his waist in the water.

"He soon gained firm footing on the dry strand. Behind him followed Geoffrey du Bois and Peter de Pratelles, while in the rear came all the others rushing through the waves.

"The Turks stood to defend the shore, which was covered with their numerous troops.

"King Richard, with an arbalest* which he carried, drove them back right and left; his companions pressed upon the recoiling enemy, whose courage failed when they recognized King Richard and they no longer dared to meet him.

"The King brandishes his fierce sword which allows them no time to resist, but they yield before his fiery blows, and are driven in confusion with blood and havoc by the King's men till the shore is entirely cleared of them.

"The landing party then brought together beams, poles, and timbers from the old ships and galleys to make a barricade; and the King placed there some knights, servants, and arbalesters, to keep guard and dislodge the Turks, who seeing they could no longer oppose our troops, dispersed themselves with cries and howling in one general flight.

"King Richard was the first to enter the town, by a winding stair he had remarked in the house of the Templars. Here he found more than three thousand

* A crossbow, with a steel bow.

Turks turning over everything in the houses and carrying off the spoil. The brave King had no sooner entered than he caused his banners to be hoisted on an eminence that they might be seen by the Christians on the tower. These, taking courage at the sight, rushed forth in arms to meet him, and at the sound thereof the Turks were thrown into confusion.

"The King, meanwhile, with brandished sword, still pursued and slaughtered the enemy, thus enclosed between two forces, and filled the streets with the slain, showing no mercy; for there never was a man on earth who so abominated cowardice as he.

"But the King had only three horses with him, and what were three among so many? If we examine the deeds of the ancients, and all the records of former historians, we shall find that there was never a man who so distinguished himself in battle as King Richard did this day.

"When the Turks leaving the town saw his banners floating in the air, a cry was raised on right and left as he sallied forth upon them, and no hail-storm or tempest ever so densely concealed the sky as it was then darkened by the flying arrows of the Turks.

"Saladin, hearing of the King's arrival and how he had slain all who opposed him, was seized with a sudden panic, put spurs to his horse and fled. King Richard with his men still continued the pursuit, slaying and destroying, while his arbalesters made such havoc of the horses that for two miles the traces of their flight were visible.

"He now pitched his tent where Saladin's had been, having thus with so small a body defeated this great army.

"Saladin called together his captains and thus addressed them:

"'Has he then beaten all of us? Have they come from Acre to defeat us thus? By what superiority have they been able to accomplish this? In infantry, as well as cavalry, our army was much superior.'

"One of those present replied:

"'My Lord, they have neither horses nor beasts of burden of any kind, save three horses only which their wonderful King found in Jaffa. I think, however, that the King himself could easily be surprised for he lies almost alone in his tent, and fully worn out with fatigue. Whoever seizes him will at once put an end to our labors and the whole campaign.'

"It was then given out among the Turks what a reproach it was to them that so many thousands had been defeated by so small a force, and that Jaffa had been retaken.

"In this manner they murmured to one another at what had taken place, and trembled with confusion.

"On the next day, being Sunday, the King diligently set to work to repair the walls of Jaffa, and continued his exertions on Monday and Tuesday, that some protection might be furnished by them, such as it was, though the repairs were made without lime or cement; but this could not be avoided, for an immense army of Turks was still close at hand.

"Meanwhile Count Henry arrived in a galley from Cæsarea, where the rest of the army was detained. So that the King on this emergency could muster out of his whole army only fifty-five knights, besides infantry, arbalesters, and retainers, and two thousand Genoese and Pisans. Of horses he had no more than fifteen, whether good or bad."

Presently two groups of Saracens, the Menelones of Aleppo and the Cordivi, decided to wipe out the former disgrace by seizing King Richard in his tent. Accordingly they set out during the night and had almost accomplished their object. But luckily a dispute as to precedence arose among them; and a Genoese, rising early, saw the helmets gleaming in the morning light.

"He immediately rushed with all speed into the camp, calling out: 'To arms! to arms!'

"The King was wakened by the noise. Starting up, he leaped from the bed, put on his coat of mail, and summoned his men.

"Lives there a man who would not be shaken by such an alarm?

"The enemy rush unawares, armed against unarmed, many against few, for our men had no time to arm, or even to dress themselves. The King himself and many others proceeded to the fight without their cuishes,* some even without their breeches; and they armed the best they could though they were to fight the whole day.

"While they were thus arming in haste, the Turks drew near. The King mounted his horse with only ten other knights. These alone had horses, and some even of those they had were base and worthless animals, unused to arms. The common men were skilfully drawn out in ranks and troops, with each a captain to command them. The knights were posted nearer the sea, having the church of St. Nicholas on the left, because the Turks had directed their principal attack on that quarter, and the Pisans and Genoese were beyond the suburban gardens.

* Armor for the thighs.

"Oh, who could fully relate the terrible attacks of the infidels? The Turks at first rushed on with horrid yells, hurling their javelins and shooting their arrows.

"Our men prepared to receive their furious attack, each fixing his right knee in the ground, that so they might better hold together and maintain their position; whilst there, the thighs of their left legs were bent, and their left hands held their shields; stretched out before them in their right hands they held their lances, of which the lower ends were fixed in the ground, with their iron heads pointed threateningly toward the enemy.

"Between each two men thus covered with shields, the skilful King placed an arbalester, and another behind him to bend the arbalest as quickly as possible, so that the man in front might discharge his shot while the other was loading. This did much harm to the enemy.

"Thus everything was prepared as well as the shortness of the time allowed, and our little army was drawn up in order. The King passed along the ranks and exhorted every man to be firm and not flinch.

"'Courage, my brave fellows,' said he, 'and let not the attack of the enemy disturb you. Everything may be borne by brave men. There is no chance for flight, for the enemy surround us, and to attempt to flee is to provoke certain death.

"'Be valiant, therefore, and let our urgency sharpen your courage: brave soldiers should either conquer nobly or gloriously die. But before we die let us do what may avenge our deaths. This will be the end of our labors, the termination of our life and battle.'

"These words were hardly spoken when the hostile army rushed with ferocity upon them, in seven troops,

each of which contained about a thousand horse. Our men received their charge with their right feet planted firm against the sand, and remained immovable. Their lances formed a wall against the enemy, who would have assuredly broken through if our men had in the least given way.

"The first line of the Turks recoiled, when our cross-bowmen plied them with a shower of missiles, slaying large numbers of men and horses. Another line came on and were also driven back. In this way the Turks came on like a whirlwind, feigning attack that our men might be induced to give way.

"Seeing this the King and his ten mounted knights put spurs to their horses and charged right into the middle of the foe, upsetting them right and left and piercing many with their lances. They pulled up at last because they found they had broken entirely through the Turkish lines.

"Looking about, Richard saw the noble Earl of Leicester dismounted and fighting bravely on foot. He rushed to his rescue, snatched him from the hands of the enemy, and replaced him on his horse.

"A multitude of Turks now advanced: enraged at our success they rushed at the royal standard of the lion, for they would rather have slain King Richard than a thousand others.

"In the midst of the mêlée, the King saw Ralph de Mauleon dragged off prisoner, but, spurring his horse to a gallop, in a moment he had freed him; for King Richard was a very giant in the battle, and was everywhere in the field—now here, now there, wherever the attack of the Turks raged the hottest. There was no one, however gallant, that would not readily yield to him the pre-eminence. He slew numbers with his

Richard and Saladin in battle

sword which shone like lightning: some were cloven in two from the helmet to the teeth, while others had heads or arms lapped off at a single blow.

"Many of our men were wounded; and as the weight of the battle became heavier, the galley-men withdrew in the galleys that had brought them. The Turks pressed forward into the town once more. The King slew three mounted men with his own hand, the remainder were driven back, and Richard succeeded in bringing back the galley-men to the fight.

"No sooner had he returned than with all his fury he fell upon the thickest ranks of the enemy, driving them back and routing them, so that even those who were at a distance and untouched by him were overwhelmed by the throng of their fellows as they retreated.

"Never was there such an attack made by one man! He actually pierced the middle of the hostile army, opening a space about him like the tried warrior he was. The Turks at once closed about him, hoping to overwhelm him by numbers.

"Our men, losing sight of their King, feared he would be slain; and when one proposed they should advance to rescue him, the lines could hardly contain themselves. Yet clearly any break in the front meant that all would surely be destroyed, so they stood fast.

"What can one think of King Richard, hemmed in by the enemy, a single man against so many thousands? Who ever heard of such a man? No adverse storm could sink his bravery. His valor was ever-blooming.

"Inured to battle from his tenderest years, to whom famous Roland could not be considered equal, he remained invincible even in the midst of the enemy, and

his body seemed impenetrable as brass to any kind of weapon.

"In his right hand he brandished his sword, whose rapid descent ever broke the ranks on either side of him. Such was his vigor amid that host, that he mowed down Turks as reapers mow down corn with their sickles.

"He who felt one of these blows had no need of a second. The King cut down men and horses alike. The more he saw himself separated from his own men, the more the enemy sought to overwhelm him, the more conspicuous did his valor shine.

"There was one magnificently caparisoned emir who seemed to reproach the rest with cowardice, intimating by gestures that he was going to end the disgrace. Putting spurs to his horse, he charged through the press upon King Richard.

"Brandishing his dripping sword, the King with a single mighty blow smote off not only his head but his shoulder and right arm.

"The Turks were struck with terror at this incredible feat and fell back on all sides, scarcely daring to shoot at this human lion from a distance with their arrows.

"Thereupon the King returned to his anxious friends, safe and unhurt, though he was stuck all over with javelins like a deer pierced by the hunter, and the trappings of his horse were thickly covered with arrows.

"Thus like a brave soldier he returned from the contest, and a bitter contest it was, for it had lasted from sunrise to sunset. It may seem incredible that so small a body of men endured so long a conflict; but we cannot doubt the truth of it, for in that battle only one or two of our men were slain. But the number of the Turkish horses which lay dead upon the field

exceeded fifteen hundred; and of the Turks themselves more than seven hundred were killed.

"Yet they did not carry back King Richard, as they had boasted, as a present to Saladin; but on the contrary he and his brave followers performed so many deeds of valor in the sight of the Turks that the enemy shuddered to behold them."

It is little wonder that when Saladin ridiculed his leaders for their failure they should have replied that the deeds of "Melech Ric" were beyond human nature. In fact, for generations afterward Syrian riders used to ask of a horse shying in the dark if it saw Melech Ric!

## CHAPTER XVIII

### "THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE"

The great Napoleon was a connoisseur of bravery. He needed it in the business of conquering the world to which he devoted his genius. Such a group as his marshals—Ney, Murat, Junot, Lannes, Macdonald, Massena—would be difficult to match in all history; and, different as they were, they had all been picked from obscurity by the Emperor on account of their pre-eminence in this quality.

When we read, therefore, that Napoleon, as well as his other generals, christened Marshal Ney "the bravest of the brave," we know this must have been a soldier indeed.

He had a "marble calmness" amid extreme danger while studying the enemy's position; yet neither Murat nor Lannes could carry his followers into a more desperate charge when the time came. No hope seemed too forlorn for him to see the chance left instead of the obstacles. And never did his qualities show more brilliantly than in the retreat from Russia.

Ney was a cooper's son, whose longing for a soldier's life drove him at the age of eighteen to run away and enlist in a hussar regiment. It was in 1788. He was of medium height, with a wide forehead, blue eyes, and a ruddy complexion. His carrot-colored hair was accompanied as usual by a quick temper; but *le rougeat* ("Reddy") became a hard-working soldier, a champion fencer, and expert horseman; his tireless persistence soon won him another name, "the Indefatigable."

It took two years for him to become a corporal. In 1792 he was sergeant-major. The war with Austria began the years of conflict which were to transform Europe; and with opportunity Ney rose fast. In 1794 General Kleber reported that "Captain Ney, who is doing duty as adjutant-general, has performed prodigies of valor"; and by 1799 he had continued his steady advance till he was in command of the Army of the Rhine. He shared in the victories of Marengo and Hohenlinden in 1800, and next year met Napoleon, then First Consul.

When Napoleon became Emperor in 1804, Ney was one of the eighteen generals who were created Marshals of France. From that time on, Marshal Ney was one of the main props of the Emperor's military power. He was made Duke of Elchingen after his victory at that town; he won fresh honors against the Prussians at Jena, against the Russians at Friedland, and on a hundred other battle-fields.

Then came 1812 and the fateful invasion of Russia, where Ney was destined to reach his true greatness, not amid brilliant victories, but in the face of disaster.

Napoleon had staked all his fortunes on his Grand Army and hurled it into Russia. He had won the costly victory at Borodino where Ney's brilliant attacks for fifteen hours brought him the new title of Prince de la Moskowa. He had found the Russian capital city of Moscow a smoking ruin instead of the needed winter quarters. Forced to fall back, he had divided the remains of his army, giving charge of the rear-guard—the post of honor and danger—to Ney.

On November 14, what was left of this force reached the town of Smolensk. Between cold and snow and

hunger and the Russian harrying, this amounted to only three thousand men. There was not one complete squadron of cavalry. A dozen badly horsed guns and scant ammunitions for those was all his artillery.

His duty was still to take the brunt of the enemy's attacks and save what fragments of his column he could by pressing forward to a junction with the Emperor. He hoped to find one of the other corps at Krasnoi, and to rejoin Napoleon at Orsza, beyond the Dnieper River.

On the 17th of November Ney set out on this hazardous retreat. He had built his force up to five thousand men. He took with him but six guns, leaving much artillery, with wagons and all sorts of supplies which he could neither carry nor destroy.

It took more courage than any charge, that start. The country ahead was almost unknown. The cold was so intense that sentries could hardly do their duty at night. No one realized so keenly as Ney how inadequate was this wretched handful of men, with but a semblance of cavalry or artillery, harassed incessantly by the enemy's attacks.

Yet the marshal was serene and confident, cheering officers and men with praises for the recent repulse of an attack, with assurances that by the next afternoon they ought to join Davout's corps at Krasnoi.

All that day they marched steadily, breaking up the Cossack dashes without much difficulty. At sunrise next morning they set out again, every thought going forward to the hoped-for meeting with their comrades that afternoon.

The Cossacks hung upon flank and rear of the column all morning. Marauding parties would swoop down

and cut off a straggling group or company, but they did not venture to attack the ordered lines in the face of regular volleys.

The thunder of cannon was heard ahead. Nobody knew what it meant. Ney did not like the sound, but there was nothing to do save push on. The 2d Division, which was in the lead, reported Cossacks directly ahead; little was thought of it, since these restless irregulars often cut across the line of march.

Presently the vanguard neared Krasnoi. To their surprise they came upon a few hundred Frenchmen and half a dozen guns. These proved to be a portion of the 1st Corps which had become separated from the main body of Davout's force by an attack of the Russians.

Their commander knew nothing except that there were Russians ahead in large numbers, and somewhere beyond them was the rest of the French army.

The weather had moderated, so that there was a dense fog over everything. One could get glimpses of the usual bands of Cossacks on every side, but beyond these shifting, blurring groups all was a gray, impenetrable wall.

Ney joined this fragment of Davout's corps to his own, formed his men in line of battle, and pushed ahead to meet whatever might befall.

Suddenly the blankness was pierced by the flashes and thunder of artillery. A battery of forty guns opened on the advancing column at short range. The leader had glimpses, too, of masses of Russians ahead drawn up in battle array.

He fell back, disposing his men for the attack he expected. To his surprise, a single Russian officer appeared under a flag of truce.

This officer informed the marshal he was come to demand the surrender of the 3d Corps.

"A marshal of France never surrenders," replied Ney. "Go back to those who sent you."

But the Russian begged him to consider the situation calmly. His superiors had far too high a regard for the famous Frenchman to suggest anything unworthy of him. The fact was, however, that General Kutusoff had broken the French lines at Krasnoi. The columns of Eugène and Davout had lost thousands of killed and wounded, their guns and supplies, and had barely escaped to join the Emperor.

These pitiable fragments of the Grand Army had probably united somewhere ahead, it was true. But between them and Ney there was at that moment a force of eighty thousand Russians, with plenty of artillery. Any experienced soldier must see that his case was hopeless. If he wished to verify these statements, a brief truce would be granted for that purpose.

Ney did not need to verify anything. He saw in a flash what had happened, and just how bad his situation was.

What to do was another matter. He must have thought hard as he looked from this spruce messenger in his gay uniform to his own gaunt and ragged officers, all waiting in front of their men for his decision.

Not many men would have hesitated at all. The case was too clear. But Ney was only making up his mind *how*, and not *if*, he was to do what he had set out to do. An accident gave him what seemed a clue.

To the surprise of everybody, there was another flash from the front, a heavy report, and the sound of balls overhead. One of the Russian batteries had opened fire on some false alarm.

"You are a prisoner, sir," said Ney to the envoy. "Your people have fired on us while you are in my lines, which forfeits the protection of your white flag."

The point was valid, and Ney had the Russian disarmed and guarded. He had resolved to attack the enemy, hoping that the very audacity of the attempt might give it success. The fog, and the failure of the messenger to report, might serve him by keeping the Russians in doubt up to the last moment.

It would be hard to recall a bolder operation than the charge which followed. Inspired by their commander, these war-worn veterans plunged forward, only knowing that ahead was the enemy, and whether two to one or twenty to one, their business was to cut their way through.

The attempt was not within human power. Razout's division was driven back by a hail of grape-shot from the batteries. Overwhelmingly superior numbers of cavalry and infantry attacked the French on both flanks. Only superhuman efforts by Ney himself beat back this onset long enough for Razout's division to extricate themselves from their danger.

The disastrous and confused struggle was finally ended by darkness. It seemed like a miracle that there was any 3d Corps left at all. But the facts were gloomy enough. The men were beaten and discouraged. Half the guns were gone. Some of the regiments had lost more than half their numbers. The great Russian army was still between them and their Emperor. If Ney's case had been difficult before, it was surely hopeless now.

Not a man in the little force understood what was in Ney's mind. There could be nothing left save surrender on the best terms obtainable.

Yet to their amazement they found themselves formed into marching order somehow—and presently knew they were returning toward Smolensk.

The wounded who could stand marched with the rest. Occasional groups of fugitives fell into place as they proceeded. The darkness was a slight protection from the dreaded Cossacks for the time being, but every one felt the fatal moment was merely being postponed a few hours.

Yet General de Fezensac wrote afterward that the mere presence of Marshal Ney somehow carried reassurance to the hopeless ones.

"Without knowing what he intended or what he could do, we knew that he would do something. His confidence in himself was equal to his courage. The greater the danger, the more prompt was his resolution, and once he had decided what course to take, he never doubted of success.

"Thus, even at a moment like this his face showed no sign of indecision or anxiety. Every one turned his eyes to him, but no one ventured to question him.

"At last, seeing one of his staff near, the marshal said in a low voice:

"'It is not well with us.'

"'What are you going to do?' replied the officer.

"'Get to the other side of the Dnieper.'

"'Where is the way to it?'

"'We shall find out.'

"'But what if it is not frozen over?'

"'It will be.'"

He was still the leader, and he had no more thought of surrendering than when he started. Somewhere to the north was the Dnieper River. Somewhere beyond was Napoleon's Grand Army. They would find the

river, cross after dark on the ice, and join their countrymen as planned. Simple enough—if they could manage any of these things.

The only map Ney had was almost useless. "But presently," relates his biographer, "he led the column away from the road across snowy fields to the left. In a hollow he dismounted, cleared some snow away, and found as he expected the ice on a stream. He broke the ice and found in what direction the water was running.

"'The stream must flow into the Dnieper,' he said. 'It will guide us to the river-bank.'

"At sunset he halted at a small village. The peasants had fled, leaving their small stores of food in the houses. Fires were lighted, more fires than were actually needed, in order to impress the pursuing Cossacks with a false idea of his numbers. The men bivouacked and had supper. The many wounded were sheltered in the houses, where the surgeons dressed their wounds. An outpost line was formed, and after the exchange of a few shots the Cossacks drew off to a respectful distance. They were quite satisfied that they had marked the column down for destruction next morning.

"But at eight o'clock, leaving a few men to keep the fires alight and follow later, Ney silently reformed his column and marched to the Dnieper bank, guided by one of the villagers, whom some of Ney's Polish soldiers had captured and who promised to show him a bend of the river where the ice was firm enough to cross. At nine o'clock he stood on the river-bank. The ice had partly thawed, but there was a hard frost, and he decided not to attempt the crossing at once, but to wait till after midnight. The three hours would make the ice firmer and give time for more of the strag-

glers to come in. His perfect self-possession was shown by the fact that, as soon as he had reconnoitred the river and given his orders, he wrapped himself in his cloak and lying down on the snow slept soundly till midnight.

"Then the marshal rose and began to direct the crossing. The ice was treacherous, and it was found that the only safe way to cross was by sending the men over in single file at several points. Fires lighted on both banks showed the way. When most of the infantry and some thousands of the disbanded fugitives had crossed, an attempt was made to send some horses and wagons over the ice. A few horses crossed safely, but several broke through and were lost. A wagon laden with wounded men crashed through the ice and disappeared, and a few of the wounded were seen struggling in the chilly water or clinging to fragments of floating ice. Some of them were rescued. In one case Ney himself was the rescuer. Crawling on hands and knees along the ice, he reached the huge gap that had opened in it and dragged out a man who was clinging to the broken edge. It proved to be a staff-officer, Captain de Briqueville, who had the good fortune to survive the horrors of the retreat and return to France.

"After this accident it was decided that all the guns and wagons must be abandoned on the south bank. The march began, at first for a few miles northward in order to gain some distance from the river, then once more to the westward. For some hours of the long night the men bivouacked in a belt of pines and made fires to warm themselves. Ney hoped that he had shaken off all pursuit and that there were no Russians north of the river. He expected that two long marches would bring him to Orsza.

"But early next day there was a disappointing discovery. Before dawn some Cossacks were surprised asleep in a farm. Then after the column had been moving across open snow-covered fields and through belts of wood, at last it came upon a highway, and there the snow was trampled with horse-hoofs and there were the tracks of sledge-runners. A large body of mounted troops had evidently passed that way within a few hours.

"Platoff, the hetman of the Cossacks, had crossed the Dnieper the day before at the head of some thousands of his men, irregulars such as had been harassing the French retreat day after day, and with them several squadrons of drilled regulars accompanied by a number of light field-guns mounted on sledges. It was not expected that any French troops would be found on the north bank, and the column was sent there to make a rapid march, in order to fall upon the right flank of the Grand Army. It was not long before Cossack patrols came upon Ney's little column toiling through the half-melted snow, with the miserable crowd of disbanded men straggling after it. Some of the Cossacks galloped off to carry the news to their hetman; the rest, rapidly reinforced by other bands of wild spearmen, rode in among the fugitives, killed numbers of them, and drove the rest back to the protection of the column.

"Platoff was between Ney and Orsza, and farther from the river than the French. He turned back to attack them. At first Ney had hoped that he would have to deal only with the worrying tactics of the irregulars. They never charged home, and were easily driven off by the musketry-fire when they came within close range, but no one who straggled from the formed

ranks of the French escaped their spears. The situation became more serious when Platoff's main body came in sight and his light artillery opened fire. It needed all Ney's courage and energy to face this new danger.

"He now commanded only a small force of infantry, encumbered by a mob of disbanded men, and having with them not a gun or a wagon so that they had only the small supply of cartridges and food that the men carried. They were opposed by a numerically superior force of mounted men with artillery. If they marched with closed-up ranks the Cossack leader could choose his own distance and keep them under artillery-fire. If they opened out, the cavalry would be upon them. But for two days and the intervening night Ney faced this terrible situation, marching slowly for most of the time, snatching a brief rest when for a while the enemy's attacks slackened, and losing men continually. In the course of the 19th all the disbanded men had disappeared. Some had been made prisoners, a few were wandering about the country or hiding in the woods, but most had been mercilessly massacred by the Cossacks. There was hope only for those who could keep their places in the marching ranks. For those who fell wounded by the enemy's fire, or out of sheer exhaustion, there was no chance. They mostly accepted their fate with stoical indifference. A sergeant of the 4th Infantry dropped with his thigh shattered by a shot. 'Here's another man done for,' he said coolly to his comrades. 'Take my knapsack. You will find it useful.' But there were moments when it seemed as if the sorely tried nerve of the men was breaking down. More than once it was all that Ney and his officers could do to steady the ranks, as

with a wild 'Hurrah!' the storm of Cossack lancers came surging round them.

"Ney marched his men in two columns, one under his personal command, the other under General Henin. When in close action with the Russians, one would show a bold front and beat off the charges, while the other moved on and gained ground. If both had to make a stand they could cross their fire. During the 19th he gradually drew nearer to the course of the river, and in the afternoon found some respite from the enemy's attacks when he gained the shelter of the pine woods along the Dnieper. Here he rested for a while in the night, but marched again before dawn. He left the woods, and the ground became difficult as the track was intersected by the numerous ravines formed by streams running down to the river. At each of these obstacles some of the weary men broke down and were left behind. The attacks of the enemy began again at daybreak. Platoff marched on a parallel track to Ney's rapidly dwindling force, now cannonading it with his sledge-mounted artillery, now launching his Cossack cavalry in charge after charge. Ney was the life and soul of the dogged resistance that was everywhere offered to these onsets. Moving on foot among the men, now here, now there, he encouraged them by telling them that the worst was over; that next day they would be resting in safety at Orsza; that he had sent on an officer to tell the Emperor they were coming, and that soon a helping hand would be held out to them."

By a miracle this messenger had really reached Orsza. The Emperor had just left with his imperial guard (reduced from thirty-five thousand to six thousand men); but Marshals Eugène and Davout were over-

joyed when they heard that Ney was still alive, since they had had no hope of ever seeing him again.

Eugène set out at once with a strong force, and at length guided the little band through the darkness to his location by signal-guns. Of the six thousand who had marched from Smolensk, there were left less than nine hundred. But Ney was at their head. He and Eugène fell into each other's arms.

When the Emperor heard of Ney's feat he exclaimed: "He is the bravest of the brave." He was cheered by this piece of fortune. "I shall yet save my eagles," said he.

And Ney's reward? It was to continue in his charge of the rear-guard through the remaining month of that ghastly retreat which finally reduced the "Grand Army" to a mere tragic memory.

But the calm historian of to-day declares that but for the indomitable courage and skill of Michel Ney, the Emperor himself would never have escaped alive from the Russian trap into which he had marched so confidently.

It's an odd fact that many of the experts in the occult mysteries of the Rosicrucians assert that Marshal Ney did not perish on that December day of 1815, when history records, after being condemned as a traitor, he was shot in the Luxembourg Gardens. These mystics have written volumes to prove that the gallant warrior, being also an Initiate, exercised the powers of the instructed philosophers—and was living peacefully many years afterward in Rowan County, North Carolina!

## CHAPTER XIX

### A SWEDISH CONQUEROR

One day in November, 1697, a review was being held of the royal troops at Stockholm, Sweden.

It was not a very large force of men that marched past the commander-in-chief. Indeed, they would seem like a pitiful handful to us to-day. But these soldiers had at that time a reputation beyond any in Europe. For a hundred and fifty years, under Gustavus Vasa, under his grandson Gustavus Adolphus the Great, under each successive ruler, they had made the Swedish arms feared by Denmark, Poland, Russia, and the loosely knit states of the empire. They had conquered great provinces of what is now Russia and Germany, besides a hundred towns in the German states. Thrones shook when the Swedes descended from the north.

The pride of this record was in the bearing of the soldiers as they manœuvred in precision that told of long and thorough discipline.

But the reviewing general was a strange contrast to his veterans. He was a mere boy, fifteen years old the summer before. Tall and slender, his large blue eyes were gentle, almost diffident. He was dressed rather magnificently. And while there was a grim expression about his smooth mouth and chin, he seemed absurdly out of place as the commander of such a body.

To be sure, he was the eldest son of the King of Sweden, and the King had died a few months before. But though the law of the country declared that a monarch came of age at fifteen, his autocratic father,

Charles XI, had deferred his accession till eighteen; and the boy's grandmother had taken over the power as Regent.

The last regiment clanked past, saluting. The review was over. Yet the young Charles stood still, silent and thoughtful.

There was an awkward pause among the group of dignitaries behind him. Nobody knew what to do.

Presently State Councillor Piper moved forward.

"May I take the liberty," he said, with concealed sarcasm, "of asking your Majesty of what you are thinking so seriously?"

The prince started.

"I am thinking," he replied, "that I feel worthy of the command of those fine fellows, and that it is not my will that either they or I should receive our orders from a woman."

It was the councillor's turn to be surprised. He gave a keen, appraising look at the young man, made some non-committal assent, and the company left the field.

But the astute Piper had had a glimpse of a possibility which gave him no rest. Like a prudent courtier he had studied his future ruler. He knew how the boy had learned to manage a horse at seven; his fondness for hunting and military exercises; his occasional flashes of temper and his invincible obstinacy; how he had replied to his tutor when the latter had reproved his wish to be like Alexander the Great—because the Macedonian had "lived only thirty-two years." "Ah!" said Charles, "and is not that long enough when one has subdued kingdoms?" And he felt that the boy of yesterday was a man to help whom was to help oneself.

He sounded some important noblemen, the councillors of the regency. The logic of the situation was irresistible. The officials tried to outdo each other in hastening the scheme. In three days the councillors had laid the matter before the surprised and reluctant Queen Regent, the states general had been convoked and had unanimously voted for the change—and the boy of fifteen was Charles XII, King of Sweden.

On December 24, he rode into Stockholm on a sorrel horse shod with silver, a sceptre in his hand. The crowds in the streets cheered him wildly, noting his firm seat, his confidence and royal air.

Then he stood before the Archbishop of Upsala, to whom venerable tradition gave the right of crowning Sweden's monarch, a right jealously maintained by the clergy.

The solemn ceremony proceeded. The Archbishop, in his gorgeous robes, anointed the young ruler. Taking the crown, he held it ready to place on his head. But, quick as thought, Charles straightened himself, seized the crown, and with a proud glance at the Archbishop, crowned himself.

The thousands who looked on broke into wild applause. There was something magnificent about such haughty arrogance.

Nothing happened for some time after Charles's accession, however, to justify the new estimate made of him. He made Piper a count and gave him charge of most affairs. As for himself he did little, seeming too haughty to descend to details of government. When he appeared at the council, he would generally cross his legs on the table, and pay little attention to what was going on.

Everybody concluded he was after all a weak repre-

sentative of the fighting Swedish Kings; and before long three of his neighbors decided that the time had come to take from Sweden her territories on the south and east of the Baltic Sea.

The King of Denmark, who had a standing quarrel with Charles's brother-in-law, the Duke of Holstein; King Frederick Augustus of Poland (also Elector of Saxony), and the Czar of Russia, Peter the Great, combined to seize what each wanted of the great kingdom which Sweden's rulers had built up by conquest and confirmed by solemn treaty.

The Czar had just returned from his amazing two years of travel, and work in the shipyards of Holland and England. He was transforming his vast country from barbarism to civilization. He had begun to build the new capital of St. Petersburg, to drill his troops, cast cannon, construct ships. In a hundred ways Russia was waking up. She was a formidable antagonist.

The news of this danger appalled the Swedes. A twenty years' peace had left them without proved generals. There seemed no help in their ruler. They cast about for some plan of treating with these enemies, to see with how little concession they could be satisfied.

This view was broached in the King's council. While it was being discussed, Charles rose:

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have resolved never to engage in an unjust war, but on the other hand, never to conclude a just war but by the ruin of my foes.

"I have made up my mind. I intend to attack the first who declares war against me, and when I have conquered him, I hope to strike terror into the rest."

The timid were fired by the young King's spirit, the

bolder rejoiced. From that moment Charles stopped being a spectator and took command.

In fact, this crisis seemed to crystallize the boy's whole character. He forsook every pleasure he had indulged in; he stopped drinking wine for the rest of his life; he replaced his former magnificent clothing with a common soldier's uniform; he forsook the society of the court ladies, as if determined to avoid every softness. In every way he subjected himself to the most severe military discipline. With absolute single-mindedness, he threw all the energy he possessed into the one ambition of making himself a warrior.

The King of Denmark had already invaded Holstein. Charles's brother-in-law was hard pressed. A force of eight thousand men was sent to aid him; and in a flash the conflict widened, as troops from half a dozen petty German states joined one side or the other.

Charles was bear-hunting when news came that the Saxons had invaded his province of Livonia. He captured his bear, with net and forked club, hastened to the capital, arranged everything for the defense of his realm, and in an incredibly short time had his fleet of forty-three vessels ready to sail.

The English and Dutch fleets had arrived in the Baltic to help against the Danes, who had broken the treaty of Altena by attacking Holstein. Charles joined forces with them, and the Danish fleet, refusing battle, allowed the allies to pass. They soon approached Copenhagen.

The King at once proposed to his commander, General Renschild, that they should attack the Danish capital. His audacity silenced all objections. With a force of eight hundred men in small boats, and a few frigates to cover the landing, the attacking party moved

along the shore, while the Danes followed on land watching to see where the attempt would be made.

At Humblebek, seven miles from Copenhagen, the invaders paused. Immediately the Danes threw up intrenchments, and prepared infantry, cavalry, and guns to resist the attack.

As soon as everything was in readiness, Charles jumped into the leading boat. The tiny force rowed straight toward shore, under cover of broadsides from the vessels, but assailed by constant fire from the enemy.

When they were a hundred yards from land, the King's impatience would not permit him to remain inactive any longer. Sword in hand, he leaped overboard, up to his waist, his officers and men following.

The bullets whistled around their ears.

"What is that noise?" asked the King of Major Stuart, who was beside him.

"It is the balls from the muskets they are firing at us."

"Ah!" said Charles, "that shall henceforth be my band."

As he spoke, the major received a bullet in the shoulder. A lieutenant on the other side fell dead.

Nothing daunted, the King charged straightforward at the head of his men. The Danes were so overcome at this show of resolution that they broke and fled. Without a check, Charles took possession of their intrenchments.

His first act was to fall on his knees and thank God for this auspicious beginning. Then he laid out redoubts, made his camp secure, and sent back to Scania for reinforcements.

Everything went like clockwork. The very next day these nine thousand fresh troops were with him.

The inhabitants of Copenhagen gave up hope at this sudden and irresistible onset. An embassy came out to beg that the city might not be bombarded.

Charles agreed on condition that they should give a ransom of four hundred thousand dollars, and furnish provisions, agreeing to pay for the latter. To the great surprise of the conquered, he not only kept his word, but held his soldiers under such strict discipline that marauding was unknown.

The King of Denmark made some fruitless proclamations from his camp in Holstein. But his capital was at the mercy of his enemy, his fleet was hopelessly outnumbered, and he presently began to treat for peace. Charles forced the negotiations through in the same headlong style in which he had attacked. In six weeks he had disposed of one foe, freed the Duke of Holstein, and secured for him the expenses of the war.

The greater part of his task remained, however. The King of Poland had laid siege to Riga; and while he had been unable to make headway against the stout defense of old Count d'Alberg, and had gladly abandoned the attempt on the representations of the Dutch, word came that his ally, the Czar, was advancing from Russia with a great army of one hundred thousand men and one hundred and fifty cannon. Then, as the early rigors of winter shut in that land of ice and snow, the Russians attacked Narva, the most eastern town of the Swedish dominions.

Charles hastened his preparations. Two hundred transports conveyed his army across the sea.

Landing at Pernaw, on the Gulf of Riga, he struck across country by forced marches. He waited for

nothing, not even for the main body of his own twenty thousand men; and presently he arrived, with four thousand horse and four thousand infantry, at the Russian outposts.

The first detachment of five thousand did not wait to find out the facts, but retired precipitately. The second twenty thousand was infected by their flight and also fell back. Charles pushed straight on. The next thirty thousand were driven in without the slightest delay, and the Swedes confronted an intrenched army of ten times their size, with strong artillery.

Charles hardly gave his men time to rest after their terrific marches, but ordered an immediate attack.

One officer remonstrated at this rashness in the face of such tremendous odds.

"Surely," said the King, "you can have no doubt but that I with my eight thousand brave Swedes shall trample down eighty thousand Russians!"

The officer turned away. The King stepped after him. As if fearing his outburst had been boastful, he said:

"Do you not agree with me that I have a double advantage over the enemy? First, because their horse will be useless to them, and secondly because, as the position is cramped, their numbers will only incommode them."

There was no answering such reasoning. At noon of November 30, 1700, the Swedes charged with fixed bayonets, behind a fire of cannon which opened some breaches in the fortifications.

The snow was driving with them as they burst through upon the enemy. Charles himself, at the head of half his force, attacked the right wing, hoping to meet the Czar in person. The latter had gone, how-

ever, to meet the reinforcements of thirty thousand men which he had thought it necessary to send for.

At the first onset Charles was hit in the shoulder, but it was a spent ball, which did him no injury.

His horse was shot under him. He jumped upon another, exclaiming: "These fellows make me take exercise."

Leading and giving orders at the same time, he swept on like a whirlwind. In three hours the trenches were carried. The little band of Swedes drove the Russians headlong, killing more than ten to one.

The right wing broke, and fled in disorder toward the River Narva, forty thousand pursued by less than four thousand. As the disorderly mob thronged over the bridge, the wooden structure broke down. Many were drowned. Those who had not reached the bridge, turned aimlessly, and rallied for a time behind some buildings.

Charles and his Swedes gave them no time to recover; in a short while the Russian generals surrendered.

The general officers were put under a guard; the soldiers and under-officers were disarmed, taken to the river, and embarked in boats to return home. The artillery was seized.

Then night fell. The King took up a position ready to attack the left wing, which still held its ground, though badly battered. The situation was still perilous enough. The enemy had still thirty thousand troops against his six thousand five hundred. But his mind was calm enough for him to lie on the ground wrapped in his cloak and snatch a few hours' sleep till daybreak should make it possible to complete his work.

At two in the morning, a message came that General Wade, who commanded the remaining Russians, was

willing to surrender on the same terms granted his companions. Charles at once accepted. A strange scene followed.

In the gray morning, across the snow-covered landscape, a long irregular line of Russians approached. In the lead marched their commander, bareheaded like his troops.

The thirty thousand defiled past the King, in front of his compact regiments containing about six thousand five hundred men. The officers threw down their swords and colors as they passed; the private soldiers dropped their muskets. The interminable line wound on toward the river, intent only upon escaping home.

Charles was glad enough to let them go, since it was manifestly impossible to guard so many prisoners with his little force. He treated the captured officers with the greatest consideration, and in his reports of this incredible victory exhibited a modesty as striking as his prowess had been. From that time on, however, his people and his army looked upon the "Lion of the North" as invincible in battle.

While the Russian people were imploring the aid of St. Nicholas against the sorcery which they felt must have defeated their great army, the Czar himself set about repairing the disaster. He agreed with King Augustus of Poland to hire fifty thousand German mercenaries, and to send fifty thousand of his Russians to Poland to be trained.

Charles as usual faced the danger-point. Early in the spring, he marched south to Riga.

King Augustus's Saxon troops, commanded by Marshal Stenau, were ready to oppose his crossing of the River Dwina, which is very wide at that point.

It looked as if the odds were much against the attack-

ing party under such conditions. The Swedish King, however, constructed large boats with high, movable sides, which protected those within and could be lowered to form a landing-bridge.

Then when he was ready, on a day when the wind blew strong from the north, he had built a huge pile of wet straw and fired it. The dense smoke blew over the river. In the midst of this artificial fog, increased by boats containing more smoking straw, he started his transports across, he himself taking his customary place in the lead.

In fifteen minutes the force was at the opposite side, the only mishap being to the King's pride, when three men got to shore before him. Landing his cannon, he at once began to order his line of battle.

Before he was ready, however, the wind blew the smoke away sufficiently for the Saxons to see what their enemy was about; and taking a leaf from Charles's own book, Marshal Stenau charged him furiously with his cavalry.

The unprepared Swedes were thrown into disorder and driven back to the river. Their intrepid leader rallied them, reformed his line partly in the water, and advanced steadily. There was a fierce fight, for Stenau was brave and capable. But on equal terms there were few troops which could stand against the Lion and his disciplined veterans: the Saxons gave way, at length, and retreated.

Charles hastened on, capturing all Courland and Lithuania, while King Augustus intrigued with the various factions into which Poland was hopelessly divided. He even tried to negotiate secretly with Charles through the beautiful Countess of Königsmarck. The implacable Swede advanced relentlessly.

When he took Warsaw, Augustus could not refuse to let an embassy wait upon him.

"I will never grant the Poles peace till they have elected another King," declared the conqueror.

Augustus saw his only hope lay in fighting. He gathered all his forces and prepared for a supreme effort. The two faced each other between Warsaw and Cracow, and the headlong charge of the Swedish King once more brought him complete victory, though he had only a little more than half the other's numbers.

Following up the defeated Augustus, he took Cracow almost without resistance, himself snatching the match from one gunner who was preparing to fire a cannon. Had it not been for a fall of his horse, which broke his thigh, he would probably have captured his enemy then and there.

This accident gave his foes another chance. The Poles still hesitated to dethrone their King. The Saxon army gathered again. In one of his irresistible dashes, he routed it at Pultask, whereat Augustus fell back into Saxony. Charles captured Thorn and Elbing. The whole country was in awe of him. His friends urged him to seize the Polish crown himself, since he was the real ruler. The King held to his plan, and finally the Diet, rent by political parties, obeyed his will and elected Stanislas Leczinski King in place of the deposed Augustus.

Charles's real business in life was fighting, so he immediately set out to conquer the rest of Poland. He took the strong city of Leopold in one day, captured vast treasure, and presently drove Augustus once more out of Warsaw, which he had recaptured.

All this time the King was exposing himself with the utmost recklessness, swimming rivers, leading charges,

living the hard life of a campaigning soldier. His invariable dress was a coarse blue coat with brass buttons; a piece of black taffeta served him for a cravat; he remarked once that he had not had his jack-boots off for six years, save when he went to bed. His only complaint was that his enemies had come to run away too soon: it had become more like hunting than fighting!

Fortune seemed ever to charge with him in his impetuous onsets. He drove back one hundred thousand Russians who had come to King Augustus's aid. He conquered the latter so completely that he finally forced him in the treaty of peace to publicly renounce the throne and to write a letter of congratulation to his successor Stanislas. He crossed the Oder into Saxony, against the solemn warning of the Imperial Diet; he levied heavy contributions, and received at his camp ambassadors from nearly all the princes of Europe, each seeking his influence in some scheme or quarrel; he publicly humiliated the Emperor and made him grant religious freedom to the Protestants of Silesia.

When Emperor Joseph was reproached by the Pope's nuncio for thus giving way to heretics, he smiled and answered:

"It is very lucky for you that the King of Sweden did not propose that I should turn Protestant, for had he done so, I do not know what I might have done."

There is hardly a case in history of the attainment of such dominance by the ruler of so relatively small a nation. This northern conqueror, unknown or scorned a few years previously, warned Rome that before long she might see him nearer at hand. He had ideas of sweeping on to Persia, Turkey, and Egypt. Alexander's dream of conquering the world began to seem a possi-

bility. All the while he was rising at four o'clock, dressing unaided, spending a quarter of an hour at the table, drinking no wine, exercising his soldiers daily.

The persistent Russians claimed his first attention. They were continually harassing the eastern borders. Charles allowed himself a year in which to dethrone the Czar.

In September, 1707, at the height of his renown, he set out. He had with him a rich, splendidly armed and equipped force of forty-three thousand men. Count Levenhaupt waited for him in Poland with twenty thousand more. A third force of fifteen thousand was in Finland. Fresh recruits were coming from Sweden. He seemed irresistible. The Sublime Porte of Turkey, the inveterate enemy of Russia, sent him an embassy and suggestions of friendly alliance.

The Czar had advanced far into Poland, but was at this time at Grodno. Charles was following his habit of distancing his main force, and arrived within six miles of Grodno accompanied by only six hundred guards. Peter at once evacuated the town with two thousand men; but learning presently the smallness of his enemy's numbers, and that the rest were fifteen miles behind, he despatched a body of fifteen thousand cavalry for a surprise attack.

They entered the town in the dusk undiscovered, reaching the first guard of thirty men. The alarm was given. For seven minutes, this heroic thirty sustained the attack of an army. Then Charles dashed up with the rest of his six hundred, and his mere arrival threw the Russians into a panic.

The King pursued them, joined by his army, regardless of the midwinter cold, the marsh and forest, the lack of provisions, the destroyed roads and bridges.

It was six months before he finally came up with them at Hollosin, intrenched behind a marsh and river.

Without waiting for the main body of his infantry, Charles led his foot-guards straightforward, sending the cavalry around to flank the enemy.

Dashing into the stream, the King crossed the river, the water up to his shoulders. He did not pause an instant, but floundered across the marsh, his men following in that blind confidence he always inspired. They fell furiously upon the surprised Russians, who had supposed their natural defenses sufficient.

The conflict that followed was one of the most notable of Charles's career. Seeming to bear a charmed life, he was always in the thickest of the fray. He fought on foot till the cavalry arrived from its détour; then he mounted: but noticing that a young nobleman, of whom he was fond, was wounded, he made him take his charger, and continued to command on foot.

Nothing could resist him that day, and while the Russians fought far better than they had done in the former campaigns, they were finally routed and forced to retire beyond the Borysthenes into their own country.

Charles pursued them hotly. Czar Peter, great man as he was, began to fear for the country he was bringing up from semibarbarism. He sent proposals of peace.

"I will treat with the Czar at Moscow," was Charles's haughty answer.

He pushed on, routing a force of Kalmuks at Smolensk and almost losing his life in the engagement. Refusing to wait for the reinforcements behind, he turned off from the Moscow road into Ukrania, where he expected to make an alliance with the Prince Mazeppa (the same Mazeppa of whose terrific ride, tied to the back of a wild horse, Byron wrote).

Instead of joining an army of thirty thousand, with ammunition and provisions, he found Mazeppa a defeated fugitive, the Russians having annihilated his power. Far worse, General Levenhaupt finally appeared with five thousand men—all that was left of his army after a series of tremendous battles with fifty thousand Russians, who had captured his cannon and supplies.

A frightfully cold winter followed. Half-fed and half-clad, the Swedes suffered intensely. It is declared that two thousand died of cold on one march. Only the leader kept up his courage.

A soldier ventured to show him publicly a piece of black and mouldy bread, made of oats and barley, which was about their only food.

Charles took it, ate it calmly, and remarked:

"It is not good, but one can eat it."

In the face of such spirit the men could only follow him.

By spring his army had dwindled to eighteen thousand. Still he thought only of his resolve to conquer Russia, and laid siege to Pultawa, a storehouse from which he counted on supplying his force with all necessaries.

The large garrison resisted all attack. The Czar was hurrying up with reinforcements. In a skirmish, Charles received a ball which shattered his heel-bone. For six hours he sat his horse and directed the fight. When some one discovered his hurt, he was in such pain that he had to be lifted from his horse and carried to the tent. The surgeons decided the leg must be cut off. One, however, thought he could save it by deep incisions.

The King bore the agony of the surgery unmoved.

As soon as it was done, he gave orders for an attack in the morning. Despite all protests, he headed the infantry in his litter.

The first charge broke the Russians. Victory seemed sure. But General Creuts, who had been ordered to flank the enemy with the cavalry, lost his way. The Czar had time to rally his men. Their cannon killed the horses of the King's litter. He had two more harnessed. Another volley struck the litter and threw the King out.

The report flew about that he was killed. The Swedes fell back. Their powder gave out. The Russians profited by their confusion so well that when the battle was over half the Swedes were killed or captured, all the supplies and treasure were lost, and Charles's life was only saved by his being carried forcibly off the field. Most of the remainder of the famous army was captured a little later, and the wounded King, with a few hundred followers, made his way into Turkey.

It would take a long time to tell of his five years' stay there; of his efforts to destroy the Czar through the Turks; of the Homeric battle between his three hundred guards and a Turkish army of eight thousand; of his return to Sweden, to find that his many enemies had lopped off most of his conquests and inheritances outside of Sweden itself; of his famous defense of Stralsburg, where he performed feats enough for the lifetime of an ordinary man; of his characteristic invasion of Norway just when his fortunes seemed at the lowest ebb, and his actual reaching of the Norwegian capital.

The last scene comes in the winter of 1718. He was making a second attempt on Norway, and laid siege to Fredericshall in December. The cold was so intense that sentinels fell dead at their posts. Charles, hard-

ened by sixteen years' exposure, endured everything, sleeping in the open on boards or straw, encouraging his men to the assault.

On December 11, as he stood in the trenches at night, directing the workers who were breaking the frozen ground by starlight, a discharge of grape-shot from the fortress killed him instantly. In dying, he laid his hand on his sword, and the witnesses who ran up found him lying in that posture.

Thus ended the career of one of the most extraordinary soldiers in all history.

By a strange coincidence, between the time the above narrative was written and when it was put into type, in September, 1917, the newspapers announced that the body of King Charles XII had been taken from its coffin in the ancient Knights' Church at Stockholm, where it had reposed in peace nearly two hundred years —that a commission of scientists might determine whether the fatal shot was fired from the enemy's camp or by a traitor in his own army!

After minutely describing the wound, and declaring that the indications were that the bullet came from the hostile direction, the account says:

"Those who viewed the dead King were struck by his masterful countenance still bearing through all the years the look of a leader of men."

## CHAPTER XX

### CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT

It was the late afternoon of June 22, 1876. The valley of the little Rosebud River in southern Montana, then an almost unknown wilderness, was filled with the dust rising from a mob of soldiers, horses, and mules in the first confusion of making camp. The 7th U. S. Cavalry had cut loose from their comrades on the Yellowstone River, twelve miles away, a few hours before; they had marched out in columns of fours to the stirring strains of "Garry Owen"; and the seven hundred troopers, with their heavily loaded horses and a pack-train of one hundred and thirty mules, were now engaged in "finding themselves" on the first halt of this expedition into the Indian country.

The officers' call sounded from the commander's tent. Presently a little group of men was gathered there for a conference.

This leader, Lieutenant-Colonel George A. Custer, was a striking figure. Tall, erect, dashing, handsome, with long yellow curls, and fond of wearing a conspicuous jacket of black velvet and gold, "Old Curly" had always been the idol of his men. He had become a major-general at the age of twenty-four in the Civil War; he had made a whirlwind success with his cavalry division; for years now he had built and tested and led this 7th Cavalry Regiment in constant fighting with the Indians, until he and they had a reputation

second to none in this peculiar and trying kind of warfare. Of extraordinary strength and endurance, and recklessly brave, a headlong dash against the enemy was ordinarily what he seemed to live for.

But on this occasion his situation was unusual, and his troop commanders could not fail to see at a glance that he was strained and unlike his usual confident self.

He had just returned from Washington, where his failure to produce legal evidence of his charges against the secretary of war had left him in disgrace with his superiors. Only his magnificent reputation in the field and his peculiar value had given him a place at all in this expedition against the Sioux. As it was, he was under the command of General Terry, instead of having charge of the column from Fort Lincoln which was to co-operate with Crook's force from the south and Gibbon from the west; and this change from the independent command he had so long enjoyed was a severe strain on him.

For this campaign was of exceptional importance. There had been constant trouble with the Sioux ever since the treaty of 1868, which gave them this great territory of one hundred thousand square miles in what is now Dakota, Montana, and Wyoming. The almost impassable stretches of the "Bad Lands" and the wild region of the Black Hills were no longer a protection when gold was discovered. Miners and settlers crowded in; the Northern Pacific Railroad began to survey for a route across the region. The Indians, with good reason, considered that their land was being taken from them. Murders and outbreaks followed in swift succession.

Finally the government decided that all the Northwest Indians must confine themselves to definite res-

ervations. This set the tribes ablaze. A great force gathered together under the famous Sitting Bull, Gall, Crazy Horse, and Rain-in-the-Face—who had escaped after being boldly arrested for a murder by Captain Tom Custer, the general's brother.

There were supposed to be from one thousand to fifteen hundred of them on the war-path. The three columns already mentioned, each with more than one thousand men, were to strike in from different sides and end the dangerous uprising.

Custer had been despatched to follow a westward Indian trail up the river, discovered by one of his officers, Major Reno. General Terry supposed he would thus cut the Indians off from the east, and Custer would be ready to attack when Gibbon penetrated the country from the north, about the 26th. The latter's last words that noon had been:

"Now, Custer, don't be greedy, but wait for us."

Opinions differ greatly as to the amount of freedom given him by Terry's orders. It seems fairly certain, however, that he was making up his mind to wipe out his official censure by some brilliant success on his own responsibility.

Ordinarily Custer said nothing of his plans till the time came for action. His officers were surprised, therefore, at this first conference, to hear him begin to explain matters. He announced that he had declined Terry's offer of a battalion of the 2d Cavalry and a detachment of gatling-guns; he wished to be free to move rapidly, and thought his own regiment sufficient. He showed clearly that he meant to strike the Indian trail and then "go for" them. There were to be no more bugle-calls; the march was to be silent and rapid as possible, beginning at five in the morning; each troop

commander was to be responsible for everything except starting and going into camp.

As the officers left, they commented on their commander's unusual depression.

"I believe Custer is going to be killed," said one. "I never heard him talk so seriously about a coming fight."

Next morning the regiment started south. Twelve hours of hard marching carried them thirty-three miles through the difficulties of these broken-up, discouraging "Bad Lands." On the 24th they made twenty-eight miles over an even worse country.

Signs of the Indians were plain: large numbers had evidently passed toward a rendezvous to the westward. All fires were put out after supper, and the men got some sleep while scouts and officers studied the trail. Finding that the enemy had gone across the divide between the Rosebud and the Little Big Horn, the column set out shortly before midnight and toiled up the hills till two o'clock, advancing about ten miles.

Unsaddling to rest the tired horses, they halted here. But when the scouts returned, about eight in the morning, and reported that the Indian camp was in the valley of the Little Big Horn, the march was resumed till half past ten.

They were now about sixteen miles from the valley, with an exceedingly rough country ahead, cut up by deep gulches.

Concealing his force in a ravine, Custer went forward with the scouts to reconnoitre.

The smoke of the camp-fires was plainly visible from the hilltop. The sight brought back all the swift decision which had carried the leader to so many dashing victories. He decided to surprise the Indians by an attack at daybreak next morning.

But he did not know that a portion of the great camp was cut off from his view by an intervening bluff: instead of one thousand to fifteen hundred warriors, there were probably twice that many ahead of him. And on his return he found that the Indians had discovered his approach. A box of biscuit had been dropped from the pack-train; sending back for it, an Indian had been seen trying to break it open. Beyond a doubt, the village was warned.

The only effect of this, serious as it was, was to cause Custer to attack at once instead of waiting. His one fear seemed to be that the Indians might escape, as they so often had done. All doubts about orders or anything else had vanished. There was stiff work ahead, of the sort he knew and delighted in. He grasped the opportunity for which he had evidently hoped and planned.

He adopted on a small scale the plan of the whole campaign. Major Reno with three troops was sent to attack the village from the south; Captain Benteen and a similar detachment was to swing across the valley and fall upon them from the west; while Custer himself planned to sweep down on the northern end of the encampment.

It was good strategy, which had often before succeeded.

But its success depended entirely on one of the sudden confident dashes which nearly always threw the loosely organized Indian forces into a panic.

Reno failed completely. He crossed the river, threw out skirmishers, and started down the valley. But so slow and hesitating was his advance that the enemy recovered from their first disorder. Reinforcements were rushed back from the other camps, and

Reno's one hundred and fifty troopers were hotly assailed by an increasing force.

His Arikaree scouts, on the left of the line, gave way immediately—and did not stop running till they reached the Powder River. Breaking through this gap, the Sioux threw the whole line back into the timber by the river. Instead of boldly charging, or even holding his position, Reno presently retreated.

Hotly pursued, he managed to recross the river and take up a position on the bluffs, losing a fifth of his command in the dangerous movement.

During the retreat, Lieutenant Hodgson was wounded and fell into the river. Sergeant Criswell dashed to him and dragged him across, clinging to a stirrup. As they reached the bank, another bullet killed Hodgson. Criswell rallied his men, then coolly rode back and brought off the body, with the ammunition from several fallen horses—untouched by the rain of bullets. He received a medal of honor for his exploit.

Benteen had found almost impossible country and no Indians. Turning to the right he swung down the valley.

He met a trooper with a message from Custer, ordering him to come on quickly and bring the spare ammunition. Exhausted as the horses were, by the heat and the terrible travelling, he set out at a gallop. Through the clouds of dust and smoke, he presently made out Reno's force on the bluff. There was plainly a big fight also farther down the valley; but a Crow scout galloped by pointing to the bluff, and Benteen joined Reno, who was still being assailed. Little as he suspected it, this sealed Custer's fate.

Major Reno was, of course, the superior officer. Hour after hour the force waited there, suffering greatly

from the enemy's fire and from lack of water. They could hear the sounds of battle to the north. Late in the afternoon two heavy volleys brought an evident signal from Custer.

Reno did nothing. The force would have been annihilated but for a desperate charge by Benteen, to which the commander reluctantly assented. Nineteen heroic volunteers brought up a scanty supply of water from the river in the face of heavy fire. After a terrible experience, with many individual acts of bravery, the attack died away in the afternoon and they saw the Indians moving off.

Meanwhile what had become of Custer?

After separating from Reno, he led his force northward as rapidly as the difficult ascent permitted. He was ablaze with eagerness, dashing ahead from time to time, and then reining up for the column.

From one pinnacle, he had a glimpse of the valley, and waved his hat to Reno in the distance.

Galloping back, he called to the captain in the lead:

"Keogh, those Indians are running. If we can keep them at it, we can afford to sacrifice half the horses in the command."

Keogh glanced back at the veterans who had been with them in many a "hot corner."

"General, we'll do all that man and horse can do."

The bugles sounded the charge. The troopers clattered forward, down toward the river, looking for a spot where they could descend to the valley. Several attempts proved fruitless. Realizing probably for the first time the numbers opposed to him, Custer sent back a message to Reno and also to Benteen.

About half past two in the afternoon, Custer turned down toward the river.

The Indians had seen him, however; and their easy repulse of Reno enabled them to mass most of their force against him. With shrewd generalship they made use of deep ravines on each side of the advancing column. Before Custer reached the river, he found himself suddenly attacked in front and on both flanks by a force several times as large as his own.

The assault was transformed into a defense. The men dismounted, the horses were sent to the rear, and with cool courage Custer met these new and unexpected conditions.

Doubtless he still expected that Reno and Benteen would come to his assistance. In any case, he and his little band immortalized themselves by their resolute and telling struggle.

The Indians had better guns. They galloped along the line pouring in a destructive fire. The soldiers answered steadily, making each shot count, undaunted by numbers, by death, wounds and thirst, by carbines in which the cartridges jammed and had to be picked out by knives, by the stampede of one group of horses after another, carrying with them the priceless reserve of ammunition.

The hours passed. Through the smoke and dust and scorching heat they fought on, an ever-lessening band, yet with no sign of faltering.

At last the ammunition ran low. The Indians realized the situation only too well. From three sides they charged upon the pitiful remnant.

Overwhelmed by numbers, Custer and his men went down fighting to the last. A few individuals had made futile efforts to break through. But "the bulk of the command was found just where it had fought, with the troopers in line, their officers in position! They had

Custer found himself suddenly attacked in front and on both flanks

been beaten and killed. Not an officer or man lived to tell the story, but they had not been disgraced."

So died George A. Custer, at the age of thirty-seven—a fitting ending for one of the most romantically brave and dashing officers of the American cavalry.

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC

"My utmost desire and ambition is to look steadily upon danger."

Thus wrote James Wolfe once to his mother. And he had his desire many times. His first attempt at soldiering, when he was only thirteen years old, was cut short by sickness; but in 1742, when he was fifteen, he was an ensign in the 12th Foot in Flanders. At Dettingen his regiment took the brunt of the attack; the boy of sixteen found himself a lieutenant for his share in that. Two years later he was a major at Culloden, where his regiment lost a third of its men. In 1747 he was wounded at Laeffelt and personally thanked for his services by the Duke of Cumberland. His zeal in the blundering expedition against Rochefort caused the King to make him brevet-colonel. And in the trying landing at Louisburg, in 1758, his tall, thin figure stood erect in the bow of his boat, amid a heavy French fire, directing the dash through the pounding surf to the shore.

So he had looked steadily on danger over and over before that capture of Quebec which was the high point of his life.

When Wolfe was appointed in 1759 to lead this supreme effort against the French power in Canada, one of King George's ministers remonstrated, saying the man was mad.

"Mad, is he?" retorted his Majesty. "Then I hope he'll bite some others of my generals."

In fact, the young officer's military reputation was admirable; he had made his regiment a model, and strict disciplinarian as he was, his officers and men worshipped him; his system of manœuvres remained in use long after his death; and his personal courage had been repeatedly manifested.

He was tall and slender, with red hair; solitary, given at times to gloomy musings, and suffering from ill health, he was nevertheless impetuous and easily aroused; and his insatiable ambition for glory ever drove him forward.

He had hoped at this time to rest a while and to be married to the beautiful Miss Lowther (as every reader of Thackeray's "The Virginians" will recall); but though he confidently expected the ocean voyage would break down his health, he had always made it a rule to accept service whenever offered; so in February, 1759, he set sail in command of nine thousand soldiers, with a fleet of twenty-two sail co-operating under Admiral Saunders.

On the 27th of June the young commander had the first sight of the task ahead of him. He stood on a bluff at the north end of the Island of Orleans, three hundred miles up from the mouth of the river. Behind him, anchored beside this long island, lay the fleet. Before him rose the mighty fortress which French experts had boasted to be impregnable.

The river narrowed just above the island to half its former width; here, dominating both shores, the great rock thrust itself defiantly forward. It was over three hundred and thirty feet high, and well fortified. On its sides and at its base lay the town. But the French had not trusted to town and citadel: they had made one great fortress of the whole eight-mile stretch along the

north shore. Protected by the Montmorency River, and its falls on the east, and the lofty plateau on the west, this strong shore was defended by a line of redoubts. Everywhere were batteries and camps. There was an intrenched army to defeat before an invader could get at Quebec at all from this eastern quarter. Montcalm, the French commander, was a skilful veteran, with eleven thousand troops manning these defenses. And Wolfe was assured that the cliffs which lined the river west of the town were unscalable, except at a few easily defended points, so there seemed no chance of gaining this plateau which dominated the city.

His whole plan of campaign must be revised. He felt confident too that he could not hope for Lord Amherst's arrival, with his twelve thousand men, from the Montreal side in time to serve. It was a mighty responsibility.

His thoughts must have been gloomy as he returned to his vessel; and they were not brightened when a sudden terrific storm that night threw the fleet into disorder and wrecked many transports and boats.

However, he hoped to get Montcalm to fight and felt sure of the result on anything like equal terms.

The following weeks brought a series of disappointments. Wolfe occupied Point Levis and bombarded the town of Quebec, but this could have little effect on the final issue. Two attempts by the French to drift down on the fleet with fire-ships came to nothing; but an English attack at Montmorency east of the city was repulsed with heavy loss; and word came that Amherst's force was still at Crown Point and could not arrive before cold weather would drive the fleet down the river.

Wolfe's tireless activity had led him to every sort of exposure. For weeks he was never undressed. He fretted over the passing of the precious weeks with nothing accomplished. Presently he went down with fever.

A council of war was held, and it was decided that the best chance lay in a blow somewhere to the westward of the town.

Wolfe's main anxiety was lest he might not be able to lead this in person.

"I know that you cannot cure me," said he to his physician, "but if you can fix me up so that I will not suffer pain for two or three days and can do my duty—that is all I ask."

To the joy of the French, who thought the siege was being raised, the English began retiring from the Montmorency heights at the beginning of September. They concentrated at Point Levis, and with each favorable wind more ships moved up above the city.

That a new blow was impending was evident; but Montcalm could hardly learn the point threatened, for the English leader did not know this himself.

As late as September 8, Wolfe, pale and weak from his illness, sat in his cabin on the *Sutherland*, and wrote home that he had about three thousand six hundred troops waiting to attack when and where they best could. "My constitution is utterly ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, or without any prospect of it."

Yet, gloomy as he might be, he was still searching for the most hopeful point of attack. As he had once said of another man: "Don't talk to me of constitution: he had good spirit and that will carry a man through everything."

He had repeatedly explored the whole shore for miles west of Quebec, but on the 10th, he examined with a telescope from the south shore a spot pointed out to him by Major Stobo, who had been a captive in Quebec and had recently escaped.

Here he could see a small cave; a stream, St. Denis brook, tumbling down the face of the cliff, a path slanting upward; and a cluster of a dozen tents at the top with no movement near them.

Clearly the post was not well guarded. With good luck, a night attack might get past—and once on the Plains of Abraham, as the plateau was called, he felt he could inevitably master Quebec sooner or later.

The plan was hazardous. A handful of men at the top of this breakneck path could hold it against an army.

But Wolfe had learned that Vergor, who was in charge of these French outposts, was worthless as a soldier. He resolved to make the attempt.

The night of the 12th was set for the enterprise. Wolfe had three thousand six hundred men aboard the ships, and one thousand two hundred more were ordered to march along the south shore after nightfall, ready for re-embarking.

For days the vessels had drifted up and down with the tide keeping the Frenchmen ever uncertain as to where the next attempt at landing might be made. To add to this, those below Quebec now made a feint of attacking on the Beauport shore, completely deceiving Montcalm, who thought the real effort would be there.

So anxious was Wolfe to keep his plan a secret, that his own brigadiers did not know on the day beforehand just where he purposed to land.

He had learned from deserters that provision-boats were to drop down the river to Quebec that night. He did not know that the order had been countermanded, but that by a miracle of good luck for him the sentries knew of the instructions but not the change.

A number of large bateaux and other boats had been gathered together, capable of holding about one thousand seven hundred men.

The general had issued his final orders to his troops, reminding them that a vigorous blow now might decide the fate of Canada, ordering the battalions to form speedily when they reached the summit and drive off the enemy till all were in place. "The officers and men will remember what their country expects of them," it said.

In his cabin on the *Sutherland* Wolfe gave his friend Jervis his will and a miniature of his betrothed, Miss Lowther, which he carried on his breast. If he fell, it was to go back to her.

At midnight a lantern at the flag-ship's maintop gave the signal. The troops in the first division embarked quietly in the flat-bottomed boats. Toward two in the morning the little flotilla cast loose, Wolfe in the stern of a heavily loaded craft in the van. With tide and wind favoring them, they swept slowly and noiselessly down-stream in the darkness, using the oars only for steering.

It was a solemn moment for James Wolfe. Whatever others thought of his achievements thus far, they were far below his ambitious dreams. Now, at least, it looked as if the chance to make himself a place in history might lie ahead there in the blackness.

There was no moon, and a September mist obscured the stars. Only the ripple of the water against the

boat and the sighing of the southwest breeze through the trees on shore came to the ears of the little party.

The leader's mind went back to England and those he loved there. His physical sufferings made him wonder if he should ever again see his betrothed, or the mother to whom he had been so devoted.

His musings found natural expression in some stanzas of one of his favorite poems, Gray's "Elegy." In a low voice he repeated:

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour;
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The little group about him was silent.

"Gentlemen," said Wolfe with animation, "I would rather have written that poem than take Quebec."

He had hardly finished when the hulk of an English vessel loomed up ahead in the channel. It was the *Hunter* waiting to intercept the French provision-boats. As they drew near, Wolfe's trained ear caught sounds he recognized only too well: thinking this was the enemy, the *Hunter* was bringing its guns to bear on his boat. In another moment they would have fired. But the leader hailed them cautiously and the expedition swept past in safety.

They neared the spot which had been marked. The beach here by the *Anse du Foulon* (Fuller's Cave—now Wolfe's Cave) was patrolled by French sentries.

Presently a challenge rang out from the shore:

"*Qui vive?*"

"*La France,*" called back an officer who luckily spoke excellent French.

"*À quel régiment?*" demanded the sentry.

"*De la Reine*," answered the Highlander. "We are the provision-boats," he continued. "But hush, we may be heard by the enemy's ship yonder."

The unsuspecting sentinel let them pass.

A few minutes later the commander's boat scraped on the sand. He was the first to leap ashore. In a moment there were grouped about him twenty-four officers who had volunteered tc lead the way up the path.

Wolfe looked upward at the precipice rising into obscurity. It was four o'clock. They had but a short while before dawn. The narrow zigzag path up the heights was, as he knew, obstructed by rocks and trees. It was difficult enough even when cleared and by daylight. He turned and saw the men disembarking from the other boats, some of which had gone too far.

"You must get up as you can, my lads."

Strapping their muskets to their backs, the volunteers began their perilous climb, pulling themselves up by trees and bushes and points of rock. Three Light Infantry companies followed.

As they neared the top, a sentry challenged them.

Captain Macdonald began to answer in French. But the impatient volunteers threw themselves forward, gaining the summit in one breathless dash.

The sentry fired. Vergor, the French commander at the spot, was asleep. He ran out. But he had only thirty men, having allowed the rest to go away to gather their crops. The volunteers rushed upon them, and some of the Light Infantry appeared behind these. Losing heart, the Frenchmen ran. Vergor got a ball in the heel. One man was captured.

In the keenest anxiety, Wolfe waited below with the rest of his one thousand six hundred troops. Suddenly

he heard a few shots, followed almost immediately by English cheers.

He gave the word. Headed by their general, the men swarmed up the cliff, up the path—any way they could. In an incredibly short time Wolfe had this advance force drawn up to protect the head of the path.

Day was just breaking. Spurred on by his fiery ardor, the movement was hurried through as he had planned. The other detachments were ferried over and brought up the cleared path in double file. With the greatest effort, one gun was dragged to the summit.

As the sun appeared over the eastern hills, its level rays fell upon a force of four thousand eight hundred Englishmen, drawn up in battle array on the heights.

Before them stretched the undulating, tree-dotted Plains of Abraham, level with the highest part of Quebec. They were only a mile from the town. Not an enemy was in sight. By the most amazing combination of chances, the venturesome attempt had succeeded. The surprise had been complete. The only loss had been a handful of men killed by a volley from a French battery at Samos, above the landing-place.

Montcalm was at his headquarters far to the east of Quebec. He had been up all night expecting an assault.

When the sound of the guns at Samos was heard, he exclaimed to his secretary that it meant disaster to the convoy of provisions so greatly needed.

While they were discussing this, a breathless soldier burst in. He declared he was the only survivor of Vergor's post, and that the English held the heights.

It seemed so incredible that Montcalm did not even send for further information. An hour or more later a courier brought word that there really were English on the heights. Hastening detachments thither, Mont-

calm rode swiftly to the Governor's quarters in the city. He looked across the table-land. There he saw not a raiding detachment as he had supposed, but the whole British army. It was as if that menacing "thin red line" had appeared by magic in this unexpected quarter.

"I see them," said the Marquis to his excited companions. "I see them where they ought not to be. This, my friends, is a serious business."

He was urged to delay and bring up reinforcements. But the intrepid old warrior refused. "We cannot avoid the issue," said he. "The enemy is intrenching and already has cannon. If we give him time to make his position good we can never attack him. We must crush them before midday," was his decision. He sent forward one thousand five hundred militia to harass the English by sharpshooting while he gathered his forces.

The sharpshooters soon laid so many of Wolfe's men low, that he had them driven back by bayonet charges, but the English had not yet fired a shot. Wolfe "seemed to be in all parts of the field at once," holding his men to strict order, cheering them in this trying situation, waiting coolly for the real attack he was expecting.

He saw a captain fall, badly wounded. Bending over him, he told him not to give up hope, and promised him promotion for his gallantry. And, at this crisis, he actually sent a message to General Monckton to carry out these instructions in case he himself fell in action. (The captain survived—and got his promotion.)

At eight o'clock the English commander saw the heads of the French columns skirting the ramparts beyond the plateau. He gave a sigh of relief. Here

was what he had been waiting for. Calmly he ordered his men to lie down and rest.

The French advanced in three divisions, numbering about seven thousand five hundred men, with parties of Indians. In the middle came the regulars led by the veteran Montcalm on a black charger.

Facing this division stood Wolfe, watching the enemy like a wrestler about to close. Seeing an attempt to outflank his left, he reformed this to meet the danger.

At nine o'clock the French were in line. Wolfe waved his sword. His men behind him sprang to their feet. Six hundred yards apart the two armies faced each other. On the issue of the next hour depended the destiny of half the North American continent. Montcalm rode up and down his line, animating his men.

At five minutes past ten the French charged, with flags flying and "uttering their war-cry in the old-time fashion."

Wolfe had ordered his men not to return a shot till the foe was within forty yards. The ground directly in front of his lines descended into an uneven hollow and he saw the advantage he would have at close range.

The sun had come out from behind the clouds. Its brilliance lit up the scarlet uniforms of the English, the gay tartans of the Highlanders. They made ideal marks for the French, who began firing when they were within two hundred yards.

The British lines, drawn up as if on parade, received the volley in grim silence. The only motion was the closing up of ranks when a man fell.

A ball struck Wolfe in the wrist, severing the tendons. The pain was agonizing. He tied a handkerchief about

it, and walked calmly up and down in front of his line, exhorting his men to stand firm and await the word.

At last the French were ascending the broken slope, barely forty yards away.

"Present—fire!" rang out the command.

A simultaneous discharge followed, like the report of a cannon—"one of the most tremendous and effective volleys that had ever been delivered since the invention of gunpowder."

As the smoke cleared slightly, a great gap in the French ranks and heaps of dead and wounded showed what frightful execution had been done. The British reloaded and fired again, and again. In fifteen minutes there were more gaps than ranks in the enemy's line. Montcalm galloped to and fro striving to rally his men.

Wolfe saw the moment had come. His tall figure in a bright new uniform was most conspicuous as he placed himself at the head of his grenadiers and gave the order to charge.

In the very act of waving his sword for the advance he was struck a second time. It was a dangerous wound, but he had often said that "while a man is able to do his duty, and to stand and hold his arms, it is infamous to retire"; and he lived up to his maxim.

Calling to his aroused men, he pressed forward, and the whole force dashed upon the enemy at a run.

A third ball struck Wolfe in the chest. He staggered on, trying to keep pace with his comrades. But after a few steps he reeled. The charge swept past him.

"Support me," he gasped to a lieutenant beside him. "Don't let our brave fellows see me fall. The day is ours—keep it."

As he spoke, he sank to the ground.

The lieutenant and three others lifted him and carried him a little toward the rear. The grenadiers had gone on; they did not even know their leader was struck.

The anxious bearers rested their burden against a small redoubt. One proposed to go for a surgeon.

"It is useless," murmured Wolfe. "It is all over with me."

For a few seconds there was silence. They feared he was already gone.

Suddenly a messenger close by called out: "They run—they run!"

The words seemed to electrify the dying general. He started up.

"Who run?" he asked, with the air of a man just waking.

"The enemy, sir," was the reply. "They give way everywhere."

"Run quickly to Colonel Burton," commanded Wolfe. "Tell him to march Webb's regiment down to the St. Charles and cut off the retreat to the bridge."

The effort had exhausted his strength. Turning over on his side, he murmured:

"Now God be praised, I die happy."

The brave Montcalm, too, had received a mortal wound. "I am glad of it," said he. "I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

He died the following day. Four days later the keys of Quebec were delivered to the British commander. Small as the engagement was, in its results it was one of the great battles of the world.

Wolfe's remains were borne home in state and

England mourned her hero who had given her a new empire.

This inscription stands in marble in Westminster Abbey:

To the memory of
JAMES WOLFE
Major-General and Commander-in-Chief
of the British land forces
on an expedition against Quebec,
Who, after surmounting by Ability and Valour
All obstacles of Art and Nature
Was slain, in the moment of Victory
on the XIII of September, MDCCLIX.,
The King and Parliament of Great Britain
Dedicate this monument.

## CHAPTER XXII

### HOW "MAD ANTHONY" TOOK STONY POINT

In 1779 the British held New York, with a force several times as great as that under Washington in New Jersey. Sir Henry Clinton sailed up the Hudson in May, and easily captured the fortifications which had been started by the Americans to guard the ferry from Stony Point, on the west shore, to Verplanck's.

Having strengthened and garrisoned these strategic points, he tried to draw Washington to the east of the Hudson by a descent on the Connecticut shore. But the American general decided that a better answer to this feint would be the recapture of Stony Point.

For this difficult attempt he selected General Wayne, who had already won his nickname of "Mad Anthony" by his personal gallantry, but who had also made a reputation in the past three years as an able commander.

"Where Wayne went, there was a fight always; that was his business."

This was a task which demanded a fighting leader. Stony Point was a rugged promontory of a hundred acres, jutting far out into the river and rising one hundred and forty feet into the air, steep on all sides, but especially precipitous toward the land. A swamp turned it practically into an island, with one causeway crossing from the mainland; but at low tide there was a narrow beach at each end of this march.

The British had been working "like a Parsel of Devils" in strengthening this natural fortress, which

they called "Little Gibralter." They had garrisoned it with six hundred men, and thrown up fourteen lines of breastworks, commanding every possible line of attack; half-way down the hill were two rows of great trees, felled with their branches pointing downward, to form a double abatis; and batteries of twenty-one guns, including a ten-inch mortar and two twenty-four-pounders, frowned above these obstacles. In addition, several war-vessels lay in the river, their guns commanding much of the lower ground.

Indeed, when Wayne studied this stronghold from the heights of the Donderberg, between it and his camp at Fort Montgomery, he wrote to Washington that its capture by storm did not seem practicable. But he added: "Whenever you may order it, I will attempt the surprise."

In a conference on July 10, he expressed this more strongly, according to Irving. "General," he exclaimed, "if *you* will plan it, I'll storm hell."

It was decided to make the attempt on the night of July 15. Wayne took every precaution to keep his plans from the enemy: his patrols killed every dog within three miles of the point, lest some barking cur should give the alarm; and no communication with the fort was allowed, "Widow Calhoun and another widow going to the enemy with chickens and greens" being arrested by one party.

On the morning of the appointed day the Light Infantry, one thousand three hundred and fifty strong, were drawn up on parade at Fort Montgomery. By special orders of "the Dandy," as Mad Anthony was also called, they were "fresh shaved and well powdered."

At eight that night the column had made its way

silently southward over the mountain trails to Springsteel's farm. Here they could see the lights of Stony Point, a mile and a half away to the east; and here the men learned for the first time what was ahead of them.

They were formed in three columns, and in the silence of the summer night the order of battle was read. One detachment, led by Wayne and Febiger, was to attack from the southern end of the swamp, preceded by Colonel Fleury with one hundred and fifty picked men. Another was to strike from the north—these two assaults being made with arms unloaded, "placing their *whole* dependence on fixed bayonets." The third column's part was a feigned attack across the causeway, firing rapidly to divert the enemy's attention from the real attempt.

Utter silence was to be observed, and any man who fired before orders was to be instantly put to death by the nearest officers.

Each man was given a piece of white paper to fasten to his hat, that they might know friend from enemy in the darkness. "When the works are forced, and *not before*, the victorious troops will give the watchword, 'The fort is ours,' with repeated and loud voices." Rewards were offered to the first men entering the works: any one who ran or skulked was to be shot immediately.

The order wound up:

"As General Wayne is determined to share the danger of the night, so he wishes to participate in the glory of the day, in common with his fellow soldiers."

Wayne and a few of the officers cautiously reconnoitred, checked up each route, and found no sign that the British anticipated their coming.

Then, at half past eleven, the commander took his place at the head of Febiger's detachment.

"Forward," said he.

The three detachments crept ahead into the blackness. They passed down the slope for half a mile, then separated, each making for its allotted post. Twenty axemen were in front to cut a path through the abatis. Every man was tense with anticipation, wondering when the big guns would flame out from the stronghold looming up ahead, hoping for success in the daring effort, but hardly venturing to breathe as they drew closer and closer to the silent bulk on the height.

Half an hour after midnight, Wayne and his four or five hundred men reached the southern end of the swamp. The tide was in, and instead of a sand-beach there was a stretch of water two hundred yards wide and waist-deep.

There was no help for it. The leading squad splashed into the water. The noise cut sharply through the quiet night air. A British sentry on the opposite shore heard it and promptly challenged:

"Who goes there?"

There was no answer.

The sentry's gun flashed in the darkness. A bullet *zipped* along beside the waders. The report that broke the silence sounded like a cannon to the strained ears of the attacking party.

"Advance! Advance!" called Wayne.

The men abandoned all effort at concealment and floundered desperately across the little bay. They heard the central column of their comrades open a spluttering fire at the causeway, in an attempt to do their part. Before they were half-way across, they

heard more than this. There were alarms and the roll of drums and sharp commands from the fort above; then, with a roar, the guns of the batteries came into action.

Heeding neither grape-shot nor musket-balls, the little force reached the shore and raced upward with fixed bayonets. Those in advance reached the abatis, and their skilled axes were instantly busy.

In a few moments they had opened a gap through both lines of obstructions. Wayne's party rushed through, climbing over trunks and stakes. But at this moment a terrific volley from the fort swept the breach.

Seventeen men fell. Wayne himself went down, struck in the head.

"March on," he shouted.

Then he called to his aides. "Help me into the fort," he commanded. "If this is mortal, I'll die at the head of my column."

Up they went, Wayne supported by his officers. They were muddy, wet, ragged, breathless, wounded. Volley after volley of musketry, of shells and grape-shot rained upon them. Nothing could stop the charge.

Colonel Fleury was the first over the breastworks, but the rest were close behind. The gunners were thrown back by the impetuous onset.

As the leaders gained a footing within the fortifications, they set up a shout, according to orders: "The fort's our own! The fort's our own!"

The cry was repeated down the line, as the Americans threw themselves upon the confused garrison in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle.

In a few moments it was re-echoed from the other side of the fort, the column from the north having

reached the fortifications almost simultaneously with Wayne's body.

To add to the confusion of the British, the firing from the causeway was mistaken for the real attack, as had been planned.

In consequence, the various companies of the garrison were disordered and isolated. Although the 17th Regiment had a fighting record in the British army, and though individual detachments resisted to the utmost, the two wings of the American attack swept all before them.

In less than half an hour all was over. Stony Point had been taken. The British flag was hauled down, the guns trained on the ships in the river. The British had lost sixty-three killed, seventy wounded, and four hundred and seventy-three were taken prisoners—instant quarter being given when asked for. One lieutenant escaped by swimming to the war-ship *Vulture* in the river.

On the American side there were fifteen killed and eighty-three wounded, two-thirds of these casualties being among Wayne's column.

The latter paid no attention to his own wound. His despatch to General Washington ran as follows:

"The fort and garrison with Colonel Johnson are ours.

"Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free."

From a military point of view Stony Point was a slight matter. But as a gallant exploit it deserves the fame it reflected upon "Mad Anthony," who became more than ever the idol of his soldiers.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### WINNING A MEDAL OF HONOR

DURING the American Civil War, Congress decided to recognize, by the award of a medal of honor, acts of conspicuous bravery, outside the strict lines of duty and performed on a soldier's own initiative.

About one thousand four hundred of these medals were awarded up to the Spanish War, twenty-six more being granted during that conflict. There is a tale of bravery back of every one of these medals. Perhaps as good an example as any of the "fighting spirit" is the action that won this coveted reward for Private Michael Dillon.

On May 5, 1862, General Hooker's division, after a long march through rain and mud, became engaged with the Confederates at Fort Magruder, near Williamsburg, Virginia.

The fight went on in a drenching storm all afternoon. Hooker's ammunition ran low, reinforcements did not come, and the tired soldiers were feeling all the depression of a hard struggle under such conditions against a superior force.

The Confederates charged repeatedly from the fort, and during one of these onslaughts they captured a battery of four guns.

The guns were important, but there was in addition that feeling of disgrace at losing artillery, second in a soldier's mind only to the loss of colors.

A youngster named Michael Dillon, a private in the 2d New Hampshire Infantry, sprang to his feet. Calling his companions to join him, he started forward.

His lieutenant called him back, fearing his reckless exposure would concentrate the enemy's fire on their position.

"Get down, Dillon!" he shouted. "You're drawing their fire."

But Dillon was beyond thought of discipline or anything else except those guns.

"What are we here for?" he retorted. "Come on, boys, come on!" said he to his hesitating fellows. "We mustn't let them have that battery."

His example was catching. A group of daredevils leaped up alongside of him. Waving his arms in the air, the young private, who had suddenly transformed himself into a leader, dashed forward through the smoke and débris with his volunteers behind him.

Dillon was struck in the leg by a ball. He stanched the flow of blood and kept on. Just as they reached the enemy, an exploding shell shattered his musket in his hands.

Throwing away the useless fragment, he picked up the weapon of a fallen companion, and plunged into the mêlée with his little group.

The charge was so bold and sudden that the Confederates were thrown into confusion. In a few minutes of savage hand-to-hand fighting, Battery H of the 1st Artillery was recaptured and brought off in triumph.

There are several other glimpses of Dillon in action. A month later, just before the battle of Oak Grove, General Hooker called for volunteers to take a redoubt beside the Williamsburg road.

It looked like a forlorn hope, but Dillon was one of the first to step forward.

His lieutenant again remonstrated with him, saying

that he would be needed with the command, as there was desperate work ahead. But Dillon's fighting blood was up.

"General Hooker needs desperate work done too," said he. "He's asked for volunteers, and I'm going."

The volunteers charged across an open field, in the face of a withering fire of artillery and musketry. Nothing could stop them. Dillon was among the leaders as they scrambled over the parapet. In a few moments of deadly struggle, they swept the Confederates back and the redoubt was captured.

Again, a week later, he was in the tragic Seven Days' battles before Richmond. There was a lull in the fighting. Young Dillon set out alone on a scouting expedition. Crawling forward at dusk among the grass and bushes, he reached the enemy's line, managed to secrete himself where he could overhear a discussion of the Confederate plans, and returned safely with information that enabled General Hooker to alter his plans and win a victory in the ensuing fight.

Every war produces such men. Death loses its terrors in the excitement of a dash against overwhelming odds. Clearly Michael Dillon can well stand as a type of such a soldier.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### TWO SCOTCHMEN—AND A MACHINE-GUN

The great war which convulsed the world in 1914 has often been spoken of as a conflict of science and organization, rather than of soldiers. It is true that enormous guns, air-ships, submarines, poison-gas, and the wonderfully accurate and effective handling of men and supplies somewhat obscure the individuals in that colossal struggle.

But whenever battle was joined the brave man stood out as he has done since the beginning of history. It would be easy to fill many volumes with the exploits of men who distinguished themselves in any one of the armies.

Let us listen to a Scotchman's own story of how he won the Victoria Cross. This little piece of bronze, simply inscribed "For Valor," has for half a century been one of the most prized rewards of the English soldier, sailor, or civilian.

George Wilson says:

"The proudest minute in my life was when the King pinned the Victoria Cross on my breast and talked to me for a few minutes.

"'You're not a very big man but you've got a very big heart. Truly I'm proud of my soldiers.' These were the words he used, and there were tears in his eyes. The King also asked me what were my feelings while I was going through the job, and I told him the thing I remembered best was when the German officer tried to shoot me with his revolver and I put the bayonet through him.

"After the retirement from Mons the Highland Light Infantry came to a village called Verneuil, and we were intrenched there. Not far off a few snipers were potting away. One of our officers got up out of the trench and was just kneeling down and putting the binoculars to his eyes when a bullet struck him. He rolled over dead. I was a few paces off, and turning to the next man, I said: 'Poor Powell is over and I'll have revenge.'

"We tried all we could to locate the snipers, and I was lucky to get a good sight of them. Two bullets from my rifle did for them, and then we advanced cautiously nearer the enemy. When we were getting nearer I was surprised to see a number of spiked bayonets. I was taken aback for a second, but then I decided to make a rush for it.

"Shouting at the top of my voice, 'Charge, men, charge,' I rushed at them. They were taken by surprise and threw down their rifles. Two men in the Middlesex regiment came up and I told them to look after the Germans. There were eight of them.

"Farther along I took up my position in a trench, but when I looked over I was horrified to see men lying about in all sorts of positions. Some were dead and others were writhing in agony. I asked the man next me what was wrong, and he said: 'It's a Maxim, and it's not done with its work yet.'

"I stood up to see for myself. The machine-gun of the Germans was not a great distance off, and I said to myself: 'It will kill us all if something doesn't happen to it.' I thought I would at least have one good shot, and got in position to fire. The officer told me to get down, but I was so excited that I ran forward. Beside me there was a man in the Middlesex

regiment and he turned to me and said: 'Jack, will you have a try to stop the gun?' I said I would, and he replied: 'I'll go with you.'

"By this time we had got beyond range of the officer's orders, for we had gone without permission.

"Then began a journey that as long as I live will ever remain in my memory.

"The Germans saw us coming and bullets flew thick around us. My pal was struck in several places and dropped. I ran zigzag and dropped on my knees to take a shot at the operators of the machine-gun. My first shot knocked the man sitting on the Maxim backward. His place was taken by another German, but he, too, I accounted for. How I escaped being hit myself I cannot explain. There seemed to me a good Providence keeping guard over me.

"When four of the Germans were killed, there only remained an officer beside the gun. He had crept behind it and was waiting for me with his automatic pistol ready.

"I rushed forward, yelling at the top of my voice, when the pistol started to spit. One bullet just passed the side of my head and my ear tingled. That was all the damage that German officer did. I sprang at him in wild fury and drove the bayonet straight into his body. He collapsed, and to withdraw the steel I had to put my foot on his face. My clothes were spattered with blood, but I felt much easier in mind, and I put down my rifle and turned to the belt containing ammunition.

"There were over seven hundred rounds left. I shifted the Maxim round in the direction of the Germans. They were over a hundred yards off and massed in close formation. I started firing, and to my delight

I saw big holes being made in their ranks, for it was impossible to miss them. They fell in bunches and the heaps kept piling up.

"The enemy now saw the deadly effect of their own gun being used against themselves and sent shells in my direction. They flew on all sides of me and threw up dirt and splinters, but not once was I struck. I continued working the Maxim until the Germans fled in disorder.

"There must have been four companies of Germans altogether, and I reckon the Maxim accounted for at least half their number—two hundred men.

"As there was no further use in my remaining where I was, I took the gun and two boxes of ammunition back to our lines. I hadn't gone very far when I began to feel sickish, but once I came near our own lads I bucked up and an officer came to meet me.

"'There's the thing that's been causing all the damage,' I said to him, and he replied: 'You have done splendidly.'

"Then I was told that my comrade was still lying out in the open, and I told those near me that I would fetch him in. They told me not to risk it, as the snipers were again busy potting. However, I wasn't going to rest until I had made an effort to save him.

"I reached my pal all safe and lifted him on my shoulder. When I had gone a few yards a terrible storm of bullets hailed around us. I felt the finger of one of my hands tingle. A bullet had just grazed it. My poor mate was, however, struck several times, and he did not live long after I carried him into our lines.

"His dying words to me were: 'Thank God you got that gun.'"

## CHAPTER XXV

### DUELS BETWEEN AEROPLANE AND ZEPPELIN

It is a great temptation to tell some more stories of the men who won the Victoria Cross in the great war: Sergeant O'Leary, who charged ahead of his fellow guards at Cuinchy, took a German trench with two barricades, killed eight men, and captured two more and a machine-gun—single-handed; Miller of the "Black Watch," whose comment upon the desperate struggle was, "I'm telling ye, laddie, it was a wee bit warm"; Lieutenant Dimmer, who stuck to his gun till it was blown to fragments and he was wounded five times; and a host of others. Moreover, these stirring exploits could be duplicated from the records of every country engaged in the struggle.

Some of the most dramatic events were in the new battle-field of the air.

In June, 1915, Victor Chapman, a young American in the French Aviation Corps, was carrying some oranges to a near-by hospital when he came upon three French aeroplanes beset by four Germans. Rising to a great height, he swooped down into the fight. In a few moments his accurate fire sent two German machines to earth. Then the redoubtable Captain Boelke managed to turn and rake him with a machine-gun—and the gallant youngster plunged lifeless down to the German lines.

Before the end of the war's third year, one French airman, refused admittance to the army five times be-

cause of his size, and having joined the flying corps, had accounted for nearly forty enemy aeroplanes; and Baron von Richthofen, on the German side, had brought down sixty-two hostile machines; each combat representing a tale of intrepidity well worth telling. It would be hard to exaggerate the courage displayed every day by hundreds of fliers when the aerial forces were once organized.

A particularly picturesque combat was between an aeroplane and a Zeppelin in the first year.

At three o'clock in the morning of June 7, 1915, a Zeppelin air-ship appeared over the British lines in Belgium. It was returning from an attack on the English coast or from a scouting expedition.

Among the airmen there was a young Canadian sub-lieutenant, A. J. Warneford. He had made his first aeroplane flight only four months before, and had joined the flying squadron one month back, but had already made his mark as a born aviator, with an utter disregard of danger.

Warneford instantly leaped into his machine and started in pursuit accompanied by a French aviator in his aeroplane.

Their rifle-fire produced no result, the Germans replying with rifles and machine-guns.

At once, too, the Zeppelin began to rise to keep above her wasp-like enemies.

A thrilling struggle for position followed. In great spirals Warneford circled up and up, following the giant air-ship, which was all the time speeding toward her home hangar at Ghent.

At the end of about twenty minutes the Zeppelin was ten or fifteen miles from the spot where she had been sighted and nearly a mile high. But the persistent

Warneford could not be shaken off. He was using the tactics of a king-bird attacking a crow.

On and up he circled, till he found himself, at an altitude of six thousand feet, speeding directly above the great gas-bag.

With cool accuracy he began to drop his explosive bombs, as if at target practice. Two or three slight explosions showed that his missiles had found their mark.

The sixth again fell squarely upon the vulnerable bag of the air-ship.

There was a terrific roar and burst of flame. Suddenly converted into a mass of blazing wreckage, the great Zeppelin fell like a meteor to the earth, carrying all its crew to destruction and setting fire to the buildings on which it landed.

The force of the explosion directly beneath him turned Warneford's monoplane completely upside down. The machine pitched and tossed in the swift air-currents, and it looked as if the leviathan's expiring breath would surely involve its destroyer in its own ruin.

The plucky aviator, however, did not lose heart.

Making a supreme effort, he succeeded in righting the machine and planed down from his lofty position to earth, far within the enemy's lines.

He alighted unhurt. Quickly the propeller was started once more, and rising aloft he flew back to his own camp in safety.

King George bestowed the Victoria Cross on the young Canadian by telegram the following day; and upon the recommendation of General Joffre, the French Legion of Honor also rewarded his intrepid feat.

Another successful Zeppelin chase took place in the spring of 1916.

"Another raid across England—the bombs, dropped from the clouds, burst into little fires below—the great Zeppelins, their work done for the night, are ploughing homeward through the clouds. But there is one that lags behind. Perhaps there was engine trouble, perhaps the pilot went astray, possibly it was sent out on a longer course than the rest. At all events, it is seen emerging in the dawn, a gray bulk against a gray sky, trailing such a cloud of smoke as indicates that the engines are at full speed in a frantic endeavor to get home before hostile aeroplanes can rise to the attack. Already the commander detects two moving dots on the sky behind him and regards them anxiously. The wireless has flashed a report of the raid from England, and the French airmen have been on the lookout for the raider. As the German watches them, they poise a moment, then dart upward, and every moment grow slightly larger to the sight. They have seen the airship and are in pursuit. Can he outrun them?

"This is the drama staged in the story of a young American air-pilot with the French army. As his aeroplane rose to join in the chase and the others closed in on the Zeppelin, the German craft took refuge in the clouds.

"A brilliant burst of sunlight suddenly reveals the ship to the aviators, and the Zeppelin captain also discovers us as we wheel around to pursue. We are at a lower level and we promptly start climbing. The Zeppelin leaps upward, and, setting her elevation-planes, seeks to gain a still greater advantage in height.

"To us below it looked as though pursuit were helpless, but we held on grimly. Steadily we gained in forward speed. Our engines were fresh, while the

Zeppelin motors were feeling the strain of long running at high speed. When the affair settled into a stern chase the Zeppelin opened fire.

"We were prepared for this and kept as close as possible in the wake of the German ship, thus masking the guns in the forward cabin. But the Zeppelin, learning a lesson from previous encounters, had guns in the rear cabin, and, despite the disadvantage of shooting in a line parallel with the keel, they made rapid practice on the aeroplanes.

"The situation grew desperate for the Zeppelin. All the ballast had been thrown out, gasolene was running short, and the engines were showing signs of increasing weakness and irregular running.

"Undeterred by the guns, one of our squadron of aeroplanes had already climbed to the same level as the air-ship and was steadily rising to a height where it would be concealed from the Zeppelin guns by the body of the ship itself. A great burst of forward speed could alone save the commander of the Zeppelin from being overtaken by the enemy.

"The machine which I was piloting was the second to rise above the fire-zone, though one ragged wing showed a wound of the fray.

"As a balloon the Zeppelin could rise no higher, for all her ballast had been sacrificed. The captain decided to bring his elevating planes back to normal and stake all on a high-speed flight in a horizontal course. He was encouraged in this by the sight of his German lines below, with the landmarks which he knew so well. Puffs of smoke told him that the aeroplanes were being shelled by German gunners, that the bombardment showered upon us might relieve him at any moment. Indeed, some of the shots burst so near the Zeppelin

that the commander must have had an indifferent opinion of the gunners' marksmanship.

"Then suddenly the firing from below ceased. Too well the commander of the Zeppelin knew what that meant! The gunners below dared not fire for fear of hitting his ship, and so the planes must now be poised directly above him, the vantage-point from which a dirigible is always utterly at the mercy of any aeroplane armed with bombs.

"When I talked afterward with a comrade in a machine below the level of the Zeppelin, he told me of the intense agony which the Zeppelin crew suffered as they looked at each other with horror-stricken eyes. Without doubt their one possessing thought was: 'What is happening above us?' From their little cabins there was no possibility of an upward survey, for the great body of the ship loomed above them, shutting out the overhead view.

"But the crew of the Zeppelin could picture in their minds' eyes those two gaunt birds, of which I happened to be piloting one, flying after them remorselessly as Fate, and inch by inch gaining on them. Well did the crew know that the Zeppelin would soon be beneath the aeroplanes. A bomb will drop on the great ship's back, and then——

"In a frenzy the captain plunged his ship downward and swung her to the right with a swerve that threatened to break her spine. But the elephantine manœuvre availed him little. We in the aeroplanes could dive and swerve with the grace of swallows, while the giant ship lumbered like a derelict balloon.

"We summoned up all our remaining nerve-energy. Our prize was just within our grasp—he must not escape. If he did we would most easily become the

prey of the anti-aircraft guns that were waiting their chance to send aloft their deadly hail of shrapnel.

"Down swept our bombs with unerring accuracy. There was a dull thud and then a sheet of flame, spreading with lightning speed, in a moment enveloping the entire massive vessel. The burning hydrogen consumed it with appalling fury, and in a few instants the great ship, crumbling and melting, hurtled to earth like a blazing meteor.

"From the earth many guns spoke. They but served only for the firing-salute over the graves of the fallen."

# PART IV

## SOME EXPLOITS ON THE SEA

*The sea mothers hardy spirits. Her sons who face her mighty wrath take little heed of human odds. There is an epic strain, a Viking blaze, in every seafaring race, no matter what be the nationality, which is aroused by the fierce emergencies of battle.*

*The first difficulty in this section was to select a few from among so many. To leave out Salamis, to omit all those stormy romances of the "baresark" Norsemen, of Drake, Van Tromp, De Ruyter, Jean Bart, and many another seemed impossible. Equally so not to tell of that superb attack, in April, 1917, of two English captains, in the little vessels "Swift" and "Broke," upon a flotilla of six German destroyers raiding in the Straits of Dover: how they dashed upon the enemy, ramming and firing, torpedoing one which had surrendered and then treacherously renewed the fight—till two of the raiders were sunk, and the rest ignominiously fled.*

*There would be no end to the sea-stories if one did not simply make an end.*

*There is another stumbling-block. Ordinary prose, the calm phrases of peaceful life, become childishly inadequate to portray the figures that dominate the great crises of naval warfare—Grenville in his little "Revenge" fighting twenty larger Spanish war-ships to a standstill, Nelson signalling his fleet at Trafalgar to "Engage the enemy more closely," Paul Jones at that volcanic moment when*

*he had "just begun to fight." These seem like Supermen. They require meteor words, an alphabet of wings and fire.*

*And while we hope for the day when no man will wish to slay a fellow man because he is of another nation, we find inspiration in the deeds of these flaming spirits. We can separate their mastery from its motives and its results. We can glory in these evidences that man's nature may be forged and tempered and whetted to such a sword-edge—confident that in the future this cleaving weapon will serve against the common enemies of humanity even more nobly than it has in these civil wars of mankind.*

*Lest we forget this, our common heritage, there follow a few glimpses of man indomitable on the face of the waters.*

## CHAPTER XXVI

### THE EPIC OF THE *REVENGE*

Over three hundred years ago an Englishman set a mark of haughty and dogged courage in sea-fighting which has sufficed ever since to measure all other exploits on the water.

It happened thus.

An English squadron lay at anchor in the harbor of Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, in late August, 1591. There were six rather small men-of-war, together with seven provision-ships and three little pinnaces, commanded by Sir Thomas Howard.

For six months this force had been cruising, with the object of cutting off the Spanish treasure-fleet; ships and men were in such a bad way that Howard had been forced to put into Flores for water, ballast, and repairs, and to give the sick a chance to recover on shore. Full half the sailors were down with fever or scurvy—not enough well men had been left on the *Bonaventure,* for instance, to handle the mainsail, and it had been necessary to take the crew of twenty out of a bark of Sir George Cary's, and sink that smaller vessel, in order to bring in this war-ship.

Though the commander still hoped the treasure-ships might come along—these western islands being the meeting-place of the Portuguese fleets from the East Indies and of the Spanish West India carriers—he was for the time devoting all his attention to getting his crews well and his vessels seaworthy once more. The haggard sick were sent ashore; those who could work

were employed in filling water-casks, loading fresh ballast, cleaning, and refitting. Everything was in the disorder accompanying such repairs; and while the captains expected no attack, their fear lest they might after all lose the chance they had been so long pursuing made them drive the work along as fast as they dared under the circumstances.

The vice-admiral was Sir Richard Grenville. He was "a man very unquiet in his mind and greatly affected to war," and had seen hot campaigning under Maximilian in Hungary against the Turks. His first sea-service, however, had been only six years before this time, when he had commanded the expedition to Virginia in the interest of the colony projected by Sir Walter Raleigh, his cousin. Returning, he had distinguished himself by overpowering a Spaniard who attacked his ship, and setting off to take possession of his prize on a crazy raft knocked together from old chests—which fell to pieces as they reached their capture. He had also been bitterly complained of by his associates for "intolerable pride"; but all admitted him one "of great and stout courage," and there were many tales of his valiant acts in the ensuing years when he harried the Spaniards of the Azores towns. The latter afterward avowed that he was of "so hard a complection" that he was wont to crunch up his wine-glass between his teeth and swallow the fragments!

His ship in Howard's squadron was the *Revenge*. She was a five-hundred-ton craft, with two tiers of guns, normally carrying two hundred and fifty men; and though she had been Drake's flag-ship in the memorable fight with the Armada, she had a record of bad luck going back almost to her launching at Chatham by stout John Hawkins twelve years before. She had

been cast away on the Kentish coast; ashore at Plymouth; twice aground at Portsmouth—the second time with six feet of water in her hold; she had almost foundered with all hands going up the Thames; and earlier in this very year she had turned turtle.

There was more than enough in her history to make superstitious tars grumble and prophesy dark things. Yet she was a crack second-rate war-ship, and every man of her crew felt unbounded confidence in her smartness under sail, as well as in her commander.

Ninety of her sailors were among the sick on shore, and the remaining hundred were hard at work, like every other well man in the fleet, on the afternoon of August 31.

They paid no attention to a tiny pinnace which appeared at the mouth of the harbor and stood in toward the flag-ship, with every stitch of canvas drawing in the fresh breeze.

The pinnace rounded-to alongside of the *Defiance*. Its captain, Middleton, scrambled hastily aboard. In a few moments he was closeted below with Sir Thomas Howard.

It was a life-and-death message he had raced hither to deliver. The Earl of Cumberland had despatched him from the Portugal coast with news of a great Spanish fleet of war-ships, bound to the Azores to surprise the English squadron: the daring Middleton had actually sailed along with this Armada for three days, in order to get first-hand information of its force and destination. Then he had cut loose with his swift craft to warn the admiral.

Fifty-three vessels, twenty of them war-ships—and the whole liable to be down upon them within twenty-four hours! Sir Thomas had no need to call a council

of war, or even to go on deck, to come to a decision. His squadron was in no condition to engage even an equal force: half-manned, and with some of the ships so light and so foul as to be almost unmanageable, he would be fighting under fearful handicaps. And even had all been in perfect trim, there was no disgrace in avoiding such odds.

He gave instant orders to recall the shore parties and prepare the vessels for sailing.

But this work had hardly begun when to his dismay the cry of "Sail ho!" rang out. Every eye turned to the west. There, gleaming white in the sunlight, appeared the clustering sails of the overwhelming Spanish force.

Signals raced up the halyards of the *Defiance,* ordering every captain to sail as speedily as possible. There followed a breathless interval. Working desperately against time, while the enemy swept down with the wind, the English commanders strove to get their sick aboard, and their ships in some sort of order, before the one road of retreat was cut off. In wild confusion, sails were set, and one after another the vessels took wing like a flock of startled ducks, all bent on gaining the position of safety to windward. Several had not time left even to weigh anchor, but slipped their cables and made off, setting every rag of sail that might add speed.

Grenville was in some way delayed. He absolutely refused to move till the last of his sick were aboard, well knowing that the Inquisition would be their fate if captured. Anyhow, as vice-admiral, his place was in the rear. At last the *Revenge* stood out, her helpless ninety laid on the ballast in the hold, the rest of the crew, a scant hundred, striving to get the cluttered decks and the guns to rights.

Ahead, the last of her consorts had barely slipped out of the trap. But its jaws were closing so fast, as the Armada swung down on the weather-bow, that it soon became evident the *Revenge* was too late to escape in that way.

Closer and closer came the stately array of hostile vessels. The great galleons loomed larger and larger, disclosing their triple gun-decks, with death peering from every black port-hole. One of these floating castles, the *San Philip*, alone was three times the size of the *Revenge*, with thirty-three guns to each broadside, besides stern-guns and eight bow-chasers. And in addition the water behind her seemed full of ships, a score of them, armed and almost as formidable as this towering monster.

It was sheer madness to head that way any longer. The master of the *Revenge*, who knew her sailing powers, saw there was but one hope for her. By keeping away large, her swiftness might enable her to double on the enemy and regain the company of the squadron.

He gave orders to cut the mainsail.

To his dismay, Sir Richard commanded in a voice of thunder that no one should touch it, swearing he would hang the first man who did so.

Both master and captain remonstrated, pointing out that there was no other possibility of saving the ship. But Grenville's mind was made up.

"Rather would I choose to die," he cried, "than so to dishonor myself, my country, and her Majesty's ship by turning from the enemy."

And he boldly announced his resolve to sail through both these great squadrons and force a passage to the open.

Protest was useless. And carried away by the great-

ness of his spirit, officers and men made ready with a sort of grim exaltation. The gunners stood to their pieces; every man of the inadequate force who could be spared seized pike and cutlass. In a silence full of deadly promise, the *Revenge* held her course straight into the advancing throng of foes.

A single ship against twenty larger ones.

A hundred men against fifteen thousand.

Several of the leaders sprang their luff and fell off under the lee of the English vessel. And presently the tense silence aboard the *Revenge* deepened. She lost way. The sails flapped idly. Grenville and his men looked up at the massive bulk of the *San Philip* towering right above them, so high that the little *Revenge* was completely "blanketed."

The helmsman spun his wheel, but the ship answered to neither rudder nor sail. Still the high-decked galleon loomed up to windward, looking almost like a rock-cliff fortress lined with soldiers—for she carried eight hundred fighting-men besides her mariners, and the three tiers of guns, eleven in each, looked sufficient to annihilate the *Revenge* at one broadside.

The clustering Spaniards laughed aloud as they gazed down on this puny antagonist and the handful who manned her. It was like the meeting of a mastiff and a terrier.

And still no sound or movement came from the Englishmen.

Slowly the *San Philip* ranged up alongside. With the same ponderous solemnity, two galleons luffed up to starboard, one of them the *Admiral of the Biscaines*, "a very mightie and puysant shippe," while two more laid themselves to larboard.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. The

sun blazed down upon this solitary vessel, the centre of a threatening ring, the mark upon which was concentrated over a hundred great guns and the muskets of a couple of thousand soldiers. Little chance did there seem that she or any one aboard would see that sun dip even half-way to the western horizon.

The galleons opened upon her with successive volleys like a series of blasts exploding.

"Fire!" commanded Grenville at last from the centre of that volcano.

With a cheer the English gunners came to life. The lower tier of cannon, loaded with cross-bar shot, hurled their crashing missiles into the vitals of the *San Philip*. So terrific was the effect of this volley that the great galleon swung hastily away, "utterly misliking her first entertainment."

But another took her place. The battle was fairly joined. The four Spaniards swept the *Revenge* with a hail of shot, great and small, while the Englishmen, stripped to the waist, worked their guns in a frenzy of passion.

Splashed with blood, amid a chaos of dead and wounded comrades, disabled guns, splintered wood, crashing rigging, they hammered their enemy to east and west. The red flashes split the heavy pall of smoke and sulphur fumes that settled over all. When a man fell, another was in his place almost before he struck the deck. Undismayed by the utter hopelessness of the odds, they radiated destruction upon each of their assailants.

Grenville was wounded early in the fight, but he disregarded it and cheered his men on to their desperate work. His indomitable spirit seemed to burn in every member of that gallant one hundred, and as their num-

bers lessened, those who were left but fought the harder. A wild *huzza!* rang out as the largest galley, the *Admiral of the Hulks*, sank under the fierce rain of balls.

Finding that their combined broadsides could not crush the berserker attack of these mad Englishmen, the Spaniards ranged alongside and tried to board. Time and again Grenville and his few followers beat them back, from bow and stern, from starboard and larboard, one rush after another, with fresh companies ever behind to take the places of those they cut down and thrust through and hurled over the bulwarks.

Hour after hour continued this Homeric combat. When one of the galleons had had enough, she sheered off and another took her place. Always the *Revenge* lay between from two to four, spouting heavy shot and musket-balls, boarding in superior numbers, drawing when needed on fresh ships, fresh men, fresh ammunition.

And still the *Revenge* fought on.

She fought while the sun sank slowly to the west. She fought alone. In the beginning of the struggle, the little *George Noble*, a provision-boat with a couple of guns, lay close by under her lee; badly hulled as she was, her captain hailed Grenville and asked for orders.

"Save yourself," commanded Sir Richard calmly, "and leave me to my fortune."

Whereat she sped away and disappeared from sight after the rest of the squadron.

Thomas Vavasour in the *Foresight*, too, hung on for a couple of hours, aiding his comrade as well as he could at long range. Then he had to choose, and followed the admiral, barely clearing himself from the pursuers. And Howard himself would have turned back with his whole force when he saw Grenville in the midst of

the enemy. But his master declared he would cast himself overboard rather than take part in this suicidal throwing away of the whole squadron. So the admiral had reluctantly held on his course. From five o'clock on, the flag that fluttered above the *Revenge* had been utterly alone among the pennants of Castile.

But ever the *Revenge* fought on.

The red sun was swallowed up in the dancing waves. Night fell. The stars peered down at this convulsed patch of murkier, man-made night upon the waters, riven by sheets of flame, blown to and fro by cannon-breaths, shrouding blood and death and wounds, attack and repulse—but surcharged with undying human resolve, electric with the spirit that battles while life lasts.

For still the *Revenge* fought on.

Shortly before midnight Grenville was again wounded, with a musket-ball through the body. While the chirurgeon was dressing this hurt, another volley came. The surgeon fell dead. Sir Richard received another shot in the head.

Hastily bandaged up somehow, he took command again, and through the long night watches he held his men to their task while the enemy's assaults continued.

For the *Revenge* still fought as if the action had just begun.

Gray dawn came. The galleons attacked now only at intervals. Practically all of them had had their taste of this night's banquet, and after fifteen hours they were losing stomach for it. But while each new onslaught was beaten off, it left an ever smaller group of defenders. Nearly all these were wounded; but each man who could stand, loaded and fired a gun, or sprang with raised cutlass to repel boarders. Time

seemed utterly blotted out. It was as if the battle had lasted from the beginning of things and would keep on till eternity. Thought and emotion were not. The horrors about no longer made any impression. Life was but a succession of automatic firings, slashings, thrustings, waitings.

And the *Revenge* fought on.

Slowly the sun rose. His beams lit up such a scene as was never beheld in the history of the world.

A smiling summer sea rippled in the morning breeze. There lay the *Revenge*—what was left of her by the eight hundred heavy shot she had received. Her masts were shot away, tangled masses of rigging hung bunched along her sides. Her upper work was razed clean: merely the lower part of a hull remained, and that was battered, splintered, pierced with gaping shot-holes. Dead, dying and wounded, English and Spanish, lay in heaps. Blood-pools washed to and fro in the scuppers as she rolled. Of her hundred men, less than half were alive: many of these were badly hurt. Sir Richard himself was so desperately wounded he could not stand.

Ringing her about, but at a respectful distance, lay the galleons of the Armada. Two had gone to the bottom. Two more had been run ashore in a sinking state. Hardly one of the remaining sixteen but showed the marks of English cannon. Nearly two thousand Spanish soldiers were dead.

Yet the English flag still floated from the stump of a mast.

Like a pack of hounds about a dying boar they lay, the memory of his tusks so keen that they had no mind save to glare and growl, the while they licked their wounds. A hundred to one in men and cannon, they

had been fought to a standstill. So they lay impotent, watching, waiting. They were brave men, but this went beyond human calculation. They knew not what to expect. In all that long war no English ship had yet struck its flag to a Spaniard. This insignificant craft, at which they had laughed fifteen hours before, was still afloat. She could not escape, but she seemed manned by demons. They waited.

The last barrel of powder had been broached aboard that shattered hulk. The pikes were bent or broken. The decks were a shambles. What was left of the crew could not survive another hand-to-hand assault.

Yet the wounded leader was of the same high mind as when he sailed into the throng of hostile sea-castles.

He called his master-gunner to where he lay and commanded him to blow up the ship, that "nothing might be left of glory or victory to the Spaniards."

"Let us yield ourselves unto God," said he, "and to none else. Having like valiant, resolute men repulsed so many enemies, let us not now shorten the honor of our nation in order to prolong our lives a few hours or a few days."

The master-gunner, "a most resolute man," was well content at this, as were several others. But the captain and the master were of another mind. They besought Sir Richard to have care of those that were left. They urged that the enemy would be as willing as themselves to treat, since he no longer dared to attack. Surely they had done enough for honor. Moreover, the ship had six feet of water in the hold, and three holes below the water-line, so weakly stopped that she would certainly sink, and the Spaniards would have short glory of her. It was time to give the few left the

chance of life and of fighting again which they had so well earned.

It was a strong argument, especially from one who, like the master, had already had a dozen wounds. It was, indeed, hard common sense. But the half-dead man who lay there was on a plane above common sense. He refused to consider the idea of surrender.

While the matter was being discussed, and the captain was endeavoring to persuade the men to his view, the master privately got into a boat and rowed across to the *General Don Alfonso Basson*, to sound the Spanish admiral as to terms. He so skilfully set forth his commander's desperate resolve, that, between fear of losing their prize after all and enforced admiration of the defense, the Spaniard offered to spare the lives of the crew and send them back to England, as well as to admit the officers to reasonable ransom without confinement to galley or prison.

Returning with this surprising offer, the master found it "no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life." The crew could not resist this unexpected chance. They drew away from Sir Richard, and joined their voices to the captain and master in a decision to accept.

At this the master-gunner, who alone held stanch, tried to kill himself with a sword, but was restrained and locked into his cabin.

Down fluttered the flag in token of surrender. A dozen Spanish boats came alongside, and the crew, still fearing what Sir Richard might resolve, stole away in these to safety.

Came then an officer from the admiral, courteously begging Sir Richard to allow himself to be removed out of this slaughter-house to a place where he might be better cared for.

"Do with my body what you list," said this stout heart, "for I esteem it not."

As he was carried to the side, he swooned from loss of blood. He did not see the shattered hulk behind, as the boat rowed rapidly away. It lay, tossing to and fro, deserted, forlorn. Only now had the spirit departed from it.

As the officers gently lifted Grenville aboard the flagship, he recovered consciousness.

"Pray for me," he said to those nearest.

He was treated with every care and respect. Don Alonso himself would not look upon his face; but many of the captains and gentlemen visited him, desirous of beholding this paladin, and all marvelled at his fortitude.

The second or third day thereafter he found himself facing a more inexorable foe than on the deck of his *Revenge*. He looked death in the eyes unafraid. Just before the end he spoke his own epitaph:

> HERE DIE I, RICHARD GRENVILLE, WITH A JOYFUL AND QUIET MIND: FOR THAT I HAVE ENDED MY LIFE AS A TRUE SOLDIER OUGHT TO DO, THAT HATH FOUGHT FOR HIS COUNTRY, QUEEN, RELIGION AND HONOUR. WHEREBY MY SOUL MOST JOYFULLY DEPARTETH OUT OF THIS BODY, AND SHALL ALWAYS LEAVE BEHIND IT AN EVERLASTING FAME OF A VALIANT AND TRUE SOLDIER, THAT HATH DONE HIS DUTY AS HE WAS BOUND TO DO.

The Spaniards repaired and manned their dearly bought prize, but the *Revenge* did not serve the enemy for long. Within a week after her master's death, a fearful hurricane swept the Azores. It dashed the *Revenge* upon the rocks of St. Michael's. She sank with

two hundred Spaniards and some of her own crew aboard. And a noble company of thirty more ships of the Armada went down with her in the same storm. Hers was a name of ill omen to Spanish ears.

Those of the crew who reached England received six months' wages from a gracious Queen. Lord Howard, in spite of his own effort at the time, found himself obliged to defend his name against those who felt that Grenville should never have been abandoned.

Some modern historians point out that Sir Richard disobeyed orders and wilfully threw away his ship in a hopeless combat. There is some justice in the charge. But it is at least possible that had the whole squadron attacked with resolution equal to Grenville's, they might have actually won a victory; in which case, besides the glory, they would have achieved their object and taken the treasure-fleet, which arrived just afterward.

And the historian Froude declared this "struck a deeper terror, though it was but the action of a single ship, into the hearts of the Spanish people, it dealt a more deadly blow upon their fame and moral strength, than the destruction of the Armada itself." That suggests justification even from a strictly military standpoint.

But admit that Grenville's act must be counted an error of judgment, even a disobedience of orders. Admit that it resulted in the first lowering of the English flag to a Spanish vessel. His memory can well stand whatever criticism is due.

As Lord Bacon declared, his fight was "memorable beyond credit, and to the Height of some Heroicall Fable."

He made his name and his vessel immortal. He founded a never-say-die tradition in the English navy which has helped to give it for centuries the mastery of the seas. He left for all time a glorious example of human heroism.

For as an inspiration to fortitude still to-day the *Revenge* fights on.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### THUNDER-SHIELD

These tales of brave men afloat run heavily to Englishmen and Americans. Not that those nations have had any monopoly of sea-courage. "There were brave men before Agamemnon"—and after; Greeks and Venetians, Portuguese and Russians, Frenchmen and Spaniards, Dutchmen and Scandinavians, Japanese and Turks, Malay and Barbary corsairs: every nation with a seacoast has had its ocean champions.

But the plain fact of history is that when English and American ships have fought those of other peoples, they have won an overwhelming majority of the battles.

With a few brief interludes (like that in the seventeenth century, when Dutch Van Tromp proudly cruised the English Channel with a broom at his masthead to show he had swept the water clean of foes; and when De Ruyter a few years later smashed the British fleet and sailed up the Thames itself), Great Britain held almost unchallenged mastery of the Seven Seas for some three hundred years. John Paul Jones and his successors showed there were others—of the same bulldog breed, and a bit better at aiming cannon.

Naturally the victors have the spoils of fame.

Yet there was a certain Peder Wessel who showed so conclusively in 1716 (not to mention various earlier and later episodes) that the blood of the Norse sea-kings still ran hot in at least one Scandinavian son, that he demands a place here.

At the moment when Charles XII of Sweden was beginning his meteoric career of conquest,* Peder was a ragged boy of ten years in the Norwegian town of Trondhjem. How the young King would have smiled if some soothsayer had predicted that this little gutter-snipe, on the bleak Norway coast, four hundred miles to the northwest, would only a few years later frustrate the conqueror's dearest ambition!

Peder was ragged and a gutter-snipe by choice. His alderman father had eminently proper notions, and sufficient money, for clothing his twelve sons and six daughters decorously. In fact, if Peder was a fair sample of the eighteen, it's at least a question if Alderman Wessel did not earn the title of hero (among the martyrs, like St. Lawrence grilled over a slow fire, for example) as thoroughly as his afterward famous boy.

For, to put it plainly, young Peder was a holy terror, a pest, of infinite, persistent, and rarely ingenious pestiferousness.

He was always in rags and tatters, because like Huck Finn his spirits suffered from the confinement of clean, whole garments as definitely as his wrists would from handcuffs. At his wits' end to preserve the family reputation through the stoutest homespuns, the alderman finally invoked his imagination: Peder, to his intense disgust, found himself encased in a pair of leather breeches, guaranteed indestructible for a season or two at least.

But Peder had an imagination too. Impressing a schoolmate to work a grindstone with all his might—Peder sat on the whirling stone, managing to concentrate enough wear and tear upon the most vulnerable spot in those tough breeches to reduce even leather to

* See "A Swedish Conqueror," Part III.

the desired condition. For several years, if there was any local deviltry that the young ragamuffin wasn't in, it was merely because he was busy with some more enticing mischief elsewhere.

He was naturally in constant fights with other boys as well as with authority, and he learned to use his head as well as his fists: having been once well beaten by a bigger fellow who got a grip of his long hair and punished him unmercifully, Peder presently returned to the fray with hair clipped close (like those cunning old Abantes warriors of whom Homer sings) and pate well slicked with soft soap—and turned the tables.

The schoolmaster gave him up as a hopeless job. His father apprenticed him to a tailor, with a daily thrashing as a prominent part of his instruction: the imp got his chance one winter day—and the shivering tailor regretted every stroke as the snowballs smacked against his stinging face. Next a venturesome barber tried his hand with this untamable urchin. Peder got tired of lathering and scraping, and took to the streets.

King Frederik, ruler over Denmark and Norway, came to Trondhjem. Irresponsible Peder was in the thick of all the gorgeous parades and public festivities, a leader among the fascinated gamins. Evidently he decided that was the life for him. For when the King and the gayly uniformed officers went back to the Danish capital, Peder disappeared from his home town.

I fancy Alderman Wessel and his good wife succeeded in consoling themselves with the thought that there were seventeen left. Certainly Trondhjem schoolmasters, tailors, barbers, and dignified citizens in Sunday silk hats drew a long breath of relief.

The royal chaplain, who happened to be a Nor-

wegian, found the homeless youngster wandering about Copenhagen, and took him in as a household page. But Peder in his first-hand investigations had acquired one absorbing fact: there were fellows not much bigger than he, some of whom he could lick with one hand, who were already midshipmen in the navy.

As usual, he "bucked the centre" for what he wanted. At the ripe age of fifteen, he wrote his Majesty himself:

"I am wearing away my life as a servant," was his plaint. "I want to give it and my blood to the service of your Majesty, and I will serve you with all my strength while I live."

The Swedish ruler had just overwhelmed the Russians, gobbled up Poland, invaded Saxony; Denmark and Norway might expect to be pounced on at any moment. It was no time to lose even one midshipman who wanted to die for his monarch. Peder got his commission, and for three years his exuberance was devoted to the toughening life of a sailor and the study of naval warfare.

Charles's army was shattered at Pultava—which merely meant for Denmark that his restless ambition was concentrated nearer home. Cannons roared over the Scandinavian waters. Ivar Huitfeldt earned an immortal name for himself by fighting his burning *Dannebrog* till she blew up with himself and his five hundred men. Peder's appeals got him at eighteen the command of a little privateer; and so daring were his sallies and scouting expeditions that in a few months he was placed in command of an eighteen-gun frigate.

He interpreted his orders "not to engage any enemy unless he was clearly the stronger" after a fashion of his own: in a Baltic battle he tackled two Swedish line-of-battle ships, and would probably have sunk one

or both had not a third come up, forcing him to retreat, with his vessel so shot to pieces that he was lucky to limp into port for repairs.

His answer to the charge of disobeying orders was:

"I promised your Majesty to do my best, and I did."

Frederik knew a brave man and his worth: he promptly jumped the youngster over the heads of fifty older lieutenants to a captaincy, and turned him loose.

Then Peder Wessel got down to real business. The plain narrative of the next few years sounds as if Dumas's "Musketeers" had turned sailors and taken to the Skagerrak and Baltic.

The Governor of Göteborg, Sweden's chief port on the North Sea, proclaimed a price upon the head of Captain Peder Jansen Wessel. The young commander sent in a message that he was waiting outside the harbor for some one to come and earn this reward. The response was not immediate; and while he lay there, along came two Swedish war-ships with a Danish prize. Though they had ninety-four guns to his eighteen, Peder went for them like a bull-terrier. Their infinitely superior metal drove him off, but he came back again, full of determination to get back that prize. He got three full broadsides instead, and just succeeded in making a Norwegian harbor with his frigate about to founder. His report remarked apologetically that to have let himself be sunk "would not rightly have benefited his Majesty's service."

After one victory he found the Swedes beaching their vessels, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Danish fleet: he halted this by threatening to make every man aboard walk the plank, capturing the ships and the admiral. With sixteen men he cut out a cutter, with eight guns and a crew of thirty-six, under the guns

of Wesensö. Disguised as a fisherman, he spied out the innermost secrets of the strong castle of Marstrand —even to the important fact that the commandant had two mighty pretty daughters. Surprised ashore by a company of dragoons, his men ran off: as the horsemen galloped up, grabbing for his sword, he dashed between two, cut one down, raced to the shore, dived headlong into the surf, and swam safely to his boat, his sword between his teeth. He assaulted the fortifications of Strömstad, losing three hundred and forty-two men, but killing fifteen hundred Swedes. He cut out the largest of ten captured merchantmen from under the noses of three convoying Swedish ships of the line. In his thirty-gun frigate *White Eagle*, he chased the sixty-four-gun *Äsel* through the darkness, missing a chance to board because his men wouldn't follow, berating the Swedish Captain Söstjerna (sea-star) for a coward, and shouting after him that his name should thenceforth be dog-star, not sea-star, but "all this," as he sorrowfully reported, "with much more that was worse, had no effect."

He became a portent, a legend of terror, a thing of witchcraft, to the Swedes. But he had the true warrior's respect for a gallant enemy.

Meeting Captain Bactman on the North Sea in a vessel bought for Sweden in England, twenty-eight guns to his eighteen, he gave battle about midday. Over twenty-six hours they stuck to it, blazing into each other for all they were worth. Twice the Swedish crew refused to fight any more; but Bactman was something of a bulldog himself: he couldn't get away from Wessel, so he drove his men back to the guns. By the afternoon of the second day, Wessel's powder had given out: he sent a messenger to the English captain, ex-

pressing his profound regrets that he could for this reason no longer entertain him, but inviting him to come aboard and shake hands on it.

Bactman declined with thanks. The ships drifted so close that Wessel could hail through his speaking-trumpet—whereat he shouted across a suggestion that if the other would only lend him some powder, they could resume the argument.

This didn't suit the Englishman either. So the two drank each other's health from their respective quarter-decks, while the crews manned the wreckage of the yards and cheered wildly.

In spite of constant attacks from enemies at home who envied his sudden rise, Wessel at twenty-six became admiral of the North Sea fleet. He had always gone his own way. He didn't hesitate to refuse to obey orders, answering once that "the biggest fool can see that to obey would defeat all my plans. I shall not do it." Frederik made him a nobleman under the resounding title of Thunder-shield (*Tordenskjöld*).

"By the powers," exclaimed this sea-dog when the news came, "I shall thunder in the ears of the Swedes so that the King shall hear of it."

The chance came soon, when he made history, and saved his country.

The Swede had one hand on Norway in January, 1716. His veterans besieged the key city of the land. Reinforcements were to come under protection of the whole Swedish fleet of forty-four ships, awaiting its chance in the harbor of Dynekilen. Thunder-shield, with his *White Eagle* frigate and six smaller vessels, was scouting for the Danish admiral along the Kattegat outside.

The harbor was two miles long, and in places only

four or five hundred feet across. The channel was tortuous, twisting about between rocks and reefs. A strong battery commanded it, half-way up. The Swedish officers feeling perfectly secure in this well-guarded stronghold, had arranged to attend a grand wedding on shore the following day.

When Tordenskjöld's quick eye and alert brain had put the facts together, he conceived a supreme audacity.

If that fleet could be destroyed, Norway was safe. The love of his country burned in him with true Norse fervor. The staggering odds simply added zest. There was no time to consult the admiral—for which he was doubtless profoundly thankful.

His standing orders were, however, to hold a council of war in any emergency, and abide by the majority's decision.

So he held his council: that is to say, he put the *White Eagle* at daybreak alongside of his companion little frigate, the *Vindhunden* (wind-dog).

Hailing her captain, he called out:

"The Swedish officers are invited to a wedding, but they have forgotten us—shall we go unasked?"

"Good enough," shouted back stanch Captain Grip. "The wind is fair and we have all day. I'm ready."

The war council having thus deliberated, Tordenskjöld set the signal for action, and boldly stood into the harbor at the head of his half-dozen midgets.

The batteries of the fort gave them a hot reception when they came within range. Four thousand soldiers along the shore concentrated their musketry-fire on them. The war-ships, hastily made ready when the alarm came, added their broadsides.

Not a gun was fired from the little squadron. Taking

it all as it came, the seven worked up the narrow channel till they reached a place wide enough for them to come about with their broadsides to the foe.

Then they cut loose with all the metal they had. And so desperately and accurately did they work the fifty guns they could bring to bear on this great fleet, that after three hours the Swedish fire began to slacken a bit.

The whole harbor was shrouded in smoke. The Swedes, sticking to their places in the inner harbor, taken aback by the impudence and energy of their puny assailants, became panicky.

Suddenly, to their utter amazement, they saw these vicious wasps loom up through the gray pall, right alongside: Tordenskjöld had risked everything on a surprise dash under cover of the smoke.

His broadsides crashed into the big Swedish hulks. Overcome by the unexpected assault, terrorized by the reputation of this mad Norseman, the sailors fled from their guns; the soldiers on shore dropped their weapons and ran. The great fleet, in its own strong harbor, was surrendered to a twentieth of its force.

Swooping down on the battery, Thunder-shield captured it and spiked the guns. The way was now open for the really big job: for he had made up his mind to annihilate that fleet. What couldn't be carried off must be burned or sunk.

It was almost ludicrous to see these indomitable little vixens, harnessed to line-of-battle ships, and towing them out as a child leads a cluster of toy boats by strings. Tordenskjöld hauled on ropes like any sailorman, shouted instructions, cheered on his men, who worked like demons.

The ashamed Swedes returned to the battle, volley-

ing with their muskets from the shore. Thundershield's exultant sailors only pulled the harder.

One of the captured ships caught on fire. Lieutenant Tönder, in spite of his wooden leg, hastened aboard to take charge. The quartermaster who had been in command ran up crying that there were two hundred barrels of powder below, and that the ship would blow up in a second or two.

Tönder grabbed the man by the collar as he tried to jump overboard, and stumped along aft with him to the magazine. The blaze was sputtering along a carefully laid fuse to an open powder-barrel a few inches away. Coolly seizing the fuse, the lieutenant smothered it in his hand and tossed it through a port-hole.

The squadron ahead towed away. The captured ships moved behind them.

When night fell, the Swedish fleet no longer existed. Thirteen the seven had destroyed, thirty-one they bore off to fly the Danish flag. Enormous stores of war were captured. Tordenskjöld had lost not a single vessel, and but seventy-six men killed and wounded. It was a battle such as history can hardly parallel.

The Swede gave up his invasion, and returned to his native land growling. Norway breathed freely once more.

While of infinitely less importance, one more story must be related of this reincarnated berserker. It has been well told by an American of Danish descent.

"The most extraordinary of all his adventures befell when, after the attack on Strömstad, he was hastening home to Copenhagen.

"Crossing the Kattegat in a little smack that carried but two three-pound guns, he was chased and overtaken by a Swedish frigate of sixteen guns and a crew

of sixty men. Tordenskjöld had but twenty-one, and eight of them were servants and non-combatants. They were dreadfully frightened, and tradition has it that one of them wept when he saw the Swede coming on. Her captain called upon him to surrender, but the answer was flung back:

"'I am Tordenskjöld! Come and take me if you can.'

"With that came a tiny broadside that did brisk execution on the frigate. Tordenskjöld had hauled both of his guns over on the 'fighting side' of his vessel. There ensued such a battle as Homer would have liked to sing. Both sides banged away for all they were worth. In the midst of the din and smoke Tordenskjöld used his musket with cool skill; his servants loaded while he fired. At every shot a man fell on the frigate.

"Word was brought that there was no more round shot. He bade them twist up his pewter dinner-service and fire that, which they did.

"The Swede tried vainly to board. Tordenskjöld manœuvred his smack with such skill that they could not hook on. Seeing this, Captain Lind, commanding the frigate, called to him to desist from the useless struggle; he would be honored to carry such a prisoner into Göteborg. Back came the taunt:

"'Neither you nor any other Swede shall ever carry me there.'

"And with that he shot the captain down.

"When his men saw him fall, they were seized with panic and made off as quickly as they could, while Tordenskjöld's crew, of whom only fourteen were left, beat their drums and blew trumpets in frantic defiance.

"Their captain was for following the Swede and

boarding her, but he could not. Sails, rigging, and masts were shot to pieces.

"Perhaps the terror of the Swedes was increased by the sight of Tordenskjöld's tame bear making faces at them behind its master. It went with him everywhere till that day, and came out of the fight unscathed.

"During the night the crew ran the vessel on the Swedish shore, whence Tordenskjöld himself reached Denmark in an open boat which he had to keep bailing all night, for the boat was shot full of holes, and though he and his companions stuffed their spare clothing into them, it leaked badly.

"The enemy got the smack, after all, and the bear, being a Norwegian, proved so intractable on Swedish soil, that, sad to relate, in the end they cut him up and ate him."

Two weeks after his thirtieth birthday, this headlong, unbeatable, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, modern sea-jarl was killed in a duel, into which he had been urged by treacherous friends.

His best epitaph is the cry which used to resound in his deep voice when things were hottest, whether in storm or battle:

"Hi, *now* we are having a fine time!"

He loved the tough jobs, this Thunder-shield.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### "ENGAGE THE ENEMY CLOSER!"

If one had to name a single man to represent England as triumphant mistress of the seas there could be little hesitation in selecting Horatio Nelson. He began his career as a shy, sickly boy, twelve years old, aboard the battleship *Raisonnable.* At twenty-one he was a post captain. He lost an eye at the siege of Calvi, an arm in the expedition against Teneriffe. Though his headlong valor had received no special recognition, he had become known to his immediate superiors as one who "could not be spared, either as captain or admiral."

For there was ever something in Nelson which flared up like a charge of explosives in the face of danger.

As a boy at school he had himself let down by sheets one night in order to raid a pear-orchard—and then gave all the fruit away, explaining that he only went because "all the other fellows were afraid."

Going into action against a superior French force in 1794, he wrote his wife: "The lives of all are in the hand of Him who knows best whether to preserve mine or not; my character and good name are in my own keeping."

They were in good hands. The dark cloud of Napoleon's conquering ambition rose over Europe. Those were gloomy days for England when the news of each successive conquest on the Continent made it probable that her turn would come next. Then in 1798 Nelson

came upon the French fleet, which he had long been seeking, moored in battle array in Aboukir Bay. He had worked out his plans to cover every contingency: "First gain the victory, and then make the best use of it you can." There seemed no doubt in his mind. "That we shall succeed is certain," he declared: "who may live to tell the story, is a very different question." And he told his officers on the preceding night: "Before this time to-morrow, I shall have gained a peerage, or Westminster Abbey."

With such a leader the attack was irresistible. The French fleet was all but annihilated, only four vessels escaping; among their losses was the huge one-hundred-and-twenty-gun *Orient* which caught fire and blew up with an explosion which for a while stopped the battle. (The ten-year-old son of her commodore, Casa-Bianca, was the boy who "stood on the burning deck," familiar to every English-speaking child through Felicia Hemans's poem.) Nelson was terribly wounded but refused aid till his turn came.

It was one of the most complete victories in naval history. The conqueror became Baron Nelson of the Nile. Honors were showered upon him from Sultan, Czar, Kings, and his own Parliament. From that hour he was the idol of the English people, who felt he had saved the country from Bonaparte.

But though he was everywhere hailed as the deliverer of the world, there was plenty of stern work ahead. Napoleon's conquests on land spread wider and wider. In 1801 Baron Nelson became a viscount in memory of the glorious victory of Copenhagen, where he refused to see his superior's signal to retreat, looking at the flag-ship with his blind eye and ordering to be nailed to the mast his own signal: "Engage the enemy closer!"

Three years later Spain joined France. The viscount was no more able to stay ashore at this crisis than Captain Nelson had been. October, 1805, saw him in command of a fleet off Cape Trafalgar, near Cadiz, awaiting the combined forces of France and Spain under Admiral Villeneuve, "the sooner the better. The success no man can insure; but for the fighting them, if they can be got at, I pledge myself."

At daybreak of the 21st the enemy came in sight, thirty-three ships of the line and seven frigates, formed in close battle order.

Nelson's plan of attack had been carefully outlined to Admiral Collingwood and the other officers. As usual his main insistence was on "a close and decisive action." "In case signals cannot be seen or clearly understood," ran the order, "no captain can be wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy."

That was the true Nelson touch.

There was a light breeze from the west. When Villeneuve's fleet was a few miles to leeward, the English force bore down upon them in two lines, Nelson leading one in the *Victory*, Collingwood the remaining thirteen in the *Royal Sovereign*. After some skilful manœuvring, the French admiral formed a double line of battle on the larboard tack, having brought the shoals under the British lee, and kept the port of Cadiz open for himself.

But Nelson was not thinking of the chances of defeat. He turned to Captain Blackwood and asked what he would consider a victory.

Blackwood replied that considering the enemy's strength, evident determination, and excellent seamanship, it would be magnificent if he could account for fourteen out of the forty vessels.

"I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty," replied Nelson positively.

He watched the opposing line a few moments.

"Do you not think there is a signal wanting?" he asked.

"It seems to me," said Blackwood, "that the whole fleet understands very clearly what it is about."

The admiral turned and gave an order. A new signal snapped into place at the masthead:

"England expects every man to do his duty."

Not a man in the fleet but tingled with an extra tautness of resolve as he read that message across the waters. A great shout went up from ship after ship. They were ready and anxious.

Nelson was in full dress—his long, blue admiral's frock coat, with the glittering stars of four orders on his breast. It was known that the enemy had four thousand troops on board, including many picked Tyrolese sharpshooters. Indeed, these riflemen could be seen clustered in the tops. The viscount was so conspicuous a mark, and his fame made the French so particularly anxious to remove him, that his officers were much disturbed. It had been hinted before that prudence demanded he should remove his coat or cover up his stars, but he had answered: "In honor I gained them, and in honor I will die with them."

All knew that further suggestion along this line was useless. But Blackwood and the *Victory's* captain, Hardy, urged that it was most important to the general success for the flag-ship to keep out of action as long as possible, that the fleet might have Nelson's directing mind.

The logic of this was irresistible. But there was that in Nelson's heart still less to be resisted. He con-

sented to let the order be given for the *Leviathan* and the *Téméraire* to pass ahead—but instead of shortening sail on the *Victory*, without which the order could not be obeyed, he pressed her forward as fast as canvas would carry her.

Erect on the quarter-deck, his lips compressed, his eyes seeming to dart out flashes in his excitement, he watched the space lessen between his two lines and the hostile three-deckers.

Meanwhile, in the face of that imposing armament, the sailors laughed and joked over what a fine show those brave ships would make at Spithead.

At ten minutes to twelve the enemy opened fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the *Victory* tried out the range with single guns.

Seeing that the shot passed over him, Nelson at once sent Blackwood and Captain Prowse to their respective frigates, bidding them tell the other commanders he depended on their efforts. He repeated that if they could not get into action immediately by the official plan of battle to adopt any means of coming to close quarters without delay.

Hoisting his favorite signal to "Engage closer!" he headed into the conflict.

His course was a couple of points farther north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off any escape to Cadiz. The leeward fleet consequently came first in touch with the enemy.

Nelson was afire with eagerness as he saw the *Royal Sovereign* cut through the centre of the opposing line astern of the *Santa Anna* and pour a broadside into the three-decker at shot range.

"See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!" he cried.

At the same instant the exultant Collingwood was exclaiming to his captain: "What would Nelson give to be here!"

The *Victory* stood on. The admiral had hoisted several flags, lest one be shot away; but Villeneuve's fleet showed no colors.

When the French saw that one of their shot passed through her maintopgallantsail, they let fly a volley at her rigging, hoping to cripple her before she could close.

Nelson steered for the largest thing in sight, the *Santissima Trinidad*, "an old acquaintance" of his, which he recognized by her four decks.

Scott, his secretary, fell dead. A double-headed shot wiped out eight marines. A ball passed between Nelson and Hardy and a splinter tore off the latter's buckle. Each thought the other wounded. "Too warm work to last long," smiled Nelson. In ten minutes fifty men had been killed or disabled. The flagship's maintopmast, booms, and studding-sails had been shot away. The "warm work" was getting hotter every moment.

Still the *Victory's* guns were silent. Still her men stood to quarters, with a cool courage never surpassed. Still she held straight for the enemy. Still the signal floated: "Engage closer!"

They reached the enemy's van. Passing down the line in an effort to break through, the word was given. The gun crews changed suddenly from statues to frenzied avengers. The cannon spoke with one great voice —and spoke again; and those in front knew only too well what they said.

It became clear they must run aboard one of the foe to break the line.

"Which one would you prefer, sir?" inquired Captain Hardy, as calmly as if he were carving a chicken.

"Take your pick," said the admiral. "It doesn't signify much."

"Port your helm!" called Hardy.

Round veered the grim battleship till she headed for the *Redoubtable.*

The latter received her with a broadside, then hastily closed her lower-deck ports, lest she be boarded through them. Nor did she again fire a great gun during the conflict; but the riflemen in her tops were still in the fight. Just as her tiller-ropes were shot away, the *Victory* ran into her opponent. Harvey in the *Téméraire* (that *Téméraire* painted by Turner) swung aboard on the other side, and a Frenchman ranged alongside the *Téméraire.*

Here then were these four ships in "as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way," thundering their heavy shot into each other's vitals with the muzzles of the guns almost touching.

The *Victory's* gunners had to depress their pieces and lessen the charges lest they fire through the *Redoubtable* into their own *Téméraire* on the other side. The larboard guns had no such trouble, and they beat a devil's tattoo upon both the *Santissima Trinidad* and the *Bucentaure,* Villeneuve's flag-ship.

On the starboard side a fireman with a bucket of water stood by each piece. When the lower-deck guns were run out the muzzles touched the *Redoubtable's* sides; and, to prevent fire, after each shot this bucket of water was dashed into the gaping hole!

Twice Nelson ordered his men to cease firing on this side, thinking the *Redoubtable,* which flew no colors,

had surrendered, because her great guns were silent. An hour after the mêlée began, a rifle-ball from the Frenchman's mizzentop, only fifty feet from where he stood, struck him on the left shoulder.

He fell upon his face in a pool of blood.

Hardy, who had shouted a warning too late, ran to the spot. Three men raised the admiral.

"They've done for me at last, Hardy," said he.

Nevertheless, as he was carried down the ladder, he gave orders to have new tiller-ropes rigged in place of those shot away; and to prevent being seen by the crew, he covered his face and stars with a handkerchief.

He bade the surgeons leave him and attend to others, for, he declared, "you can do nothing for me."

But not even the agony he suffered could take his mind from the battle which raged above. Whenever a ship struck—the *Redoubtable* surrendered twenty minutes after Nelson was hit—the crew of the *Victory* burst into cheering, and at each of these huzzas his face lit up with pride and delight. He sent repeated messages to Captain Hardy, being unable to restrain his impatience for first-hand information. But the fight was too desperate for the latter to leave the deck.

At last, after an endless hour's wait, the captain came. He pressed his admiral's hand in silence.

"How goes the day with us?"

"Very well," replied Hardy. "Ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked and seem to be bearing down on the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope none of our ships have struck?"

"There was no fear of that."

"I am a dead man, Hardy. I am going fast."

With a few more words, the captain hastened back on deck.

Fifty minutes later, he returned. The battle was on but it was a complete and magnificent victory: at least fourteen or fifteen of the enemy's ships were sunk already.

"That's well, but I bargained for twenty," said Nelson resolutely.

He still gave orders, commanding the captain to anchor, as had been planned.

But his span was lessening rapidly. A little later he said:

"Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty."

The last words were repeated several times. Then his brave spirit was released.

Trafalgar shattered the French naval power: the twenty captures Nelson had demanded were taken; others went down in a storm; only four escaped. The war was virtually ended on the ocean.

But there was no joy in England, in spite of her celebration of the victory. For she felt the price paid had been all too great. And many a man vowed the island-empire were safer with Nelson and threatened by the enemies' utmost power, than without him even when the hostile fleets had been annihilated.

That, I fancy, is the highest tribute ever paid by a nation to one brave man.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### "I'M JUST BEGINNING TO FIGHT"

One raw February day in 1779 a man in uniform stood on the dock at L'Orient, a little town on the northwest coast of France, where the government still maintains a minor shipyard and naval station. He was short and slender, with black hair and swarthy face, and wore his well-fitting blue-and-yellow coat with the air of a man of fashion. But there was an incongruous solidity and hint of muscular power about his neck and shoulders that bespoke unusual strength. A boxing expert would have picked him out at a glance as an "awkward customer" for his size.

But it was this naval officer's eyes that would have specially held a bystander's attention: for there was in their black depths a fierce intentness which seized upon every detail of the vessel lying moored before him.

This ship was an old East India merchantman, of about a thousand tons, which had been converted into an armed transport. She was now to undergo another "sea-change" on her path to immortality.

This well-dressed and alert person was John Paul Jones, holding a commission as captain in the infant navy of the revolting American colonies. His appointment had been part of the same resolution which adopted, on June 14, 1777, the Stars and Stripes as the flag of the thirteen United States of America. He himself had declared: "That flag and I are twins. . . . We cannot be parted in life or in death. So long as

we can float, we shall float together. If we must sink, we shall go down as one!" Flying this new emblem, he had crowded the *Ranger*, through November gales and snow-squalls, across the ocean, bearing the tremendous news of Burgoyne's surrender—which decided wavering France to make, on February 6, 1778, the alliance that assured American independence. A week later, as his little ship entered the harbor at Brest, he had procured the first salute by a foreign fleet to this "new constellation." In April he had surprised the world by showing that an English war-ship could be made to strike its colors to an equal or inferior foe—capturing the *Drake* after an hour's "pure and simple broadsiding at close range." For generations all nations had accepted as an axiom the fact that England afloat was invincible: when Paul Jones brought the captive *Drake* into Brest harbor, he shattered this tradition at one blow, and caused such a sensation throughout Europe as is hard to appreciate to-day.

Yet he had been waiting for eight weary months, despite his centring efforts for a fresh command. The promised *Indien*, built secretly for America at Amsterdam, had been lost through treachery and the consequent protests of the English Government to neutral Holland. The French authorities had kept him dangling in suspense, apparently trying to force him into privateering. But Paul Jones was determined to give the world a new idea of that new flag, his "twin." So he had persisted in the face of every discouragement, suppressing his impatience and indignation. Only the unprecedented step of a personal letter to Louis XVI, and the intervention at court of his patroness, the Duchess of Chartres, had finally cut the web of delay and subterfuge. To his delight, the Minister of

Marine had just placed under his command the ship *Le Duras*, at L'Orient. With a much needed advance of ten thousand louis (equal to one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars) from "that more than royal woman" to whose grace he felt he owed all, he had hastened to examine this new flag-bearer, in which he must carry out the ambitious plans so long seething in his mind.

She was not a prepossessing flag-ship. Slow, clumsy —especially when close to the wind—and pretty well worn out by her twelve years of hard merchant service, she hardly seemed like the craft in which to harry English commerce in home waters and defy the might of the British navy.

But this thirty-two-year-old captain, who was "only restless when at peace" and "always fought as if that was what he was made for," was now concerned merely as to how to make the best of what he had, and set resolutely to work at this problem. He turned the old steerage into a lower gun-deck, planning to cut six more ports on each side for eighteen-pounders; but he could get only six guns, and those from a lot condemned as unfit. So he was forced to make shift with these. Then he mounted twenty-eight long twelves on the main gun-deck, and eight long nines on the quarter-deck, discarding the sixes of her old battery. These changes gave him a fair equivalent of a thirty-six-gun frigate; but though he "exhausted every endeavor to hurry them," it was three months before the alterations were finished, and the new spars, rigging, and sails fitted.

Meanwhile he had been scraping together a crew, mostly of leavings, for the French had been earnestly recruiting for their own ships. Including officers,

there were fifty Americans; the rest were a nondescript lot of British prisoners, Portuguese, and French fishermen—with one hundred and twenty-two French soldiers who were allowed to volunteer. The last were needed, not only for projected descents upon the English coast, but to keep this motley band in order.

At last, on June 19, Jones put to sea, his colors at the peak of his remodelled flag-ship, which he had christened *Bonhomme Richard* in honor of his faithful friend Franklin and his "Poor Richard's Almanac." Nominally he was in command of a squadron, the thirty-six gun *Alliance*, the *Pallas*, thirty-two, and the little twelve-gun brig *Vengeance* sailing with him. But at the last moment he was forced, by the acquiescence of the American commissioners, to sign articles which destroyed his authority and made these captains "colleagues" who were free to use their own judgment. Most men would have refused such a dangerous and humiliating position when facing so desperate a venture. Jones protested. But he had ever taken Benjamin Franklin's counsel as final, and not even this unprecedented absurdity could hold him back. Its effects were speedily apparent, for Pierre Landais, commanding the *Alliance*, was a half-crazy adventurer, cashiered from the French navy, who had imposed on the American Government; and his insubordinate bad faith menaced the expedition from the start.

The second day out from L'Orient the *Alliance* fouled the *Bonhomme Richard*—a sample of Landais's helpfulness throughout the cruise. Both vessels were so damaged that there was nothing for it but to put back to port, and spend another six weeks in repairs.

As it happened, this disgraceful occurrence was a blessing in disguise. An exchange of prisoners had

taken place just after the squadron left. A hundred and nineteen American seamen now arrived at Nantes from British hulks and jails. Jones hastened thither and enlisted every one except five who were too crippled to serve, paying their expenses out of the funds sent him by the Duchess of Chartres. He also picked up twenty more American sailors at Nantes. Though many of these captives were in sad physical condition, they formed an invaluable reinforcement. They had seen service in the *Lexington* and in various privateers, and included such officers as Richard Dale, John Mayrant, Nathaniel Fanning, and a dozen others who were to play star parts in the coming drama.

So, with the Americans on his own ship increased to one hundred and fifty, and with full crews on all, Paul Jones got way in early August for his cruise about the British Isles. He had a very definite notion of what he wanted to do. Writing to his friend Joseph Hewes, he pointed out that while the capture of the *Drake* had been "a new experience for the English and a new lesson for other nations," it was after all only a little fight between small ships.

"But now, with the force I have, ill assorted as it is and hampered as it may be by the untoward conditions I have already confided to you, I can, if fortune favors me, fight a much more impressive battle.

"With this in view, I should not deem it a misfortune if I fell in with a ship of the enemy superior enough in force to make the taking of her an event of more than ordinary note."

That is, he was bent upon giving the new flag a definite and grim significance to the enemy. In an overworked slang phrase, he meant to "put the stripes" into it.

For nearly six weeks little happened. They took several prizes, the richest of which were lost by the disobedience of Landais. Indeed, this scoundrel lost no chance to assert his independence and contempt of the commander, so that Jones stopped sending him direct orders, as they brought only insults. Over and over, till the hour of his final treason, the conduct of this man was such as would in any navy have brought him before a court martial for mutiny; but the commodore's hands were tied by the articles he had been compelled to sign; he could only hold to his own course and ignore these demoralizing acts, sorely as he chafed at the way in which they limited his scope of action.

On the *Bonhomme Richard* there was no doubt as to who had charge. Long before these forty days were ended, the captain had inspired his men with a personal devotion which made them a fit instrument for the coming work.

"I sailed in my time with many captains," declared Henry Gardner; "but with only one Paul Jones. . . . He always knew every officer or man in his crew as one friend knows another. Those big, black eyes would look right through a new man at first sight. At any rate, he dealt with each according to his notion. I have seen him one hour teaching the French language to his midshipmen and the next hour showing an apprentice how to knot a 'Turk's head' or make a neat coildown of a painter. . . . Any ship Paul Jones commanded was full of him, himself, all the time."

Very strict, even about the way a sailor walked, he was still the best of comrades. "If you heard peals of laughter from the fo'c'sle, it was likely that he was spinning funny yarns for Jack off watch. If you heard roars of merriment at the cabin table, it was likely that

his never-failing wit had overwhelmed the officers' mess."

Contrary to the universal custom, he abominated flogging. He had once seen a poor chap "flogged round the fleet" at Port Royal. The man died under the lash, and Paul Jones and the cat-o'-nine-tails parted company from that moment.

"I tell you, men," said he, "once for all, that when I become convinced a sailor of mine must be killed, I won't leave it to be done by boatswains' mates under slow torture of the lash. I'll do it myself—and so d—d quick that it will make your heads swim!"

This combination of good fellow and strict disciplinarian, who knew what was what and insisted on getting it, the best boxer on board, "quicker than chain lightning" but amazingly strong, who went into action as if he were asking a lady to dance, and got more cheerful as things got hotter—this was the sort of leader for whom men die gladly. Long before that fateful September day, the crew of the *Bonhomme Richard* would have tackled a seventy-four if he had given the word.

On the afternoon of the 23d, the *Richard* and the *Pallas* (under Captain Cottineau) were ten or twelve miles off Flamboro' when they sighted the Baltic fleet, which they had been hoping to intercept. Forty vessels, loaded with indispensable lumber and stores for English shipyards, offered the chance for a real blow; but the miserable Landais, who had been apprised of the rendezvous, did nothing, though he had a perfect opportunity to get among these easy prizes. When the two convoying war-ships stood out between the merchantmen and the Americans, there was nothing for the latter but to give up their quarry and prepare for

a different but no less welcome kind of activity. Commodore Jones bade Cottineau attend to the smaller vessel, a big sloop, while he himself hauled up the *Richard*, to work to windward of the frigate.

The breeze was offshore and very light. It was nearly sundown when Jones reached the desired position between the enemy and the shore. Long before then the Britisher had been minutely scanned. She was a new forty-four, only off the stocks six months, the *Serapis*, commanded by Captain Richard Pearson. About the same size as the *Richard*, she threw a full broadside of three hundred and fifteen pounds. The American ship had a nominal broadside of two hundred and fifty-eight pounds, but, as soon appeared, those condemned eighteen-pounders made an actual reduction in effective metal which gave an advantage of fifty per cent to the *Serapis*.

It was a quarter past seven when the two antagonists found themselves abeam, a cable's length (six hundred feet) apart. The full moon made the scene light enough in that latitude. The *Pallas* was chasing the sloop to leeward. The *Alliance*, disregarding the commodore's signals, was hull down astern.

Captain Pearson had hailed once as the ships neared each other. Receiving no answer, he put down his night-glasses, turned to his ship's surgeon, and remarked: "It is probably Paul Jones, doctor. If so, there is work ahead."

He hailed again. This time a reply came in the form of a broadside. The *Serapis* cut loose almost at the same instant. One of the most renowned sea-duels of all times was on.

The two ships worked northward for twenty minutes, about as fast as a man would walk ashore, giving

The fight between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis*

each other all they had. In spite of splendid marksmanship on the *Richard*, the advantage was all with her opponent. Not only was her battery heavier to begin with: two of the *Richard's* condemned eighteen-pounders burst at the first fire, blowing up the main gun-deck, wounding and scorching Mayrant, who was in charge, killing most of the gunners, and causing such demoralization that this heaviest battery had to be abandoned, since even such stanch fellows could not be expected to work cannon that did more damage backward than forward.

In consequence, the lower guns of the *Serapis*, splendidly served, made havoc aboard her foe, hulling her relentlessly, putting several of her twelve-pounders out of commission, and almost overwhelming her gunners with the hail of shot and splinters.

Pearson tried to luff across his enemy's bows and rake her; but the wind, veering to the west, prevented this; so, fearing he might be grappled and boarded, and finding the musketry-fire from the *Richard's* tops and upper decks much heavier than his own, he fell off to leeward again.

Commodore Jones managed to cast grapnels into the mizzen-backstays of the *Serapis* as his jib-boom scraped her rigging; but the lines parted and the ships separated once more. It was clear as day that the *Richard* was overmatched in cannon: the only chance was to come to close quarters.

Henry Gardner, a gunner on the American ship, gives a vivid picture of conditions at this time (eight o'clock):

"As soon as the ships could bring their guns to bear again after separating, the fire of both was renewed; the enemy's as heavy and destructive as before, but ours much weaker. In fact, but little of our starboard

broadside was left. Of the fourteen twelve-pounders in it at the beginning, nine were either dismounted or smashed by the eighteen-pound shot of the enemy's lower tier, or else so jammed through the wreckage of the port openings from the same cause as to be unserviceable. Of the hundred and forty-odd officers and men stationed in the main gun-deck battery at the beginning, more than half—at least eighty—were killed or wounded. The whole deck was slippery with blood and littered with fragments of heads, bodies, and limbs.

"It was clear to every one that at this rate the end could not be far off; and, besides, it was known that many of the enemy's eighteen-pound shot had pierced our hull between wind and water, so that there was already at least three or four feet of water in the hold, and rapidly gaining. From the gun-deck itself, looking outport, we could see that the port-sills were much nearer the water's surface than at the beginning, showing that the ship had already sunk at least two feet from her natural trim. Yet, despite this wreck and carnage, I could not see that any of our remaining men were disposed to flinch, or that the five guns we had left were worked with any less will than at the start.

"Just at this time the commodore came down on the gun-deck and said to Mr. Dale, who was at the moment near me:

"'Dick, his metal is too heavy for us at this business. He is hammering us all to pieces. We must close with him; we must get hold of him! Be prepared at any moment to abandon this deck and bring what men you have left on the spar-deck—and give them the small arms for boarding when you come up.'

"Having said this to Mr. Dale, the commodore re-

turned to the upper decks, and in a few minutes the cutlasses, pistols, and some pikes and muskets were served out to us and we went above, except a few left to guard the hatches under which the prisoners were confined. . . .

"The worst carnage of all was on number two gun of the forward starboard division. From the first broadside till the gun-deck was abandoned, nineteen different men were on this gun, and at the end but one of her original crew remained. That was our little Indian, Anthony Jeremiah; or, as his messmate nickname was, 'Red Jerry'—generally pronounced by the crew 'Red Cherry.' He was 'port-fire' (that is, handled the slow-match) throughout.

"When the gun-deck was abandoned and we went above, Jerry joined Mayrant's boarding-party."

There followed an anxious period. It was a case of grapple or defeat—and to grapple, the *Richard* must get way enough to cross her enemy's bows. She wore off, effectually blanketing the other, her gun-deck silent, only three light pieces on the quarter-deck working, while the devastating broadsides of the *Serapis* poured in more frightfully than ever.

It was the supreme moment of the battle. Should the *Serapis* get clear, able to fight at longer range, it was a case of speedy sinking or surrender.

At this very crisis, with every straining eye watching the movements of the two vessels, with the tense boarding-party crouched hopefully, as their ship slowly drew ahead and in front—the unspeakable Landais sailed up in the *Alliance,* hove to about a quarter of a mile to windward, and fired two broadsides. The flag-ship was directly between him and the enemy, so that he could not possibly touch the latter without firing through

his consort. In point of fact, the *Richard* received the full effect of at least one of these broadsides. The *Alliance* then sailed away out of gunshot.

It was useless to speculate whether this amazing attack from his own side was due to treachery or insanity. The fact still remained that the American ship must board or be defeated. To add to her troubles, just as she caught a fresh puff of wind and her bowsprit began to push across the line of the almost motionless *Serapis*, heavy shot carried away her wheel and shattered her rudder. But for the forethought of the commodore in rigging at L'Orient an extra emergency tiller, it would have been all up with her, since she could not have been steered into the necessary position.

Pearson saw plainly how threatening was his opponent's manœuvre. He threw his sails aback in a final effort to get clear. But the other rounded so close that his stern swung to leeward. Although the *Serapis* began to gather a little stern-way, the American nosed alongside until his mizzen-rigging caught in a fluke of the starboard anchor.

Two of the stays pulled loose. The third held. Paul Jones, calling to his French orderly, Pierre Gerard, to pass lashings, leaped through the quarter-deck ports and with his own hands lashed anchor and stays together, doubling the line over the fluke to make sure of holding.

The two ships stopped. They swung apart. The bonds held, and they settled together again. They were fast in the death-grip.

The commodore hove the slack in through a port.

"Aha, Pierre my boy, that's something like it. At last I have him. *Sacré nom de Dieu*, he shan't escape again!"

His cocked hat had gone overboard. A midshipman ran for another. "Never mind the hat, West," laughed Jones. "I'll fight this out in my scalp. I've a mind to peel my coat, too. And if I could, I'd fight in the buff, like the gun-deck hearties."

He hurried back to the quarter-deck, where the French marines were beginning to show some discouragement. Their captain and two lieutenants were among the wounded, and the twenty or so remaining were becoming disordered.

Jones rallied them in a voice of thunder and cheered them on with "such imprecations upon the enemy as I never before or since heard in French or any other language," says one of the sharpshooters, who was in the maintop fifty feet over his commander's head.

By this time there was practically nothing left of the *Richard's* batteries except three nine-pounders on the quarter-deck. Below, beams, knees, and planking were being smashed in by the devastating balls. The gun-deck, fore and aft, was untenable. The water was gaining rapidly in the hold. The flag had been shot away, and trailed astern in the water by the halyards.

One man lost his nerve amid this overwhelming destruction. At ten o'clock, Arthur Randall, the gunner, set up a cry for quarter.

Pearson heard the call from his quarter-deck. No flag could be seen.

"Have you struck your colors?" he called.

"No!" shouted back Jones. "I'm just beginning to fight!"

"This," said the English captain afterward, "I at first thought to be mere bravado on his part. But I soon perceived it was the defiance of a man desperate

enough, if he could not conquer, to sink with his ship alongside."

The French captain of marines counselled surrender. But the American tars were one with their leader.

"Hey, old trump!" sung out the commodore to old Jack Robinson beside him. "What do you say to quitting?"

"There's a shot left in the locker, sir," growled Jack.

They soon showed this was no idle boast.

The commodore's aim now was to clear the enemy's exposed decks, leaving his sheltered big guns below to do their worst. He exhorted his marines to cool accuracy. Repeatedly grabbing a musket, he would take careful aim and bring down his man as an object-lesson. "In fact, toward the very last, he had about him a group of half a dozen marines who did nothing but load their firelocks and hand them to the commodore, who fired them from his own shoulder, standing on the quarter-deck rail by the maintopmast-backstay."

Between this searching sharpshooting and the fire from the clustering riflemen aloft, the English upper decks became a region of sure and sudden death. One after another, eleven men were picked off at the wheel. The sailor who touched brace, sheet, or halyard, went down as if struck by lightning. A dozen times they attempted to cut loose the lashings; but this crucial bond was under Jones's special guard: volunteer after volunteer fell dead, hatchet in hand. And still the lashings held. And still the muskets annihilated everything that moved on deck. Moreover, the nine-pounders had cut the mainmast nearly in two.

Meanwhile the eighteen-pounders continued to hammer the unresisting lower half of the *Richard*. Pres-

ently the flash of the guns and the burning wads set fire to the splinters of the deserted gun-deck. The flames gained such headway that at one time they were within a few feet of the magazine. But each fresh peril was met as it arose. Lieutenant Dale and a few men actually held the fire under control by passing up buckets of water from the hold—"using the water that was sinking the ship to quench the flames that threatened to devour her."

Another man's nerves gave way. John Burbank, the master-at-arms, decided the ship was foundering and opened the orlop-hatch beneath which were two hundred English prisoners.

Fifty scrambled up. Commodore Jones levelled his pistol at Burbank's head and pulled the trigger. The weapon missed fire. Beating the man down with the butt, he ordered Midshipman Potter and a few men with cutlasses to hold the rest of the captives where they were.

"The ship alongside is sinking," said he to the bewildered group.

"It's this ship that sinks!" retorted a merchant captain.

"Man the pumps then, every one of you," commanded Jones.

Some started to obey. But the same fellow called to them: "Don't touch the pumps! Let the damned Yankee pirate sink!"

Orderly Gerard thrust forward his pistol.

"Obey the commodore!" said he.

The plucky Englishman grasped at the weapon—and fell lifeless to the deck. That ended the resistance, and Lieutenant Dale set them at the task of keeping the foundering *Richard* afloat a little longer.

Then came a piece of luck for the hard beset Americans. Jones ordered Gardner to try to drop hand-grenades down the enemy's hatch to the protected lower deck.

Several men lay out on the yard-arm, two carrying buckets of grenades, Gardner with the slow-match. The hatch cover had been slewed round by a shot, leaving a triangular opening of two feet at the widest part. The ships were rocking in the swell. It was a difficult mark. But Fanning, who was outboard, tossed his missiles as if he were pitching a game of baseball.

Twice he missed. The third grenade went through.

It happened that the English powder-monkeys had left piles of cartridges in the rear of the guns, some broken and with loose powder lying about. The explosion fired the whole train. Fifty men were killed or crippled, and the whole after section of this gun tier was silenced. Only strict discipline and their lieutenant's assurance that the *Richard* was going down could induce any of the gunners to resume their stations.

Once more the *Alliance* appeared on the scene. Running down to within a musket-shot of the combatants, she crossed the *Richard's* bows. Though repeatedly hailed, and ordered not to fire but to lay the enemy alongside, Landais raked both ships indiscriminately with grape, round, and bar shot, killing the master's mate and several men on the flag-ship. With this contribution he retired finally—fortunately for his colleagues.

All this time the boarding-party had been under the break of the quarter-deck, like hounds straining on the leash. Many of them were fresh from English hulks, and they made their cutlasses *swish* through the air in

zestful anticipation. Mayrant himself was a ghastly sight: against the black of his scorched face showed a terrible grape-shot wound—which had injured his skull so as to necessitate trepanning after the battle. But his South Carolina fighting-blood was so hot that the only difficulty was to hold him back.

At length the commodore decided the moment had come.

"Now's your time, John," he called. "Go in."

A hoarse yell went up. "Remember Portsea jail!" shouted Mayrant. With cocked pistol, he leaped on the rail.

In one dash he was over the nettings and down into the waist of the *Serapis*, his men close behind. As his feet hit the deck, an English sailor thrust him through the thigh with a pike. Mayrant shot him dead. The rush of the boarding-party was irresistible. In less time than it takes to tell it, they were masters of the forward half of the ship.

Captain Pearson had had enough. He grasped the ensign halyards. Down came the Cross of St. George and St. Andrew.

So great was the smoke and confusion, that the English gunners and American sharpshooters did not notice what had happened and continued shooting.

Mayrant, dripping blood, called back to Lieutenant Dale, who stood on the *Richard's* rail:

"He's struck; stop the firing. Come on board and take possession."

Dale swung himself down, grasped Mayrant's hand, and went off to the quarter-deck, where Captain Pearson stood.

"I have the honor, sir, to be the first lieutenant of the ship alongside, which is the American Continental ship

*Bonhomme Richard,* under command of Commodore Paul Jones. What ship is this?"

"His Britannic Majesty's late ship the *Serapis,* sir. And I am Captain Richard Pearson."

"Pardon me, sir; in the haste of the moment I forgot to inform you that my name is Richard Dale, and I must request you to pass on board the ship alongside."

The first lieutenant of the *Serapis* came up from below.

"Has the enemy struck, sir?" he inquired.

"No, sir; I have struck," replied Pearson.

"Then I will go below and order our men to cease firing," said the lieutenant.

"Pardon me, sir," interposed Dale; "I will attend to that. For yourself, please accompany Captain Pearson on board the ship alongside."

Paul Jones was waiting for them on the quarter-deck of what was left of his ship. He himself described the scene:

"Captain Pearson now confronted me, the image of chagrin and despair. He offered me his sword with a slight bow, but was silent. His first lieutenant followed suit. I was sorry for both of them, for they had fought their ship better and braver than any English ship was ever fought before, and this fortune of war came hard to them.

"I wanted to speak, but they were so sad and dignified in their silence I hardly knew what to say. Finally I mustered courage and said as I took the swords and handed them to Midshipman Potter at my elbow:

"'Captain Pearson, you have fought heroically. You have worn this sword to your own credit and to

the honor of your service. I hope your sovereign will suitably reward you.'

"He bowed again, but made no reply; whereupon I requested him and his lieutenant to accompany Mr. Potter to my cabin."

Nathaniel Fanning, whose grenade had wrought such havoc, wrote in his journal:

"The battle was over, but by no means the trouble ended. The time was nearly midnight, but the full moon overhead in a cloudless sky made it almost as light as day.

"Captain Jones instantly began to survey his ship as soon as she drifted clear of the *Serapis*. He found that she had seven feet of water in her hold and was beginning to choke some of the pumps, though he had them double-manned by his English prisoners. She had already sunk so much that many shot-holes were below the water-line and could not be plugged.

"Meanwhile Dale and Mayrant occupied themselves on board the *Serapis* with silencing her lower-deck battery, from which at least two or three eighteen-pound shot were fired into, or rather through, the *Richard's* gun-deck after Captain Pearson and his lieutenant had reached her upper deck as prisoners. As soon as all firing was silenced and victory was complete, Jones ordered his men to cut the lashings that held the fluke of the *Serapis's* anchor in the *Richard's* mizzen-chains, and the ships at once drifted clear. The light wind that had prevailed during the battle died out and it fell dead calm.

"The condition of the *Richard* at this moment can hardly be imagined, much less described. Nearly sixty of her crew were stretched dead about her decks. More than a hundred and twenty others lay writhing

and gasping with desperate wounds, to which the good old surgeon, Doctor Laurens Brooke, unassisted as he was, could give but scant attention. About forty of her surviving or uninjured crew had followed Lieutenant Mayrant into the *Serapis*, and were in charge of the prize. Not more than one hundred remained to manage the *Richard* and to hold in check the two hundred or more prisoners. Nearly every twelve-pounder gun in the starboard broadside was dismounted or disabled. The starboard side of the ship, that had been in the wake of the *Serapis's* lower tier, was simply driven in; so that but for a few frames, futtocks, and stanchions that still remained intact, the whole gun-deck would have fallen through. And even what the shot had spared, the flames were at this moment devouring.

"Such was the condition of the *Richard* when, sinking and on fire, she was still the conqueror and could by signal command the ship that had destroyed her! Nothing like this has ever been known in the annals of naval warfare. . . .

"The removal of the *Richard's* wounded to the *Serapis* consumed much time; nearly all day, in fact, because the poor fellows had to be handled tenderly, and but three boats remained available. Fortunately it had now fallen dead calm and the sea was without a ripple. Had there been any wind or seaway, the *Richard* must have foundered immediately and the scene become one of unheard-of horror. However, the wounded were all transferred during the day, except two who died in the boats.

"The unwounded prisoners were his next care. Captain Cottineau took some of them into the *Pallas;* a few were put into the *Countess of Scarboro'*, Cottineau's prize; the rest went over to the *Serapis.*

Jones now told his crew to get on board the *Serapis*, retaining only a few of the *Pallas's* crew in the *Richard*, and busied himself in saving the ship's papers. For his own part Jones saved only a few souvenirs from his feminine friends in Paris, his journal, and a bag of linen."

For the *Bonhomme Richard* was rapidly nearing the end of her brief, glorious career. The commodore writes in his journal:

"No one was now left aboard the *Richard* but our dead. To them I gave the good old ship for their coffin, and in her they found a sublime sepulchre. She rolled heavily in the long swell, her gun-deck awash to the port-sills, settled slowly by the head, and sank peacefully in about forty fathoms.

"The ensign gaff, shot away in the action, had been fished and put in place soon after firing ceased, and our torn and tattered flag was left flying when we abandoned her. As she plunged down by the head at the last, her taffrail momentarily rose in the air; so the very last vestige mortal eyes ever saw of the *Bonhomme Richard* was the defiant waving of her unconquered and unstricken flag as she went down."

## CHAPTER XXX

### THE FIRST VICTORY OF STEPHEN DECATUR

Only one who acted on the Biblical precept of turning the other cheek when smitten, only a passionate, professional, practising pacifist could find much satisfaction in the relations for twenty years between these United States and the Barbary pirates.

It is true that these corsairs of Morocco, Algiers, Tripoli, and Tunis had for centuries been the scourge of Mediterranean commerce. (The adventures of John Foxe and of Cervantes in escaping from their prisons at the end of the sixteenth century have already been told in Part I.) It is true that at the close of our Revolution England and France were paying them yearly tribute for safety, and Spain had bought them off for three million dollars cash.

But when one reads of an American Congress answering the insolent demands of Deys and Bashaws by sending over ransom and tribute money, stores, and even a war-ship, with humble apologies for delay, the most peace-loving citizen feels that under such conditions war becomes a duty.

Our abject attitude toward these pirates had the natural results. Not only did we pay them more than the million dollars which we were not willing to invest in the necessary war-ships, but our seamen were still slain and imprisoned, our flag and officers were openly insulted, our commerce was broken up, and our name became a thing of contempt.

And as a final touch we had to build the ships and go to war after all.

One result was the founding of the Navy Department in 1798, together with the completion of the *Constitution*, the *Constellation*, and the *United States*. In 1801 open war came with Tripoli, and the first blow was struck when Sterrett in the *Enterprise* captured the *Tripoli* after a savage battle. The war dragged on. In October, 1803, came a disaster.

One morning the *Philadelphia*, one of the best frigates in our little navy, was cruising on her station when she sighted a large Tripolitan xebec standing in for the bay. Bainbridge made sail and chased her. Driving along under full sail, firing her bow-guns and sounding as she went, the *Philadelphia* pursued hotly. But all of a sudden the water shoaled. There was a terrific shock. To his chagrin, the American captain found himself hard and fast on a hidden reef.

The town was less than three miles away. No other ships of the squadron were in sight. Presently nine Turkish gunboats sped toward the doomed ship out of the harbor.

Bainbridge tried every expedient possible. With anchors cut from the bow, guns run aft and then cast overboard, mainmast cut away, water-casks broached, hold pumped out, he strove to get his vessel afloat. All was in vain. So the magazine was flooded, the ship scuttled, the flag came down.

The crew were captured, ill-treated, and imprisoned. The frigate was dragged from the reef and anchored in triumph under the fort's guns. It was a sad day for the new navy of the United States.

So bitter was the recollection, that Bainbridge wrote Commodore Preble, suggesting a cutting-out expedi-

tion to destroy the ship. She was heavily manned; a hundred guns frowned down on her from the castle; a swarm of Tripolitan gunboats surrounded her. But when the idea was broached in the squadron, so many officers clamored for the chance that lots had to be cast.

The lucky man was a young lieutenant, Stephen Decatur, Jr., whose father had captured the first privateer in the scattering war with France. Picking eighty men from the eager crowd of volunteers, among them Lieutenant James Lawrence and Midshipman James Macdonough, Decatur set out in a small ketch on the night of February 16, 1804. Her hold was full of explosives and fire materials. He had secured a pilot who knew the harbor and spoke the language like a native. The order was death to any man who made a noise or used any weapon but cold steel.

Silently the little boat stole into the harbor in the darkness.

It was nearly midnight when she swung under the bows of the *Philadelphia,* whose black hulk loomed up far above her. All about were the lights of the gunboats. Other lights against a vague blur beyond marked the castle, whose heavy guns were ready to send them to the bottom, or blow them into the air, in the twinkling of an eye if the alarm were once given. It was the crisis of the expedition; not much imagination was needed to fancy the result if their first greeting was a shot into that death-stored hull; every man aboard the ketch felt the thrill and the terrific strain of waiting.

But not a sound was made as the little craft drifted like a ghost toward the quiet frigate. Only half a dozen of the party, and these disguised, were on deck, the rest being out of sight below.

A sentinel hailed her: "What ship is that?"

The pilot answered glibly: she was a trader from Malta. They had been through a gale and had lost their anchors. To avoid running foul of something, they wanted to moor to the frigate till morning. Cunningly he went on to describe such a cargo as proved irresistible to sailor fancy. The Tripolitan officer was more than willing to have this mouse stay by the cat till daylight.

At this moment a puff of wind took the ketch aback. She began to drift away from the frigate. Discovery seemed imminent.

Calmly Decatur ordered two men into a boat, to carry a line to the frigate's forechains. Then the crew warped her vigorously up alongside.

Nearer and nearer she came, and as the moment approached the assailants began to prepare for their rush. When there was still quite a space left between the two vessels, a Tripolitan, who had been watching out of a port-hole, caught a glimpse of men in uniform aboard the peaceful trader.

"Americanos! Americanos!" he shouted.

Another on deck ran forward with his cutlass raised.

"Pull, men! Pull for your lives!" commanded the American officers.

The Yankees put their backs to the work like a tug-of-war team. The Turk cut the rope with one blow. But that last sturdy effort had done the job. The ketch moved slowly up alongside her prey.

"Boarders away!" called Decatur, leaping across into the *Philadelphia's* rigging. His men followed in one surge, like a great human wave. There was not a cheer or a shot, but, cutlass in hand, they swept the decks. In ten minutes the Turks were cut down or

had leaped overboard. The *Philadelphia* was momentarily back under the Stars and Stripes.

Now came the real test. A line was formed. With orderly speed, the combustibles were passed up from the ketch, placed about according to an exact diagram, and set on fire.

Fifteen minutes sufficed. The party assigned to the berth-deck had to run the gantlet as they scrambled up again. When Decatur reassembled his gallant eighty on board the ketch, the frigate was bursting into flames forward, astern, and amidships.

Off stood the adventurers on their perilous return trip. Every gunboat in range opened upon them as the frigate's funeral pyre lit up the scene. The castle's heavy guns thundered away and splashed buckets of water over them, the while they bent to the oars. Even the poor old frigate hurled out shot after them as the flames bit into her vitals.

Every moment they expected her magazine to explode and crush or fire them as the débris rained down. On they rowed, while the mounting flames lit up the confusion like a scene on the stage.

And then as the fierce conflagration made it evident their success was complete, the rowers stopped short. Three rousing cheers resounded in the ears of the infuriated enemy. Bending to their oars again, the Americans swept their ketch away to safety, while the *Philadelphia* with a mighty roar vanished into charred timbers and wreckage.

Without losing a man, Decatur returned to receive the rank of captain and a sword from Congress, as fitting acknowledgments of one of the most dashing cutting-out exploits on record.

Eleven years later, having won a succession of laurels

in the War of 1812, and having just captured the largest corsair war-ship, this same Stephen Decatur stood on the quarter-deck of his flag-ship and received the submission of the Dey of Algiers to a treaty insuring reparation and future freedom from attack—which marked the ending for all time of pirate tribute or ransom from the United States.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### REID AND THE *GENERAL ARMSTRONG*

On the 9th of September, 1814, the American privateer *General Armstrong* sailed from New York. She was a smart little brig, carrying seven guns and about one hundred men, commanded by Captain Samuel Chester Reid, who had served in Truxtun's West India squadron, and who had made her famous as perhaps the fastest, most dashing privateer afloat.

After a couple of weeks' cruise (in which a few vessels had been boarded, a British ship of the line eluded, and a big brig skirmished with) Captain Reid put into harbor at Fayal on the 26th to replenish his stock of water.

He called on the American consul and arranged to have his water sent off immediately, as he intended to put to sea again next morning.

Having finished his business, he returned to his vessel, the consul accompanying him. Reid tried to get some information about the British cruisers in that neighborhood, but the consul assured him that none had touched at Fayal for several weeks.

They sat on deck talking. The captain kept a seaman's eye open in spite of the conversation; toward dusk he suddenly gave an exclamation. All the party looked up. Rounding the northeast point was a British brig, already within gunshot. In a few moments she was identified as the *Carnation*, of eighteen guns.

This was more than double the *General Armstrong's* strength, and Reid's first thought was to get under way immediately. The enemy had a breeze, however, while there was hardly any wind farther in; it looked as if it were impossible to get to sea without fighting against odds and at a disadvantage.

"Will they respect the neutrality of the port?" he asked the consul. (Fayal, of course, was Portuguese territory.)

The latter reassured him on this point. "They'll never molest you while at anchor," said he.

Captain Reid, however, kept a sharp watch on the approaching brig. He saw the pilot-boat board her, and saw that as soon as her captain learned who the stranger was, he hauled her close in and dropped anchor within pistol-shot of the American.

This was too close for comfort, but Captain Reid could do nothing save wait for events. His feelings may be imagined, however, when he looked up, just as the *Carnation* had swung into position, and saw two more British war-ships standing in to the harbor. One was a seventy-four-gun ship of the line, the *Plantagenet:* the other the frigate *Rota,* of forty-four guns. The three formed a squadron on its way to assist in the attack on New Orleans.

Its one hundred and thirty-six guns and two thousand men made the *General Armstrong's* crew feel somewhat lonely.

Nor did the neutrality of Fayal seem too much of a safeguard as they observed the signals between the *Carnation* and the flag-ship, and the activity that followed.

The full moon had just risen, and by its brilliant light the English brig could be plainly seen launching several boats.

Reid cleared for action, hoisted his anchor, and with long oars swept his vessel in nearer shore.

At once the *Carnation* cut her cable, made sail, and despatched four boats in pursuit.

It was now about eight o'clock. Seeing the small boats coming, the American dropped anchor, set springs on his cable (so he could swing his broadside in any direction), and got ready for whatever might develop.

The boats drew near. Captain Reid hailed them repeatedly. There was no reply but they came on faster than ever. The former had no intention, however, of being gobbled up in this simple fashion. There were guns enough in the squadron, several times over, to blow the little privateer out of the water. But the cool impudence of this assault aroused him. There were about as many men in the four boats as the *Armstrong* had altogether, and he could see they were well armed.

As they swung up alongside, he opened fire. The boats returned the compliment briskly. They had found more than they bargained for, however, and after a short skirmish they raised a cry for quarter, hauled off, and returned to the *Carnation,* having lost about twenty killed and wounded. One man was killed and the first lieutenant wounded on the *Armstrong.*

It was quite clear that this was only "the beginning of the overture." The *Armstrong* was hauled close inshore, within a half pistol-shot of the Portuguese castle; here she was moored head and stern, while everything was made ready to give the warmest possible reception to the enemy.

It was a dramatic scene. One little vessel anchored

immovably there under the brilliant moon, its "back to the wall," so to speak, against a squadron; officers and men preparing feverishly for the attack they knew must follow; and all about the shore the inhabitants of the town, including the Governor, watching for the event like spectators at a circus.

About nine o'clock the *Carnation* towed in a large fleet of boats. These were stationed in three divisions, about a musket-shot away, the brig co-operating to cut off any attempt at escape.

Reid had no thought of escape. The whole affair was desperate to absurdity, but he had made up his mind not to abandon his vessel till he had given his foe some definite reasons for respecting the flag he flew.

For three hours his men stood at quarters. Then, about midnight, a dozen boats approached in line. They were loaded with about forty men each and had carronades aboard.

When they were close enough, the American gave them a broadside, which was answered warmly. The discharge from the *Armstrong's* forty-two-pounder Long Tom somewhat disconcerted the cutting-out party; but they were true, gallant British tars; giving three cheers, they dashed forward most spiritedly.

In a moment they were at the bow and starboard quarter.

"*Board!*" cried the officers. "And no quarter," was the added command, according to spectators on shore.

There was no more to be done with cannon. As the boarding-parties swarmed up to the rail, the crew attacked with swords, pikes, pistols, and muskets. There was a fierce hand-to-hand struggle—stab and slash and chop and fire with whatever came handiest.

The darky cook "did his bit" by dashing kettles of boiling water into the faces of the boarders. The British force was, as stated, nearly five times that on board the brig, and urged on by their officers, they made one effort after another to gain the vessel's deck —only to be beaten back with heavy loss.

After about twenty minutes of savage fighting, Captain Reid at the stern received word that his second lieutenant was killed forward. Shortly afterward the third lieutenant was badly wounded.

Noticing that the fire from the forecastle had slackened in consequence, he urged his lads in the after division to fresh efforts. The boats were beaten off from the quarters; and rallying the whole detachment, the captain led them forward with a shout to the conflict at the bow.

In ten minutes more all was over. Two of the captured boats were "loaded with their own dead"; in another, all were killed but four men; three were sunk; only one wounded officer survived from a boat that had held fifty. In a word, the squadron had lost over two hundred and fifty of its best officers and men, killed or wounded, Captain Floyd being among the latter. The privateer had two killed and seven wounded.

An Englishman who witnessed this attack from the shore wrote home a description of it, winding up: "We may well say 'God deliver us from our enemies' if this is the way the Americans fight."

Once more Reid prepared for defense; his guns were gotten into their berths, decks cleared, and everything put in readiness for the next attempt, whenever it should come.

About three in the morning a message came from the consul asking him to come on shore.

Here he was informed that the Governor had communicated with the English captain (Lloyd), asking him to stop further hostilities: but the wounded Lloyd replied that he'd have the privateer now if he knocked down the whole town. Moreover, if the Governor allowed the Americans to injure the vessel in any way, he would treat Fayal as an enemy port.

Reid saw there was no hope of saving his vessel. Accordingly, he sent his dead and wounded ashore and ordered the crew to get their belongings to safety.

When day came, the *Carnation* stood close in and opened a heavy fire upon the *Armstrong*. Reid gave her back everything in his broadside; and after several such doses, she hauled off with damaged rigging and topmast and a shot in her hull.

Soon afterward she returned and anchored. So, scuttling the *Armstrong*, Reid took his force to shore. Boats from the English brig completed the destruction by setting the privateer on fire.

But nothing can destroy the memory of that gallant fight by Samuel Chester Reid and eighty-eight American sailors against odds of twenty to one.

It is an interesting fact that this delay prevented the arrival of the British squadron at New Orleans till four days after Andrew Jackson reached the spot. Probably they would have captured Louisiana otherwise.

It is also notable that after nearly forty years of legal and diplomatic effort to get an indemnity from Portugal for this violation, the claimants lost their case when Louis Napoleon arbitrated it. And it took another thirty years to get the United States Congress to pay it.

It is pleasanter to read that Captain Reid was honored and fêted on his return; New York voted him thanks and a sword; he was navy sailing-master and harbor-master till his death. He invented and erected the signal-telegraph at the Battery and the Narrows, and established the light-ship off Sandy Hook. As an evidence of how versatile a hero can be, it may also be narrated that he was the designer of the present form of the United States flag—which retains the thirteen stripes and adds a new star for each new State.

All of which, for the son of a British naval officer (captured in a night expedition at New London, Connecticut, during the Revolution), was surely doing pretty well by an adopted country!

## CHAPTER XXXII

### THE FIRST AMERICAN ADMIRAL AND THE TORPEDOES

David Farragut was evidently determined to secure an early start at his life-work; his commission as midshipman was dated December 17, 1810, when David had reached the mature age of nine years and five months.

Moreover, his first cruise was barely over when the tension with Great Britain increased to the breaking-point; and no sea-dog could have asked for a better training-school than the War of 1812.

The boy was only twelve when he started under Porter in that memorable Pacific cruise of the U. S. S. *Essex*, where the thronging adventures, in this new world of storms and strange natives and sea-lions and alligators and tropical fruits, gave him some of the happiest days of his life.

Here's the kind of youngster he was, at the age when most boys are spending their chief energies in anything possible that's "agin the government"—mainly against the rule of schoolmasters. The *Essex* was off the Peruvian coast and had taken a number of prizes, among them the ship *Barclay*:

"I was sent as prize-master to the *Barclay*. This was an important event in my life, and when it was decided that I was to take the ship to Valparaiso, I felt no little pride at finding myself in command at twelve years of age. This vessel had been recaptured

from a Spanish *guarda costa*. The captain and his mate were on board, and I was to control the men sent from our frigate, while the captain was to navigate the vessel. Captain Porter, having failed to dispose of the prizes as it was understood he intended, gave orders for the *Essex Junior* and all the prizes to start for Valparaiso. This arrangement caused great dissatisfaction on the part of the captain of the *Barclay*, a violent-tempered old fellow; and, when the day arrived for our separation from the squadron, he was furious, and very plainly intimated to me that I would 'find myself off New Zealand in the morning'; to which I most decidedly demurred. We were lying still, while the other ships were rapidly disappearing from view, the commodore going north, and the *Essex Junior*, with her convoy, steering to the south for Valparaiso.

"I considered that my day of trial had arrived (for I was a little afraid of the old fellow, as every one else was). But the time had come for me at least to play the man; so I mustered up courage and informed the captain that I desired the maintopsail filled away, in order that we might close up with the *Essex Junior*. He replied that he would shoot any man who dared to touch a rope without his orders, he 'would go his own course, and had no idea of trusting himself with a d——d nutshell,' and then he went below for his pistols. I called my right-hand man of the crew, and told him my situation; I also informed him I wanted the maintopsail filled. He answered with a clear 'Ay, ay, sir!' in a manner which was not to be misunderstood, and my confidence was perfectly restored. From that moment, I became master of the vessel, and immediately gave all necessary orders for making sail, notifying the

captain not to come on deck with his pistols unless he wished to go overboard; for I would really have had very little trouble in having such an order obeyed.

"I made my report to Captain Downes, on rejoining him, and the captain also told his story, in which he endeavored to persuade Downes that he only tried to frighten me. I replied by requesting Captain Downes to ask him how he succeeded; and to show him that I did not fear him, I offered to go back and proceed with him to Valparaiso. He was informed that I was in command, he being simply my adviser in navigating the vessel in case of separation. So, this being settled and understood, I returned to the *Barclay*, and everything went on amicably up to our arrival at Valparaiso."

A few months later the "nutshell" again showed there was sound meat in him, when he received his baptism of fire. He was on the *Essex* during her spirited defense against the much stronger *Phœbe* and *Cherub*, serving as everything from captain's aide to gunner and powder-monkey, and, as his commander declared, well earning "the promotion for which he was too young to be recommended."

There followed nearly fifty years of active and widely varied service, which transformed the boy midshipman into one of the most experienced and dependable captains of the navy.

The unnatural war between the North and South convulsed the country. Though Farragut's family associations were mainly with Virginia, Carolina, and Louisiana, though he dreaded the thought of raising his hand against the South, his lifetime under the flag left him with but one clear conception of his duty. At the beginning of 1862 he was appointed commodore

of the Gulf Blockading Squadron to attack New Orleans, his boyhood home—which he did with brilliant success, leading his wooden vessels against ironclads and strong forts. Then he cleared the Mississippi by his daring passages of the Vicksburg and Port Hudson batteries, and found himself a rear-admiral. His flagship, the *Hartford*, was struck two hundred and forty times by shot and shell during this stirring year and a half.

Exciting as all this was, it was but a prelude to Mobile Bay. The blockading fleet had long found it impracticable to seal up this harbor, and an assault upon its strong defenses was imperative.

This was no picnic excursion. At the end of the peninsula guarding the entrance frowned the one hundred and fifteen guns of Fort Morgan, commanding the channel at easy range. Three miles northwest stood Fort Gaines with thirty more guns; and there was a third small redoubt, Fort Powell, six miles beyond. Off Fort Morgan lay the much exploited ram *Tennessee*, heavily armed and protected with six inches of armor; in these first days of ironclads she was supposed to be in herself more than a match for a whole fleet of wooden ships. Near her were anchored three wooden gunboats. The navigable waters were narrowed by piles, and two lines of torpedoes stretched from the flats off Fort Gaines to within a few hundred yards of Fort Morgan.

It was a problem peculiarly obnoxious to a blue-water sailorman, brought up under the old school of deep-sea duels between wooden vessels, with lots of room for manœuvring. But the sturdy Farragut was as eager for the chance as if he had been twenty-three instead of sixty-three. His four monitors finally joined him.

The army was ready to co-operate in a land attack. He wrote his wife on August 4:

"I am going into Mobile Bay in the morning, if God is my leader, as I hope He is, and in Him I place my trust."

Long before day of that following eventful Friday, the bo'suns' pipes sounded throughout the Union fleet. The fourteen wooden vessels formed a double column, lashed in pairs, the flag-ship *Hartford* beside the *Metacomet* being next to the leaders, the *Brooklyn* and *Octarora*. The four monitors, the *Tecumseh*, the *Manhattan*, the *Winnebago*, and the *Chickasaw*, were in single file on the right, the first abreast of the *Brooklyn*.

At half past five, Farragut, still quietly sipping his tea, turned to his captain:

"Well, Drayton, we might as well get under way."

In a few moments the fleet stood in, before the sou'-west breeze, for the Confederate line, echelonned across the channel and supported by the torpedoes and the fort. The orders were to go "slowly, slowly," and get as close as possible before opening fire.

The *Tecumseh's* guns boomed out at 6.47, and Fort Morgan was not slow in answering.

As the range lessened, Farragut signalled for "closer order": each pair closed up to within a few yards of the two ahead, and a little on the starboard quarter, bringing the bow-guns to bear on the fortress, but leaving the advantage with the enemy until the broadsides became effective.

On the poop-deck of the *Hartford* stood Captain Drayton, surrounded by his staff. At the wheel were three old veterans who had been in every engagement of the ship, until they seemed a part of it.

"And there stood the admiral in the port rigging, a few ratlines up, where he could see all about him, and at the same time converse with Jouett, who stood on the wheel-house of the *Metacomet*, which was lashed alongside. Freeman, his trusty pilot, stood above him in the top. In contrast with this, the scene on deck, where the men worked their guns with a will, was one of animation. As the smoke increased and obscured his view, the admiral, step by step, ascended the rigging, until he found himself partly above the futtock bands and holding on to the futtock shrouds. The watchful eye of Drayton detected his perilous position, and, fearing that some slight shock might precipitate him into the sea, he ordered Knowles to take up a line and make the admiral's position more secure. Knowles says: 'I went up with a piece of lead-line, and made it fast to one of the forward shrouds, and then took it round the admiral to the after shroud, making it fast there. The admiral said: "Never mind, I'm all right"; but I went ahead and obeyed orders, for I feared he would fall overboard if anything should carry away or he should be struck.' Here Farragut remained until the fleet entered the bay."

The orders to go slow and close had been obeyed; the *Hartford* was within a quarter-mile of the fort before a gun spoke.

"The calmness of the scene was sublime. No impatience, no irritation, no anxiety, except for the fort to open; and, after it did open, full five minutes elapsed before we answered. In the meantime the guns were trained as if at a target, and all the sounds I could hear were: 'Steady! boys, steady! Left tackle a little; so! so!' Then the roar of a broadside, and an eager cheer as the enemy were driven from their water-

battery. Don't imagine they were frightened; no man could stand under that iron shower; and the brave fellows returned to their guns as soon as it lulled, only to be driven away again.

"At twenty minutes past seven, we had come within range of the enemy's gunboats, which opened their fire upon the *Hartford*, and, as the admiral told me afterward, made her their special target. First they struck our foremast, and then lodged a shot of one hundred and twenty pounds in our mainmast. By degrees they got better elevation. . . . Splinters after that came by cords, and in size sometimes were like logs of wood. No longer came the cheering cry: 'Nobody hurt yet.' The *Hartford*, by some unavoidable chance, fought the enemy's fleet and fort together for twenty minutes by herself, timbers crashing, and wounded pouring down—cries never to be forgotten."

From his exposed post Farragut watched the battle, alert for every chance. He saw Craven in the *Tecumseh* working up abreast of the fort, with the enemy's *Tennessee* on the port beam. Eager to attack this floating fortress, Craven cut across west of the red buoy.

Suddenly the *Tecumseh* reeled drunkenly to port. Down she went like a stone. Only a few tiny human figures struggling in the water remained of this leader of the monitors and her crew of one hundred and thirty.

Those on deck did not realize what had happened. Some one on the *Hartford*, thinking it was the *Tennessee* that had sunk, set up a cheer, which was echoed down the line.

Farragut knew only too well that this terrible disaster was due to a torpedo, though night reconnaissances by his flag-lieutenant had failed to discover

these reported obstructions. To add to his anxiety, the *Brooklyn* just ahead came to a stop.

"What's the matter with the *Brooklyn?*" he called to his pilot in the top above. "She must have plenty of water there."

Alden in the *Brooklyn* had seen the *Tecumseh's* fate. He began to back, spreading confusion among the ships behind. Their batteries were silent while the whole of Mobile Point was "a living flame." It looked like the beginning of a great catastrophe.

Farragut caught up a speaking-trumpet. "What's the trouble?" he demanded of the *Brooklyn.*

"Torpedoes!" came back the alarming reply.

"Damn the torpedoes!" shouted the admiral. "Four bells! Captain Drayton, go ahead! Jouett, full speed!"

Hastily dropping a boat to save the few survivors of the *Tecumseh,* the *Hartford* took the lead and dashed forward against fort, torpedoes, ram, and gunboats.

Inspired by such indomitable leadership, the other captains straightened out their tangled battle-line, barely averting the impending disaster. So great had been the disorder that the *Hartford* was a mile in the lead when they regained their formation. By that time they had been severely handled, the *Oneida* in the rear having among other injuries a shot through her boiler which would have made her helpless but for the wise lashing that held her to the *Galena.* Indeed, only the dense smoke and the desperate broadsides of shrapnel from the huddled fleet saved more than one from destruction at this period.

Following out his favorite fighting maxim that "the safest way to prevent injury from an enemy is to strike hard yourself," Farragut drove the *Hartford* right

through the mined waters, got clear of the forts, and tackled the Confederate gunboats, whose raking fire had played havoc among his men.

The dreaded *Tennessee* made a dash to ram her as she steamed up the channel; failing in this, the ships exchanged shots and the *Hartford* held on.

Along came the *Brooklyn*. The great ram made for her starboard bow, shifted helm when a hundred yards off, and poured in a broadside at two hundred feet which riddled her. Trying the same manœuvre with the approaching *Richmond*, the latter's marines made it so hot through the ports that the Confederate shot went high. But as the succeeding ships came abreast, the *Tennessee* battered them unmercifully, her own armor seeming unscathed by their shot. At length, almost crushing the crippled *Oneida* with two broadsides, she drew back under the guns of the fort.

Reinforced by his followers who had run this gantlet, Farragut made short work of the three Confederate gunboats. One was run aground in a sinking state and fired. Four Union ships cut loose and chased the others up and down the bay, capturing one. The *Morgan* finally escaped to Mobile.

The big end of the job still remained. The armored monster, which had proved so much more formidable than Farragut expected, was still to be reckoned with. She was apparently unscathed from her series of encounters, and lay under the guns of Fort Morgan.

Farragut anchored three miles up the bay, determining to delay this final trial of strength till darkness should prevent the fortress from effective gunnery.

But at quarter to nine the Confederate admiral Buchanan took the initiative: the *Tennessee* was seen

steaming toward the flag-ship in an evident determination to destroy her.

Farragut signalled his three monitors and the strongest wooden vessels to attack "not only with their guns, but bows on at full speed."

Now began an extraordinary mêlée, and one of the fiercest naval combats on record: one clumsy leviathan, two hundred feet long and forty broad, with an iron beak below the water-line, almost impregnable to her adversaries—and a dozen wood and iron foes frantically striving by "butting and shooting" to make some impression on her. The fatal weakness of the *Tennessee* was in her exposed steering-gear. Had this been as well protected as the rest of the ram, the issue might even then have been different. As it was, there followed a wild hour's mix-up.

The *Monongahela* was under way and struck the enemy first, but merely carried away her own iron prow and cutwater without injuring the ram. She was pierced through and through by the *Tennessee's* guns, while her shot and those of the *Chickasaw* rattled harmlessly on the metal sides.

Then the *Lackawanna* charged at full speed. She managed to crush the other's stern, and gave her a slight list, but did herself much more damage, staving in her own bows for eight feet above and below the water-line.

The *Hartford's* turn came. A quick shift of the ram's helm made the blow a glancing one; and the full broadside of nine-inch shot, at ten-foot range, had no perceptible effect.

It was crowded and difficult manœuvring for the Union vessels, and collisions were more than once barely avoided.

Farragut ordered Drayton to ram a second time. As the *Hartford* dashed forward, the *Lackawanna* ran full into her, cutting her down almost to the water's edge.

Farragut was on the poop-deck. In an instant the cry went up: "Get the admiral out of the ship!" The one impulse of all seemed to be for his safety.

But the old sea-dog was thinking of much more important matters than his own safety. He was over the side like a cat, to see for himself what the damage was.

Finding the ship would still float, he commanded Drayton to steer for the enemy again, and all speed ahead.

For all her protection, this same enemy was having a hard time of it. The three monitors had never ceased to pound her with their full force; one fifteen-inch ball had pierced to her vitals, her smoke-stack was shot away, her port-shutters jammed, her commander badly wounded, and, most serious of all, her steering-chains were gone, making it almost impossible to handle her effectively.

Moreover, the *Monongahela*, the *Lackawanna*, and now the *Hartford* were bearing down upon her.

Her fire had killed more men on the fleet than the fort's batteries, and she had left her mark upon every one of her throng of assailants. But she was now too sorely beset to continue the contest with any chance of success.

As the speeding *Ossipee* neared her sides, she hoisted the white flag.

It had "pleased God to grant" David Glasgow Farragut "one of the hardest-earned victories of my life, and one momentous to the country"—the "most

desperate battle I ever fought since the days of the old *Essex*."

A higher rank than our navy had ever known, created for the purpose by a special law of Congress, was needed to commemorate this crowning achievement of a magnificently courageous leader.

And one who looks at Saint-Gaudens's fine statue in Madison Square, New York, feels in every rugged line of him that dominating principle of his success: "*Attack, regardless of consequences, and never turn back.*"

# PART V

## FAMOUS DEEDS OF DISCIPLINE

*Disciplined bravery has more than once conquered the world. King Philip of Macedon had his son, the great Alexander, trained by Aristotle in the lore acquired by the latter from his study of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato. One result of this acquired philosophy translated into practical action was the formation of the Macedonian Phalanx, sixteen spears deep, in the hands of heavy-armed infantrymen trained to advance till another order was given—with the relentless inevitability of an avalanche.*

*At Arbela this grim human machine cut its way like a modern squadron of "tanks," straight through the Persian myriads to the royal standard of Darius—who fled in terror before that irresistible, bristling menace.*

*The Phalanx was the instrument through which Alexander seized and kept the mastery of the world—until another disciplined formation of more flexibility and equal determination, the light Roman legion, transferred the power to its originators.*

*Oddly enough, the "guards back" play in football by which Pennsylvania University for years overwhelmed her opponents was almost an exact application of the ancient phalanx idea. And, of course, the modern "Trust" and all great business organizations to-day are founded upon a more elaborate variety of this primary "close formation." It is discipline, co-operative effort against a foe, united attack that has made possible, for instance, the achievements of the labor-unions for their members in*

*the last twenty-five years. One cannot help wondering what may not be the result when the whole world of human beings learns to use this mighty, associated, shoulder-to-shoulder force against disease, crime, poverty, and ignorance, instead of against each other.*

*So far as the individuals thus welded together are concerned, it is remarkable how each is uplifted by the others. The mere habit of obedience to orders will hold a man to a task which his reason would otherwise bid him drop as foolhardy. And there is something electric, inspiring, that flows from one comrade to another in the face of difficulty and danger. A crowd seems to have possibilities, both of degradation and heroism, often transcending those of any of its units when alone.*

*It is interesting to note, by the way, in the light of modern statements about democracies being inevitably poor makers of war, that the various races lumped as "Greeks" who composed Xenophon's immortal Ten Thousand, would halt, in the middle of a hostile land twelve hundred miles from their own country, and surrounded by millions of barbarians bent on their destruction—even at such a crisis they would stop to elect generals and officers. Nor would they obey orders unless the common sense of the majority confirmed them. They were democrats of an advanced type who accomplished this feat.*

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### THE PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ

The land of Greece was filled with foreboding. Word had come that Darius, the conquering King of Persia, furious over his defeat at Marathon by the Athenians, was assembling a vast army to crush the Greeks once for all.

For more than four years this monarch and his successor had been gathering the bravest soldiers from all their subject lands—Medes and Persians and Assyrians, Bactrians, Scythians, and Parthians, Phrygians, Thracians and Lydians, Arabs and Ethiopes, and a score of other races. All nearer Asia and northern Africa had been drawn on for one overwhelming effort against little Hellas.

The quarrel, according to the Persians, went back to the Greek siege of Troy. Its bitterness had certainly been handed down for generations—Asia against Europe, East against West. After these centuries of war and enmity, the great King was to end the matter by enslaving his stubborn enemies.

Word came at last that Xerxes, son of Darius and grandson of Cyrus, had actually set out with this incredible host of barbarians; that having scourged the Hellespont for breaking up his first bridge of boats, he had led his forces across this historic strait into Europe; seven days and nights had been occupied in crossing, and the number of those who crossed was reported at millions; no less than twelve hundred triremes, with

half a million more men, were to make a joint attack by sea; there were foot-soldiers and horsemen, camel corps and chariots, wild archers and spearmen; the very rivers were said to fail and not afford sufficient drink for the army and beasts; terrifying tales sped about of the ferocity of the savage tribes, of Amazons captaining galleys of the fleet, of the awful beauty, stature, grandeur, and implacable severity of Xerxes himself.

Small wonder that Greece trembled. Natural enough that one who saw these endless hordes pouring over the boat-bridge across the Hellespont should exclaim: "Oh, Jupiter, why hast thou taken the form of a Persian and the name of Xerxes, and brought all mankind with thee to destroy Greece—since it was in thy power without this?"

Their case would have seemed quite hopeless even had they been united and ready. But the Athenians were at war with the Æginetæ; several other states were arrayed against each other; there was no concerted action between any two Powers. To emphasize the division, when the heralds of Xerxes came demanding submission, Thessaly, Thebes, and half a dozen others sent back earth and water in token of surrender.

Many of those who would not stoop to this were ill-disposed to fight, because of fear or of relations with the Medes.

But for Athens and Sparta all had been lost. The Athenians were at first dismayed by an evil prophecy from the Oracle at Delphi; only when Themistocles advanced an opposite interpretation of the Oracle's words did they decide to resist the barbarians with all their might.

Proud Sparta never hesitated. Her sons were of the

same mind as when their ambassador rejected a Persian governor's counsel to submit sensibly: "What it is to be a slave you know perfectly well, but you have never tried whether liberty be sweet or not; for if you had tried it, you would advise us to fight for it, if we had no spears but only hatchets."

Leonidas was offered by Xerxes the kingship of all Greece if he would submit to Persian domination: he refused with contempt.

These two resolute states brought together a portion of the Greeks. They sought alliance with Argos, Crete, and Sicily; but old enmities and Sparta's haughty claim to lead made these efforts mostly unavailing.

Meanwhile the Persian host was pressing on, by land and water, and the tales of its terrible might grew more alarming instead of less. It became only too clear that the brunt of the onslaught must fall upon the few thousand Greeks who had pledged themselves to mutual fidelity.

It was at length decided to make the first stand at the pass of Thermopylæ. This narrow cleft, in places only wide enough for a single wagon-road, lay near the city of Trachis. The invader must pass through it to reach the Isthmus. Thither the defenders hurried as news arrived that Xerxes was sweeping through Thessaly and Achaia; and the hastily assembled fleet, a third as large as that of the Persians, was ordered to the neighboring waters of Artemisium.

It was the time of the Carnean festival in Sparta, and the Olympic games were in progress. Underestimating the rapidity of the barbarian advance, the allies sent forward only a small advance-guard, thinking their main force could join them after these solemnities were concluded.

Leonidas, reputed a descendant of Hercules, who had unexpectedly succeeded to the throne of Lacedæmon, led forward a band of three hundred Spartans, selected from those who had heirs. To him were joined four hundred Thebans (who had been suspected of wavering) and thirty-five hundred more allies from the Peloponnesus and Bœotia. In addition, there came from close by a force of Locrians and Phocians, impressed by the appeal that their foe was "not a god, but a man, and that there never was, nor would be, any mortal who had not evil mixed with his prosperity from his very birth."

Upon leaving Sparta, Leonidas enjoined upon his wife to take after his death a husband of honor and virtue —that her future children might be worthy of her first husband.

These five thousand men, of a dozen states, took up their positions in the pass, an inaccessible and precipitous mountain that stretched to Mount Œta guarding their left, a marsh and the sea on the other side. There was generally supposed to be no passageway except through the rocky defile.

To them came presently startling news. The enemy had reached the country of the Melians. He would be upon them long before their main army had planned to arrive.

Consternation seized the Greeks. All the other Peloponnesians wished to retreat and guard the Isthmus. But Leonidas, perceiving the indignation of the Phocians and Locrians at this proposal, resolved to stay, merely despatching messengers to Athens and Sparta to urge the need of immediate reinforcements.

Xerxes had learned that a small army was awaiting him at Thermopylæ, and had been scornfully incredu-

lous when the Greek Demeratus in his army assured him this handful would fight: "How could a thousand men, or even ten thousand, or even fifty thousand, being all equally free, and not subject to the command of a single person, resist such an army as this? For if they are five thousand, we are more than a thousand to one . . . and there are Persians among my bodyguard who would readily encounter three Greeks at once." Demeratus had replied: "The Lacedæmonians together are the bravest of men, for though free they have a master over them, the law, which they fear much more than your subjects fear you. And it ever enjoins the same thing, forbidding them to fly from battle before any number of men, but to remain in their ranks, and conquer or die." At which the Persian prince had been vastly amused, and spent himself in jests.

He now sent forward a mounted scout to reconnoitre.

The horseman rode into the gorge, close to the camp. The Greeks had repaired the old wall barring the passage, and their main camp was established behind this. The Spartans were on guard in front, however, and the observer watched them going through their customary gymnastic exercises, their weapons piled against the wall, while some combed their long hair. They disdained to pay any attention to him, so he was able to estimate their numbers and inspect the ground at his leisure.

His report seemed so ridiculous to Xerxes that Demeratus was again summoned.

"Tell me," he commanded, "what these men are about, for I cannot understand it."

"Hear the truth once more, oh, King," said the Greek. "These men have to fight with us for the pass,

and are now preparing to do so; for it is their custom, when they are going to hazard their lives, to dress their heads. But be assured, if you conquer these men, and those that remain in Sparta, there is no other nation in the world that will dare to raise their hand against you, oh, King, for you are now to engage with the noblest kingdom and city of all among the Greeks, and with the most valiant men."

"Yet how," persisted the Persian, "being so few in number, can they contend with my army?"

"Oh, King, deal with me as with a liar if these things do not turn out as I say."

Still incredulous, Xerxes waited four days, expecting these madmen to come to their senses and fly from his path.

Then, enraged at their arrogance, he sent forward the Medes and Cissians with orders to take them alive and bring them before him.

The headlong rush of the Medes bore down many of the defenders. They rallied immediately and charged back. Hour after hour they fought, until their assailants became more concerned about getting themselves back alive than carrying out their grandiloquent orders.

Having had their fill of the fray, the Medes retired. Forward came the "Immortal" Persians, flower of the army, confident that the matter would not take long to settle now. On a lofty throne of white marble sat their prince, to see them sweep away this petty obstacle.

In the narrow space they were deprived of the chief advantage of their numbers, and their repeated assaults made no impression on the Greek line. The latter had longer spears, and did such huge execution on their

enemy that Xerxes thrice leaped from his throne as his cohorts rolled back in disorder.

Night fell with the pass still firmly held.

Nor did the next day bring any change, though the invaders felt they would find their foes exhausted. Marshalled in companies by nations, the Greeks held their ground, and handled the Persian columns so roughly that they were again forced to retire.

Chagrined and perplexed at this incredible check to his progress, Xerxes knew not what to do.

Then there came to him a treacherous native named Ephialtes. This Melian knew of a secret path from the Asopus River across the mountain behind Thermopylæ. Hoping for a great reward, he offered to guide the Persians by this old track over the ridge, so that they could fall upon the enemy at an advantage.

It was a solution from the skies. In delight, Xerxes ordered Hydarnes to lead his defeated troops to this sure opportunity for revenge.

At the hour of lamp-lighting the columns set forth. They crossed the river, and marched all night along the rocky trail, which wound in and out but ever climbed upward, upward. When day broke, the head of the army was nearing the top.

Leonidas had felt safe from attack on this side, for the approach was guarded by the thousand Phocians, who had volunteered to defend the path and their own country. They had seen nothing of the enemy, since the mountain slopes were densely covered with oaks.

Suddenly the breeze brought to their ears a rustling of dry leaves and the dull tramp of many feet. The Phocians sprang to arms as the first of the barbarians emerged from the sheltering trees.

Surprised at the sight of men in armor, Hydarnes inquired of Ephialtes whether these were more of the now dreaded Spartans. Learning that they were not, he set his men in battle order and advanced.

A rain of arrows drove the Phocians back on the heights, where they prepared to perish, fancying the attack was upon them. But the Persians paid no further attention to this negligible band; swinging past them, the interminable lines topped the crest and hastened down the other side of the mountain.

It had been a gloomy morning in the Grecian camp. The augur Megistias had told them of impending death when he inspected the sacrifices. Deserters brought Leonidas information of the attempt on his flank. And as day dawned, scouts raced down from the heights with the startling details.

The leaders held a council. Many pointed out that to hold their position longer was mere suicide. Others would not consider retreating. When the assembly dispersed, a number at once set out for their home cities.

At this point the descendant of Hercules took matters into his own hands.

Apparently his indomitable pride was not loath to seize the chance for immortality presented by his allies' uncertainty. There was no possibility of choice for him and his three hundred. Sparta reared her sons in an iron discipline, and disowned him who turned his back upon a foe. So, since this was the end for them, the fewer who stayed, the greater the glory. Indeed, even from a military point of view, an ally who might flinch was worse than none in that stern hour ahead.

He bade all depart except the suspected Thebans, treating them as hostages. They went, sad at heart. But the Thespians refused to abandon him. Their

leader, Demophilus, announced they would stay to the end.

Two Spartans were also dismissed. These men, Eurytus and Aristodemus, were almost blind with a desperate disease of the eyes; Leonidas ordered them, as unfit for fighting, to start homeward. Megistias, the augur, he also commanded to flee from his own foreboding prophecy; but the diviner was also a Spartan; he sent away his son, his only child, but remained himself.

The little band made ready to sell their lives at the highest price they could exact.

A fugitive dilated upon the vast numbers of the enemy, most of whom they had not yet seen. "When their bowmen let fly their arrows, the multitude of their shafts hide the sun," he declared.

Up spoke sturdy Dieneces: "Our Trachinian friend gives us welcome news: for if the Medes obscure the sun, we shall have the cool shadow to fight in."

They had not long to wait. Xerxes, in the main camp, poured out his libations at sunrise, and shortly thereafter launched his cohorts along the pass as before; for Ephialtes had pointed out that the descent of the flanking force would be rapid.

Leonidas abandoned his fortifications and marched solemnly forth to the wider space beyond the scene of the former struggles. The end was certain, and any hour might bring Hydarnes down upon his rear; more room meant more chance to kill.

The Persian masses surged forward. They were met with javelins and swords and slaughtered by hundreds. But there were ever more thousands behind, and their officers scourged the waverers on, so that many were trampled to death underfoot or pushed over the cliff

into the sea. The doomed Spartans and Thespians fought with incredible valor, piling the ground with enemy bodies. As long as a man could thrust or cut, he kept up the hopeless contest. When he fell, his companions closed up, never slackening their desperate attack.

It was such a fight as the world has not known before or since. Homer might have described it. History will never cease to give it the leading place in the endless roll of battles.

At length King Leonidas, covered with wounds, went down, wielding his sword to the last. The struggle over his body was even fiercer than before. Four times the enraged Greeks beat back the Persian masses. Two sons of King Darius fell in this savage mêlée. The body was rescued and carried to the rear. Spartans and Thespians fought on with fresh determination.

The expected blow fell. Word came that the army led by Ephialtes was almost upon them. Those who were left drew back beyond the wall, and formed in a compact body on the rising ground. The Thebans, who had made a show of aiding, drew off by themselves.

Then from all sides the barbarian wave dashed upon this remnant. Battling with swords, with hands, with teeth, they were overwhelmed. Not one man surrendered. When it was over, they were not.

"Thus the Greeks fought at Thermopylæ."

Eurytus, one of the two half-blind Spartans, heard of the Persians approaching from the mountain. He forced his helot to arm him and lead him to the throng. There the slave ran off. Eurytus plunged into the fray and perished with his comrades.

The other, Aristodemus, reached Sparta—to find

himself an outcast, his name a hissing and a scorn. Later on, at the battle of Platæa, he performed such prodigies of reckless valor as to redeem the memory of "Aristodemus the Coward."

The pusillanimous Thebans pleaded to the conquerors that they had fought only under compulsion and had been first to send earth and water; beginning with their general, Leontiades, they were by Xerxes' command branded with the royal mark.

Contrary to Persian custom, Xerxes commanded that dead Leonidas's head be severed and fixed on a pole, so violent was his rage against this man who had humiliated him.

But nothing the conqueror could do could make his victory aught but a defeat. Thermopylæ was a flame which fired the heart of Greece. Though Xerxes captured Athens, his great fleet was almost annihilated in the battle of Salamis; leaving three hundred thousand men under Mardonius to winter in Thessaly, he made his way back to Persia, arriving with a mere fragment of his host.

Centuries after these Spartans died (490 B. C.) a stone lion in the pass reminded every passer-by of the deed of Leonidas.

And for nearly twenty-five hundred years the very word *Thermopylæ* has evoked a vision of the highest pitch of devoted courage. This, as much as those colossal triumphs of the sculptor's and builder's and craftsman's art, is "the glory that was Greece."

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### THE MARCH OF THE TEN THOUSAND

Darius the great King of Persia was dead. He left to his eldest son Artaxerxes dominion over his vast empire. His youngest son, named Cyrus after that conqueror who first made the Persians supreme in Asia, he had invested satrap of the western portion of the realm—Lydia, greater Phrygia, and Cappadocia.

Accused of treason by his false friend Tissaphernes, young Cyrus was imprisoned by his brother, and would have been put to death but for his mother's intercession. This enmity and disgrace made him plot in earnest. He was idolized by those he ruled. Generous, just, brave, modest, able, he was universally acknowledged to be such a prince as had not appeared among the Persians since the days of his great namesake. He set about building up an army at whose head he might brave Artaxerxes and take the kingdom for himself.

The Greeks had written their valor large on many a bloody battle-field. Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis, and Platæa had left no doubt in any Persian mind as to the fighting qualities of these European neighbors. Cyrus took every chance to add Greek mercenaries to the forces he was gathering, under pretense of marching against the Pisidians who were disturbing his borders.

All was at last ready. He set out from Sardis on his bold attempt for a throne, and advanced through Lydia and Phrygia.

Reviewing his army before the Queen of Cilicia, there were, besides the hundred thousand "barbarians,"

a force of eleven thousand heavy-armed Greeks and two thousand targeteers.

The Persian prince in a battle-car and the visiting Queen in a chariot drove down in front of this compact line of Greeks from many states, commanded by Clearchus the Spartan, Proxenus of Bœotia, Menon of Thessaly, and other generals. They were seasoned warriors who wore helmets and greaves of brass, with scarlet vests, and shields and pikes that glittered in the sunlight.

The order was given to present arms and advance in order of battle. The trumpets sounded. The thousands of flashing pikes swung as one to the front. With great shouts the Greek lines charged forward behind these bristling spear-points.

So realistic and terrifying was the manœuvre that the fair Queen, in whose honor all this had taken place, leaped from her chariot and fled, followed by her guards, many of the native troops, and the sutlers and camp-followers; whereat the laughing Greeks repaired to their tents, and Cyrus once more congratulated himself upon this disciplined and awe-inspiring fighting-machine he had acquired.

Among these men of Hellas was one named Xenophon. He was neither general nor captain, nor even a professional soldier. His companions knew little of him beyond that he was a volunteer attached to Prcxenus. Indeed, he had made little stir during his forty-three years in his own city of Athens; inquiry would have revealed merely that he was the son of Gryllus, and a disciple of Socrates the philosopher.

Small idea had those proud warriors that this unknown outsider was to save their lives, and, in doing so and telling the story, to make them immortal. How

vastly would the Persian prince and the beautiful Queen of Cilicia have been amused had one foretold during that review that thousands of years later they would be remembered only as picturesque scenery observed through the eyes of this insignificant volunteer, while he would be known to all civilized men as general, soldier, historian, philosopher, orator, sportsman—and, above all, a shining example of Man the Master of adversity.

The very manner of his coming had revealed some of his character.

Receiving earnest messages from Proxenus, to whom he was bound by the rights of hospitality, he consulted his master Socrates concerning the voyage. The philosopher pointed out that the Athenians were very bitter against Cyrus, who had aided the Spartans against them, and advised Xenophon to take counsel of the Oracle at Delphi before joining this enemy of his city.

Repairing to the sacred spot, Xenophon inquired of Apollo to which gods he should sacrifice for a happy issue to his expedition. But, as Socrates pointed out on his return, he did not ask at all whether or not he should go, having plainly come to his own determination on this main point.

Here he was, then, ignorant like his fellows of what lay ahead; for only Clearchus of all the Greeks knew the real destination of the army.

Suspicions began to arise when they reached Tarsus, where stood the palace of the Cilician King. When Clearchus endeavored to force his men to go on, they stoned him, declaring they had not enlisted against the King of Persia. Only by the guile of the leader, pretending to submit to their will, while pointing out the

difficulties of their position and the value of Cyrus's friendship in this strange land, and by an increase of pay, were they induced to proceed.

Advancing along the Syrian coast, Cyrus struck across to the Euphrates River. Here he called together the Greek generals, told them frankly he proposed to march against the Persian monarch at Babylon, and urged them to persuade the mercenaries to follow.

By promises of rewards, and the shrewd counsel of Menon, the Greeks were filled with enthusiasm for the formidable enterprise. They waded across the half-mile stretch of the Euphrates, the boats having been burned by the retiring Persian general; and when they found that, despite the natives' assertions that the stream was unfordable, the passage was made in safety, all declared that even the historic river was submitting itself to Cyrus as its future King.

Across the level, treeless plain they advanced, wondering at the strange aromatic shrubs, the wild asses, swift ostriches, and bustards.

Before long they found the country ahead devastated by an enemy force. The Persian prince, Orontas, offered to take a thousand horse and ambush the raiders, thus obstructing their march. But his treacherous design was revealed by an intercepted letter; his guilt was proven before a court martial; he was haled to the tent of one of the sceptre-bearers; and no man of the army laid eyes upon him again—the only traitor to Cyrus in all the army.

The invaders pushed on into the land of Babylon. In the great plain crossed with canals, at a place called Cunaxa, they confronted the King's army, about ten times their own strength, with one hundred and fifty

fearsome chariots, having scythes from the axles and under the bodies to mow down everything human as their horses dashed forward.

The Greeks were on the right wing, next to the Euphrates. Cyrus, bareheaded, was in the centre of his Asian lines on the left.

After hours of waiting, a white cloud of dust rose in the distance. It spread like a darkness over the plain. Flashes from burnished armor appeared through the murk. The mighty host came into view, horse, foot, and scythe chariots, each of the many nations drawn up in a solid oblong body.

Cyrus rode in front of his ranks, surveying the enemy and his own inadequate forces.

Observing this, Xenophon rode up to him, asking for orders.

The leader commanded him to inform the men the sacrifices augured success.

At this moment a grim murmur ran through the lines of waiting Greeks.

"What does that mean?" demanded Cyrus.

"It is the battle word, given for the second time."

"What word?"

"'Jupiter the Preserver, and Victory.'"

"I accept it," said Cyrus. "Let that be the word."

The enemy was now less than half a mile away. Cyrus returned to his post. Having sung their pæan, the Greek lines advanced.

The battle-line became irregular. Those behind hastened to regain their position. With a deafening shout, and clashing their pikes against their brazen shields, the little body charged upon the masses facing them.

The enemy was thrown into disorder. The horse-

men turned and fled. Many of the scythe chariots cut their way back through their own ranks. Losing only a single man, wounded by an arrow, the Greeks shattered this left wing and hurled it back in flight, pressing in pursuit as they felt the battle won.

Cyrus charged the opposing centre among his chosen six hundred horsemen. Cutting his way through the enemy, he beheld his rival, Artaxerxes. This had been his goal from the onset.

"I see the man!" he cried.

Dashing furiously ahead, with only a few of his attendants near, he wounded the King in the breast.

As he struck through his enemy's corselet, a javelin was hurled that caught him under the eye. A fierce mêlée followed around the two leaders. Fighting desperately, Cyrus and eight of his most trusted friends went down before overwhelming numbers.

Artaxerxes had his head and right hand cut off and raised on a pole, while his own encouraged followers advanced. The native forces of Cyrus, dismayed by his death, fled before them, abandoning their camp.

Thus the Greeks and Artaxerxes, three or four miles apart, each pursued the other's allies, in opposite directions—each certain of having won a complete victory.

Facing about, the Persians gathered themselves together and confronted this little band. But when they heard again that exulting pæan, and saw the alacrity with which the confident Greeks came to this new conflict, they fled hurriedly to a hill by the neighboring village.

Clearchus and his men pursued till nearly sunset without overtaking them. Then they returned—to find a plundered camp.

Most of them went fasting that night. And great was their uncertainty at not hearing from their Persian leader.

At sunrise came the news of Cyrus's death, which perplexed them the more; but, confident of their prowess, they sent word to Ariæus, his lieutenant, that if he would join them they would put him on the throne at Babylon, "for those who gain the victory, gain with it a right to command."

Messages came from the King by Phalinus, a Greek, bidding them deliver up their arms and repair humbly to court, lest a worse thing come upon them. At which the sturdy warriors bade him come and take these weapons if he could.

And Xenophon remarked: "You see, oh, Phalinus, that we have nothing now to depend on save our arms and our courage; and while we are masters of our arms we think we may make use of our courage also."

Yet some wavered before the common sense of the wily Phalinus and his report of the mighty power they were opposing.

Clearchus himself seemed undecided. The next day the whole body submitted to him, as the most experienced leader, and set forth to rejoin Cyrus's friends. In the night three hundred Thracians deserted to the enemy.

The junction was made, oaths were sworn, and the combined forces began their retreat.

Again Artaxerxes sent messages. Through Tissaphernes, whose men alone had not fled before the Greeks at Cunaxa, a truce was concluded. Much-needed provisions were secured. After weeks of negotiations, Tissaphernes represented that he had prevailed upon the King to permit him to conduct them safe home.

Once more they started, keeping separate from the army of Ariæus, which had become not so friendly.

There was continual suspicion of Tissaphernes, and when they reached the Zabatus River, Clearchus endeavored to clear up these jealousies, lest they break out into open conflict.

The Persian protested it had been and still was in his power to destroy them, if that had been desired. The whole trouble, he declared, came from mischief-makers who kept stating that the Greeks had designs against their escort. He easily persuaded the brave Clearchus, whose genius lay in war instead of guileful diplomacy, to bring the Greek generals and captains to a public conference, where these plots could be exposed and guarded against. This was the easier to bring about since Menon of Thessaly was much suspected by Clearchus.

The latter's urgency prevailed against the natural objections of many. Accompanied by the other four chief leaders—Proxenus, Menon, Agias, and Socrates the Achaian—with twenty captains, and two hundred soldiers, who were ostensibly going to market, the commander went next day to Tissaphernes's camp.

The five generals were bidden to enter. The captains stayed without. The conference began.

Presently a signal was given by the Persian satrap. The generals were arrested. The twenty captains were cut to pieces. The barbarian cavalry scoured the plain, killing all the straggling Greeks they found. While the thunderstruck army was protesting against this violation of oaths, the generals were hurried away to Artaxerxes, who had them all executed.

It was a gloomy prospect for the adventurers. Their leaders were wiped out at one foul blow; they were

ten thousand amid the myriads of a mighty monarch, clearly bent on their destruction; twelve hundred miles of strange country, swarming with foes, barred by impassable rivers, lay between them and Hellas; they had no guides; their former barbarian allies had deserted them, so they had no cavalry with which to pursue the enemy; even food could not be obtained any longer.

"These reflections so disheartened them, that few ate anything that evening, few made fires, and many that night never came to their quarters but laid themselves down, every man in the place where he happened to be, unable to sleep through sorrow and a longing for their country, their parents, their wives and children, whom they never expected to see again; in this disposition of mind, they all lay down to rest."

In a brief period of sleep that came to him at last, Xenophon dreamed he heard the thunder crash and the lightning fall upon his father's house, setting it ablaze.

It was hardly a cheerful omen. But the resolute mind took charge of affairs in the face of whatever might portend.

He asked himself why he lay there with the rest, making no preparation for defense, though all expected the King to attack them in the morning. Who was there to come to their help? What aid might they expect save from themselves?

It was the middle of the night, but he rose and assembled the captains who had served under Proxenus.

"Comrades," he began, "I can neither sleep, which I suppose is your case also, nor lie still any longer for thinking of our condition."

He pointed out that the enemy must have been all

ready to strike before committing this treachery, and that they knew what to expect when the King's own brother's dead body had been so cruelly mutilated.

"We ought therefore to do everything rather than fall into his hands."

The gods would favor them against such perjurers, he declared; and they had already shown their superiority in endurance as well as battle. Possibly others among their friends might have come to the same stern resolve:

"For heaven's sake then, let us not wait till they come hither to encourage us to glorious deeds, but let us be before them and incite even them to bravery.

"Show yourselves bravest of all the captains, most worthy to command of all the generals.

"As for me, if you desire to lead the way in this, I will follow you with cheerfulness; and if you appoint me to be your leader, I shall not excuse myself because of my age, but consider that I am in the very vigor of life to repel injuries."

At that they all desired him to take command.

Only one faint heart, Appollonides, declared in the Bœotian dialect that he who suggested any means of escape except by persuading the King spoke mere impertinences. Xenophon sternly rebuked him with the known facts, and declared him a dishonor to Greece; and, it being pointed out that his ears were pierced after the Lydian fashion, he was ignominiously expelled from the camp.

Then they called together the remaining officers from the whole army, a hundred in all, and about midnight Hieronymus, the oldest of Proxenus's captains, bade Xenophon speak to the assembly.

Eloquently he pointed out the danger, the sole

chance of escape, and the responsibility that lay upon every officer.

"For you know," he concluded, in words that ring to-day as they must have rung through that torch-lit blackness twenty-three centuries ago, "that neither numbers nor strength give the victory; but that side which with the assistance of the gods attacks with the greatest resolution, is generally irresistible.

"I have observed also that those men who in war seek to preserve their lives are apt to die with shame and ignominy; while those who look upon death as common to all and unavoidable, and are only solicitous to die with honor, oftener arrive at old age, and while they live, live happier.

"As, therefore, we are sensible of these things, it behooves us at this critical juncture both to act with courage ourselves and to exhort the rest to do the same."

His fire met with answering flame.

"Before this time, oh, Xenophon," declared a Spartan captain, "I knew naught of you save that you were an Athenian; but now I second both your words and actions, and wish we had many in the army like you."

So Tolmides the mighty Cryer was sent for, and an election of officers proclaimed. By daybreak Xenophon had been chosen in place of the murdered Proxenus, and the other empty places had been filled.

They heartened each other's resolution by speeches, vowed sacrifice to Jupiter the Preserver if they should reach home, and sang their pæan.

Arrayed in the most gorgeous armor he could provide, Xenophon cheered them with memories of such deeds as those of their fathers at Thermopylæ and Salamis against vast numbers of these very races. The only advantage of their horsemen, said he, was

that they could run away faster. All rivers were passable somewhere; they would seek their sources, if necessary. They were better off without their unreliable allies, trusting solely to their own proven might. They must burn all superfluities, travel light, and above everything unite in preserving the strictest discipline. The order of march was appointed.

All held up their hands in formal approval of his proposals.

"Now," he concluded, "you are to disperse and carry out what has been decided.

"And whoever among you desires to return to his family, let him remember to fight bravely, for this is the only means to effect it.

"Whoever has a mind to live, let him resolve to conquer; for it is the part of the conqueror to inflict death, that of the conquered to receive it.

"And if any among you covet riches, let him strike to overcome: for the victorious not only keep their own possessions but add to them those of the enemy."

While they were burning their baggage and eating, a commander of Cyrus's named Mithridates came with a few horsemen, urging on them the impossibility of returning without the King's consent. Suspecting his good faith, the more since a captain and twenty men deserted that night, the generals ordered that there should be no further treaty while they were in the enemy's country.

The Ten Thousand set forth upon their incredible march.

They crossed the Zabatus River, and advanced in battle array, the baggage and camp-followers in the centre. Mithridates appeared with some hundreds of horsemen, archers, and slingers; and he soon showed

the value of his friendship by attacking them. The heavy-armed Grecians were harassed at long range by their agile foes, whom they were unable to catch. They covered a scant three miles that whole day, and camped for the night, disheartened and blaming their leader.

Improvising a force of slingers from the Rhodians, and even a small company of cavalry with the aid of the baggage-horses, Xenophon was able to make a better showing next day, the five thousand Persians flying before the first charge with heavy loss.

That night they reached the Tigris River at the ancient ruined city of Resen.

A few miles beyond, they found a vast army raised by Tissaphernes on both flanks and at their rear. This host feared to attack, but the skirmishers assailed them with slings and bows and must be continually driven off by the Cretan archers and Rhodian slingers.

It had to be done over again the following day; and the square formation was abandoned as unwieldy, companies of a hundred each being formed to shift from centre to rear as the narrowing road, or bridges, or passes demanded.

Ten days after they had set out, they rejoiced at the sight of hills ahead, thinking this broken country would hamper the enemy's horsemen, who ever hung upon their flanks. But they had to fight their way through darts, stones, and arrows showered down on them from the heights; and eight surgeons were needed to care for the wounded that evening.

After a three days' halt, finding a lucky store of provisions, they descended into the plain again, much hampered by their wounded, always followed during the day by the barbarians. At night they had rest, for

the Persians never ventured to camp closer than six or seven miles.

Seeing nothing of the enemy for three days, they congratulated themselves on having finally shaken them off. They were rudely undeceived on the fourth; right ahead of them appeared the barbarian hordes, clustered on a height commanding the road.

Cheirosophus sent for Xenophon, who rode ahead from the rear where Tissaphernes could be seen advancing with an army that stretched as far as the eye could see. The Greeks were plainly to be crushed between the defended hills in front and the advancing multitudes behind.

Scanning the country, the leader noticed a passage from the crest of the near-by mountain to the enemy's position.

"Oh, Cheirosophus," said he. "I think the best thing we can do is to gain the top of this mountain as soon as possible; for if we are once masters of that, the enemy cannot maintain themselves upon the hill. You stay with the army, if you think fit, while I go up yonder; or, if you prefer to go, I will stay here."

"I give you the choice," replied the captain.

"Then, since I am the younger, I will go," declared Xenophon.

Hastily picking a detachment from the vanguard, to avoid the delay of sending back for his own men, he started up the steep slope.

The barbarians saw their design and hurried in the same direction to cut them off from this point of vantage. Shouts went up from each side as they raced for this crucial position.

"Soldiers!" cried Xenophon, riding beside them. "Remember you are striving to reach Greece. This

instant you are forcing your way to your wives and children. This one effort, and we shall advance without more opposition."

"We are not on equal terms," muttered one, Soteridas. "You are on horseback, while I am worn out with carrying my shield."

At this Xenophon leaped from his horse, thrust the grumbler out of his rank, and taking his shield marched on with his men as fast as they could—though the horseman's corselet he wore much impeded him on foot.

Urging on those in front and behind, he pressed upward. But the soldiers would not have this: they beat and abused Soteridas, and threw stones at him, till he resumed his shield and place.

Xenophon remounted and led them up till the way became impracticable for his horse. Then on foot once more, he headed the dash for the coveted position.

His spirit won the day. They reached the summit ahead of the barbarians. The latter fled when they saw themselves thus outmanœuvred, and the following army also disappeared. The Greeks passed over the ridge and descended into a plain near the Tigris abounding with food.

Though Tissaphernes fired some of the villages, they gathered together a store of provisions, held a council and decided they must strike northward over the mountains through the country of the fierce Parthians to Armenia, where they were told they could cross the headwaters of the Tigris, quite impassable at this place.

The week that followed was one to test all their resolution and endurance. The wild Parthians fled from their villages to the hills, but proved much more formidable than Tissaphernes and all his army. They harassed the Greeks with stones and arrows from their

fastnesses, and rolled down on them great boulders weighing a ton each. Every pass and defile was a trap. Xenophon himself narrowly escaped in one skirmish, when his armor-bearer deserted with his shield.

But in spite of incessant attacks, in spite of the deadly three-foot arrows that pierced through shields and corselets, in spite of storms, in spite of the steep, narrow, rocky roads, the Greeks fought their way along till they reached a well-stocked region by the Centrites River which formed the boundary between Parthia and Armenia.

Here they rested, enjoying their well-earned food, the fine houses, and the wine— so abundant it was kept in plastered cisterns.

They fancied their worst hardships were over. But daylight showed a strong body of Armenians and Chaldeans guarding the river. Moreover, the stream was more than breast-deep and full of slippery stones; and behind them appeared a multitude of their Parthian foes. To attempt to ford the river under such circumstances was to invite complete destruction. They camped, in sore perplexity.

Xenophon dreamed that night that he was chained but that his fetters burst of themselves. Cheered by this and by favorable sacrifices, the Greeks were breakfasting, when two young men brought word that while gathering wood they had discovered a ford, half a mile away, at a spot inaccessible to the enemy's horse.

Making a feint against the pursuing Parthians, Xenophon enabled Cheirosophus to lead the main body across this passage; then beating off continual assaults, he managed to get his own force to the other side also.

They marched comfortably over the undulating Armenian plain, and since the satrap of the land consented to a treaty, they soon put seventy miles behind them.

There were other troubles, however. Snow fell so heavily that men and arms were covered as they slept. The baggage-horses were numbed. The men themselves lay on the ground as if ready to give up further effort. Xenophon rose naked, and went himself to cut fire-wood; and shamed by his hardihood the men sprang to work, built great blazing fires, and rubbed their stiff bodies with native oils.

They learned presently that the Governor had treated with them only to lull them into fancied security, and was planning to fall upon them in a mountain defile ahead.

So they pushed on precipitately, surprised the enemy's camp, and drove them headlong.

Through deep snow, rugged passes, and across a desert, fifty miles, covered in three days, brought them past the Euphrates, though the bitter winds and travel through six-foot drifts caused the deaths of thirty soldiers, besides many slaves and horses. A large part of those who survived were tormented with a grievous distemper, termed the bulimy. Men were smitten with snow-blindness; their feet were frost-bitten so that toes dropped off in the intense cold; and these unfortunates had to be left behind.

Seeing a black patch of ground where a warm spring had melted the snow, a body of tormented soldiers dragged themselves thither and sank down, declaring they could go no farther.

Even when Xenophon assured them the enemy was close behind and angrily ordered them to advance,

they merely told him to kill them, for they could do no more.

Darkness had fallen. The barbarians at their heels came up, quarrelling loudly about the booty they thought in their hands. Then the Greek leader with all his well men charged upon them, while the worn-out ones, prostrate as they were, clashed their weapons and shouted. Whereat the Armenians fled in terror through the snow.

Half a mile farther on, Xenophon found another body resting in the same manner, and presently learned that the whole army had come to a halt. So they passed a miserable night without food or fire.

Next day the sick were helped or forced along till they came to villages where they could camp and recuperate.

Eight days they feasted in plenty, drinking wine from jars where they stooped and "sucked like oxen," obtaining fresh horses, and getting information about the country.

Refreshed and unopposed, they made one hundred and fifty miles in the next nine days; then they cut their way through a strong force of Chalybians who held the passes, and advanced another hundred miles into the land of the Taochians.

Here matters began to look very serious. The natives had carried off all their belongings into their fastnesses, and provisions ran short.

Coming to one of these natural fortresses, without houses but containing great numbers of men and women and cattle, Cheirosophus in the van attacked at once. His companies had to assault one at a time, since the place was surrounded with precipitous cliffs; and they suffered sorely.

Xenophon came up with the rear-guard.

"You come very seasonably," said Cheirosophus, "for this place must be taken or the army will starve."

"What can hinder us from carrying it by assault?" demanded Xenophon, as they held a council.

"There is no access to it but this," said the other; "and when any of our men press up they roll down stones from the rock, which treat us as you see"—pointing to soldiers with broken legs and ribs.

"But," persisted the leader, "when they have rolled all their stones, what can stop us then? I see only a few men, and of these but a handful that are armed. The space exposed to these stones is about a hundred and fifty feet long, and a hundred feet of that is covered with pine-trees; how can our men suffer from the stones if they shelter themselves among these? Then, when the stones stop, we must rush the remaining fifty feet."

"But they will begin to shower them on us the moment we start for the trees."

"That's the very thing we want," declared Xenophon, "for in that way their supply of stones will be the sooner exhausted. Anyhow, let us gain those trees so close to them; we can easily retreat if we must."

So the two led forward seventy men, in open order, each sheltering himself as best he might. Soldiers and captains vied with each other in quick dashes to draw the fire of these primitive but deadly missiles. Dodging out from behind the tree-trunks and back again, they braved the cart-loads of stones that were hurled or rolled down the steep incline upon them. Ever working their way up, a final rush brought them to the top. The resolute barbarians would not surrender: the women threw their children over the precipice, then leaped themselves; and most of the

men followed. But the captured sheep and oxen saved the Greeks from the starvation which had looked them in the face.

They needed all this supply as they battled their way for two hundred miles through the land of the Chalybians and Scythinians, for the former not only carried off all their cattle and grain, but proved the most valiant warriors they had yet encountered. At the town of Gymnias, however, the Governor of the land offered to have them guided through his enemies' territory. And those battered adventurers thrilled with fresh determination when this guide offered his life as forfeit if he should not in five days show them the sea.

Onward they pressed, hearts beating high.

On the fifth day, as the vanguard ascended the holy mountain of Theches, suddenly a hoarse shout rose from the head of the column.

Supposing that this meant a fresh onslaught, Xenophon galloped up from the rear, which was constantly harried by the bands hanging onto the line of march.

He came nearer the scene of tumult. Presently words formed themselves amid the wild shouting, wondrous words to those intrepid warriors:

"The sea! The sea!" men cried in a very delirium of joy.

Everybody now rushed forward, men and animals.

It was indeed the smiling waters of the Black Sea which rippled as far as eye could reach. At its western end, as every man realized, lay the Hellespont and their own fair land. They felt as if they were already gazing upon that home toward which they had striven for months, against such daunting obstacles. The sea! It was there, right ahead. Forgotten all labors and

dangers. They embraced one another in ecstasy, while tears streamed down their gaunt, bronzed cheeks.

The next week, and the hostile Colchians were as nothing. Splitting a path through these last enemies as a launching ship divides the waves, they came to Trebisond on the shores of the Black Sea. They were once more among their fellow Greeks.

The great march was accomplished. They had written their imperishable record on the book of history. Free men and self-governing, they had defied the millions of the Persian despot in his own land. Like their forefathers at Thermopylæ, they had taught the Persian and his subjects to tremble at the very sight of a Grecian pike.

Among the deeds of discipline, the march of Xenophon and his Ten Thousand has yet to be surpassed. The discipline was voluntary, from within, imposed upon themselves by self-reliant freemen.

And that is a combination not to be overcome by any enemy.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### "THE GUARD DIES BUT NEVER SURRENDERS!"

The destiny of Europe hung upon the issue of the day.

That universal menace of Napoleon's conquering genius which had settled down upon the whole Continent for twenty years, and which all had fancied was removed forever when the Allies entered Paris, forced the Emperor to abdicate, and exiled him to the tiny island of Elba—this threat to the world's freedom had suddenly startled all men by flashing again upon the scene like lightning from a clear sky. Napoleon had stolen from his island and landed in France; his conquering veterans had flocked about him; the puppet King of the Powers, Louis XVIII, had fled in terror before the returning Man; the Hundred Days had thrilled the world with their dramatic, swift unfolding of history-making pageantry—renewed delirious France and its Genius, darting rapier-like thrusts against the Seven Nations who proclaimed Napoleon outlaw.

Then the crisis. In June, 1815, Napoleon had made one of his inspired strokes through Belgium at the English and Prussian armies, to annihilate them before the slowly advancing, multitudinous hosts of Russians, Austrians, and Bavarians should reach the Rhine, or the Spaniards and Portuguese pass the Pyrenees.

Hurling his five army corps and cavalry reserves in three vast columns upon the key point of Brussels, on the glorious anniversary of Marengo and of Friedland (each of which had remade the map of Europe), he fell upon Wellington and Blücher like a thunderbolt. It looked as if the eagles of victory had resumed their wonted perch upon the imperial standards.

But the victor of Talavera and Vittoria opposed immovable British doggedness to the dashing assaults of Marshal Ney. Old "Marshal Forward," as the Prussian grenadiers called Blücher, drove his eighty thousand men through swamps and foes and cannon-hail to the essential junction with his English allies: "But you *must* get on," he told his despairing soldiers. "I have pledged my word to Wellington."

The titanic struggle between the two greatest military champions of their age had swayed to and fro with varying fortunes in different quarters. Blücher was beginning to press violently on Napoleon's right. The Emperor dashed his cavalry again and again upon the English centre, struggling to break those stubborn squares, which bristled death.

"The first charge was magnificent," says a British major who was in the brigade where the attack centred. "As soon as they quickened their trot into a gallop, the cuirassiers bent their heads so that the peaks of their helmets looked like visors, and they seemed cased in armor from the plume to the saddle.

"Not a shot was fired till they were within thirty yards, when the word was given and our men fired away at them. The effect was magical. Through the smoke we could see helmets falling, cavaliers starting from their seats with convulsive springs as they received our balls, horses plunging and rearing in the

agonies of fright and pain, and crowds of the soldiery dismounted, part of the squadron in retreat, but the more daring remainder backing their horses to force them on our bayonets. Our fire soon disposed of these gentlemen.

"The main body reformed in our front and gallantly repeated their attacks. In fact from this time (about four o'clock) till near six, we had a constant repetition of these brave but unavailing charges. There was no difficulty in repulsing them, but our ammunition decreased alarmingly. At length an artillery-wagon galloped up, emptied two or three casks of cartridges into the square, and we were all comfortable.

"The best cavalry is contemptible to a steady and well-supplied infantry regiment; even our men saw this and began to pity the useless perseverance of their assailants, and, as they advanced, would growl out:

"'Here come these fools again!'

"One of their superior officers tried a *ruse de guerre*, by advancing and dropping his sword, as though he surrendered; some of us were deceived by him, but Halkett ordered the men to fire, and he coolly retired, saluting us.

"Their devotion was invincible. One officer whom we had taken prisoner was asked what force Napoleon might have in the field, and replied with a smile of mingled derision and threatening:

"'*Vous verrez bientôt sa force, messieurs!*' (You'll see his force quick enough, gentlemen!)

"A private cuirassier was wounded and dragged into the square; his only cry was:

"'*Tuez donc, tuez, tuez moi, soldats!*' (Kill then, kill, kill me, soldiers!)

"And as one of our men dropped dead close to him,

he seized his bayonet and forced it into his own neck; but this not despatching him, he raised up his cuirass, and, plunging the bayonet into his stomach, kept working it about till he ceased to breathe."

But this pounding of cavalry and the more effective artillery rain of round shot and grape fell upon an imperturbability which only commented: "Hard pounding this, gentlemen; we'll try who can pound the longest."

Napoleon, who had watched the shock and retreat, the ebb and flow, through a telescope from a little hillock in the centre of the French position near La Belle Alliance, saw with his unerring gaze that the crisis had come.

He determined to make his supreme stroke. The Old Guard had not yet come into action. It would have served to cover his retreat to the French frontier. But this meant ruin to the splendid dream which had reared itself into actuality as rapidly as the thunderheads roll up into rounded beauty in the west. His whole dazzling career had been wrested from destiny by risking everything when the moment arrived. As ever, he backed his star.

Between seven and eight o'clock the Old Guard formed into two columns on the hillside near La Belle Alliance. With the superb figure of Ney, "bravest of the brave," at their head, they defiled past the squat figure on the white Persian charger which was in their eyes the embodiment of victory, of glory, of France.

Past him they marched, these thousands of hawk-eyed, stern-faced, battle-scarred veterans, in their bearskin shakos, punctuated by their storied eagle badges, each battalion led by a general; these giants who had shattered the Mamelukes at the Pyramids, the

Turkish infantry at Aboukir; who had scaled the Alps, conquered Italy from Austria at Marengo; these heroes of Ulm, of Austerlitz, of Jena, of Wagram; these thousands of vital, intense personalities fused by their master into one overwhelming machine of death; these very pillars of the world-subduing conqueror who had become to them a legend, a personified deity of battles.

And when this sphinx-like figure of incarnate power raised its arm and without a word pointed to the enemy, a vast, hoarse roar split the air, drowning even the thunder of the cannon and the rattle of musketry:

*"Vive l'Empereur!"*

Driven by a frenzy of proud and inflamed resolve, beneath a cloud of cannon-balls belched forth from their own guns over their heads upon the foe, they dashed in one mighty thrust against that so-many-times-battered right centre of the English line, between Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte.

Beyond the crest of the hill lay Maitland's brigade of British Guards, sheltering themselves from the withering fire of the French guns on the opposite heights.

Upward drove the Old Guard, ploughed by shot and shell from the English cannon. So close to the top were they that their artillery had to cease firing, since they could not shell the enemy without endangering their own grenadiers.

Ney's horse had been shot. On foot, sword in hand, the dashing marshal led the charge. The massive column topped the rise. To their amazement not a soldier was in sight. The only evidence of the enemy which their eager eyes could detect through the dense, billowing, shell-rent pall of smoke was a small group of

mounted officers. But one tall, immobile, silent figure was the Iron Duke himself. He sat there like some statue from a sculptor's hand.

With wild cheers the French veterans poured over the crest and down the gentle decline toward this brain and will of the opposing army. Not a shot was fired.

When they were within fifty yards, the statue spoke: "Up, Guards, and at them!"

As when Cadmus sowed the dragon's teeth, the very earth bristled into warriors. In an instant, as if evoked before their very eyes by a magic word, there appeared a line of the British Guards, erect, four deep, drawn up as if on parade.

Sharp commands crackled amid their silence. Like some multiplied Briareus, the line swung its thousands of muskets forward with a single motion. A single horizontal sweep of flame; a single roar of many guns. And when the spouting blast of lead had done its work, three hundred of the French veterans were down. A storm of cannon-balls and canister swept them, riddling the tricolor flag above the eagles.

The French officers sprang forward; far in advance of their men they opened out their column to increase their return fire. But Maitland's line poured in volley after volley, decimating the attackers. As even they wavered, another command rang out among the scarlet lines; with fixed bayonets the British soldiers charged and drove the proud Guard headlong down the hill again.

Quite undismayed by this repulse of their fellows, the second column slanted over toward the right to hit the same deadly point. Exposed to the batteries and the volleys of Maitland's triumphant brigade on

their front, they were also swept by another brigade which had been formed parallel to their left flank.

The night was growing dark. All about them they could feel that most disorganizing of all shocks, the giving away and rout of the rest of their army. They could no longer see that conquering Emperor on his white horse whose very presence had so often inspired them to wrest victory from defeat. They heard the *Vive l'Empereur!* in every quarter changing to a panic-stricken *Sauve qui peut!* The demoralizing sense of treachery filled the confusion.

It was suicide. But they fought as if they saw success right before them.

They had but one reply to friends who counselled retreat, to foes who urged surrender:

"The Guard dies, but never surrenders!"

"Ney,* desperate and grand with the consciousness of accepted death, offered himself to every blow in that storm. His fifth horse was killed under him. Bathed in perspiration, his eye aflame, foam on his lips, his uniform unbuttoned, one of his epaulets half cut through by the sabre-cut of a horse Guard, and his decoration with the great eagle dented by a bullet, bleeding, muddy, magnificent, a broken sword in his hand, he shouted:

"'Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the battle-field!'

"But in vain; he did not die. He was haggard and indignant, and hurled at Drouet d'Erlon the question:

"'Are you not going to get yourself killed?'

"He yelled amid the roar of all this artillery engaged in crushing a handful of men.

"'Oh, there is nothing for me! I should like all these English bullets to enter my bowels!'"

* Victor Hugo.

When there were but one hundred and fifty men left of that great column, this indomitable fragment charged through the inferno of grape-shot, with fixed bayonets, upon the thousands facing them.

"All is lost," said Napoleon as he saw, through the deepening obscurity, his grenadiers' tall bearskins sink into the sea of English men and horses.

"What does it matter?" remarked Wellington, impassive as ever. "Let them fire as they like, the battle is won, and my life is of no consequence now."

"Leave all the rest to me," said Prussian Blücher. "I undertake the pursuit."

"The rout in the rear of the Guard was melancholy," says Hugo.

"The army suddenly gave way on all sides simultaneously—at Hougoumont, La Haye Sainte, Papelotte, and Plancenoit. The cry of 'Treachery!' was followed by that of 'Save yourselves!' An army disbanding is like a thaw—all gives way, cracks, floats, rolls, falls, comes into collision, and dashes forward. Unprecedented disintegration! Ney borrows a horse, leaps upon it, and without hat, stock, or sword, dashes across the Brussels road, stopping at once English and French. He tries to hold back the army. He recalls it; he insults it; he clings wildly to the rout. He is overwhelmed. The soldiers fly from him, shouting 'Long live Marshal Ney!' Two of Durutte's regiments move backward and forward in terror, tossed, as it were, between the sabres of the hussars and the musketry fire of Kempt's, Best's, and Pack's brigades. A rout is the worst of all conflicts; friends kill each other in order to escape, squadrons and battalions dash against and destroy each other—the vast foam of battle. Lobau at one extremity and Reille at the other

are swept away by the torrent. In vain does Napoleon build a wall of what is left of his Guard. In vain does he expend the squadrons of his body-guard in a final effort. Quiot retreats before Vivian, Kellermann before Vandeleur, Lobau before Bülow, Moreau before Pirch, and Domon and Subervic before Prince William of Prussia. Guyot, who led the Emperor's squadrons to the charge, falls beneath the horses of English dragoons. Napoleon gallops along the line of fugitives, harangues, urges, threatens, and implores; all the mouths that shouted *'Vive l'Empereur!'* in the morning remain wide open; they hardly know him. The Prussian cavalry, which has come up fresh, dashes forward, cuts down, kills, and exterminates. Horses plunge; guns take flight; the soldiers of the artillery-train unharness the horses from the caissons and escape on them; wagons, overthrown, and with their four wheels in the air, block the road and supply opportunities for massacre. Men crush each other and trample over dead and living alike; arms are lost; a multitude, wild with terror, fills the roads, the paths, the bridges, the plains, the hills, the valleys, and the woods, which are thronged by this flight of forty thousand men. Cries of despair; knapsacks and muskets cast into the wheat; no comrades, no officers, no generals more—indescribable terror. Ziethen puts France to the sword at his ease; the lions become kids. Such was this flight.

"At Genappe an effort was made to turn, to make a stand, and to rally. Lobau collected three hundred men; the entrance to the village was barricaded; but at the first round of Prussian canister all took to flight again, and Lobau was made prisoner. That volley of shot may still be seen, buried in the gable of an old

brick house on the right of the road just before you reach Genappe. The Prussians dashed into Genappe, doubtless made furious by such small victory. The pursuit was monstrous, for Blücher ordered extermination. Roguet had set the mournful example of threatening with death any French grenadier who brought in a Prussian prisoner; and Blücher surpassed Roguet. Duchesme, general of the Young Guard, surrendered his sword to a Death's Head hussar, who took the sword and killed the prisoner. The victory was completed by the assassination of the vanquished. Let us punish, as we are writing history—old Blücher dishonored himself. This ferocity set the seal on disaster. The desperate rout passed through Genappe, passed through Quatre Bras, passed through Sombreffe, passed through Frasnes, passed through Thuin, passed through Charleroi, and only stopped at the frontier. Alas! and who was it flying in this way? The Grand Army.

"Did this vertigo, this terror, this overthrow of the greatest bravery that ever astonished history, take place without a cause? No. The shadow of a mighty right hand is cast over Waterloo. It is the day of destiny; and the force which is greater than man produced that day. Hence the terror, hence all those great souls laying down their swords. Those who had conquered Europe fell crushed, having nothing more to say or do, and feeling the shadow of a terrible presence. *Hoc erat in fatis.* On that day the perspective of the human race was changed. Waterloo is the hinge of the nineteenth century. The disappearance of the great man was necessary for the advent of the great age. He who is answerable undertook the task. The panic of heroes admits of explanation. In the battle of Waterloo there

is more than a storm-cloud—there is a meteor. God passed by.

"At nightfall, in a field near Genappe, Bernard and Bertrand seized by the skirt of his coat and detained a haggard, thoughtful, gloomy man, who, carried thus far by the current of the rout, had just dismounted, passed the bridle over his arm, and was now, with wandering eye, returning alone to Waterloo.

"It was Napoleon, still striving to advance—mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream.

"A few squares of the Guard, standing motionless amid the flow of the rout, like rocks in running water, held out till night. Night came, death also; they awaited the double shadow, and let it surround them. Each regiment, isolated from the others, and no longer connected with the army, which was broken on all sides, died where it stood. In order to perform this last exploit they had taken up position, some on the heights of Rassomme, others on the plain of Mont St. Jean. The gloomy squares, deserted, conquered and terrible, struggled tremendously with death; for Ulm, Wagram, Jena, and Friedland died with them.

"When twilight set in, at nine in the evening, one square still remained at the foot of the plateau of Mont St. Jean. In this fatal valley, at the foot of the slope scaled by the cuirassiers, now inundated by the English masses, beneath the converging fire of the hostile and victorious artillery, under a fearful hail-storm of projectiles, this square still resisted. It was commanded by an obscure officer named Cambronne. At each volley the square diminished, but continued to reply to the canister with musketry-fire, constantly contracting its four walls. Fugitives in the distance,

pausing for a moment breathless, listened in the darkness to that gloomy, diminishing thunder.

"When this legion had become a mere handful, when their colors were but a rag, when their ammunition was exhausted and muskets were clubbed, when the pile of corpses was greater than the living group, the victors felt a sort of sacred awe, and the English artillery, taking breath, was silent. It was a sort of respite. Those combatants had around them an army of spectres, outlines of mounted men, the black profile of guns, and the white sky visible through the wheels; the colossal death's-head, which heroes ever glimpse in the smoke of battle, advanced and looked at them. They could hear in the twilight gloom the guns being loaded; the lighted matches, like the eyes of tigers in the night, formed a circle round their heads. The linstocks of the English batteries approached the guns, and at that moment an English general—Colville, according to some, Maitland, according to others—holding the supreme moment suspended over the heads of those men, shouted to them, with emotion: 'Brave Frenchmen, surrender!'"

Cambronne answered with an exclamation of the gutter.

"Among these giants, then, there was a Titan—Cambronne.

"To utter this word and then die, what could be more sublime! To be willing to die is to die; and it is not his fault if, mowed by grape-shot, he survived.

"The man who won the battle of Waterloo was not Napoleon with his routed army; it was not Wellington, giving way at four o'clock and desperate at five; it was not Blücher, for he had not fought. The man who won the battle of Waterloo was Cambronne.

"To smite with the lightning of such a word the thunderbolt which kills you is to be victorious. To make such a reply to disaster, to say this to destiny, to lay such a base for the lion which was to mark that spot, to hurl this answer to the rain of the night, to the treacherous wall of Hougoumont, to the hollow road of Ohain, to the delay of Grouchy, to the arrival of Blücher, to be irony in the tomb, to stand erect as it were after having fallen, to submerge in two syllables the European coalition, to present to Kings the *latrinæ* already known to the Cæsars, to make the last of words the first by imparting to it the brilliancy of France, to insultingly close Waterloo by Shrove Tuesday repartee, to supplement Leonidas by Rabelais, to sum up this victory in one supreme word impossible to repeat, to lose ground and preserve history, after such a carnage to have the laugh on his own side—this was immense.

"It was to defy the lightning with Æschylean grandeur.

"The utterance of Cambronne has the effect of an explosion. It is the breaking of a heart with disdain; it is the excess of agony which breaks forth. Who conquered? Wellington? No. Without Blücher he had been lost. Was it Blücher? No. If Wellington had not begun, Blücher could not have ended. This Cambronne, this newcomer upon the scene, this unknown soldier, this infinitesimal atom of the war, felt that there was a lie beneath the catastrophe, which doubled its bitterness; and at the instant when he was bursting with rage they offered him that mockery—life! How could he refrain from breaking out? There they are—all the Kings of Europe, the lucky generals, the thundering Joves. They have one hundred thousand victorious soldiers; behind them, a hundred thousand,

a million. Their cannon, with matches lighted, are gaping; they have trampled beneath their heel the Imperial Guard and the Grand Army; they have crushed Napoleon; Cambronne alone remains—only this earthworm is left to protest, and he will protest. He looked for a word as he would for a sword. Foam is on his lips, and this foam is the word. In presence of this victory, prodigious yet commonplace, of this victory without victors, the desperate man stands erect once more; he submits to its magnitude, but he demonstrates its nothingness. He does more than spit on it; and yielding to numbers, force, and matter, he finds for his soul one sole term—*excrement.* We repeat it, to say this, to do this, to invent this, is to win the victory.

"At this fatal moment the spirit of the great past entered into this unknown man. Cambronne found the word of Waterloo as Rouget de l'Isle found the 'Marseillaise.' A breath from the divine whirlwind passed over these men, and they shuddered; one sang the supreme song, the other uttered the fearful cry. This word, full of Titanic scorn, was hurled by Cambronne, not only at Europe in the name of the empire—that would be little—but at the past in the name of the Revolution. We hear and see in Cambronne the old soul of the giants. It seems as if Danton were speaking, or Kleber roaring.

"To Cambronne's exclamation an English voice replied: 'Fire!' The batteries flashed, the hillside trembled; from all those throats of brass came a last eruption of grape. A vast cloud of smoke, dimly silvered by the moon, rolled up; and when the smoke cleared away there was nothing left. The dreaded remnant was annihilated; the Guard was dead. The

four walls of the living redoubt lay low, with here and there a scarcely perceptible quiver among the corpses. Thus the French legions, grander than those of Rome, expired at Mont St. Jean, on the earth sodden with rain and blood, in the gloomy corn-fields at the spot where now at four o'clock in the morning, Joseph, the driver of the mail-coach from Nivelles, passes, whistling, and gayly whipping up his horses."

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### BALACLAVA

The Allies—British, French, and Turkish—were closing in on Sevastopol in the Crimean War. On October 24, 1854, the nine hundred and thirty Sutherland Highlanders were in position in front of the little town of Balaclava, where were five thousand Turks; between the lines were some one thousand five hundred cavalry, composed of Scarlett's "Heavies," the Light Brigade under Lord Lucan, some Scots Grays, Inniskillings, and Dragoons.

A month before, the Highland Brigade, especially the Black Watch, had added a red badge to their proud record at the battle of the Alma, where three regiments of them had routed twelve Russian battalions, including the Czar's picked infantry division.

Raised originally about 1725 as a local militia to suppress the "blackmailing," cattle-raiding caterans of the Highlands, and christened the "Black Watch" because of their duties and their dark-colored tartans, this regiment began to make a name for itself as soon as it was incorporated into the British army, after the failure of the '45 rising shattered the last dreams of the Jacobites. As the Royal Highlanders, their official battle honors began in the West India campaigns of 1759 and 1762; in Wolfe's capture of Quebec, they shared the glory; in Flanders, in 1795, they won their precious red "hackle" for saving guns lost by the Dragoons; at New Orleans, in 1815, the 93d had won immortality

by such an advance into the murderous American fire as has seldom been witnessed; on many a bloody field in the Indian mutiny, in the Peninsular Campaign, at Waterloo, and in South Africa, they had made the name of Black Watch stand for the utmost pitch of disciplined and desperate valor.

Hardly behind them in fame were the Sutherlands, Gordons, and Argylls, each regiment of whom had done its part over and over in establishing that tradition of headlong gallantry which in the Great War was to win for the kilted Highlanders from the bewildered enemy the sobriquet of "the ladies from hell."

Balaclava, lying on the coast, was the key to the Allies' position: if the Russians should capture it, the British lines of communication would be cut and the whole force would face annihilation.

In the gray dawn of the 25th the expected attack came. Hordes of the enemy swarmed down the hillside—twenty-five battalions of infantry, thirty-four squadrons of cavalry, and seventy-eight guns. The Turks promptly fled from their redoubts. The Sutherlands, behind them, calmly watched these disorderly columns streaming back upon their own lines. Their confidence was infectious, and the Turks rallied feebly, forming on either flank. The Russian guns opened upon the 93d. The mass of cavalry broke from the main body and charged straight upon the waiting Scots.

Sir Colin Campbell drew up his tiny force in a line only two deep.

"Now, men," he shouted, "remember there is no retreat from here. You must die where you stand!"

"Ay, ay, Sir Colin," ran the answering murmur; "an need be, we'll do that."

"The whole line was advanced to the top of the hill, a movement that so excited the men that they nearly charged the Russians. But that was not Sir Colin's intention, and halting them he calmly awaited the onslaught of the Russian cavalry, merely giving the order for the Sutherlands to stand in line. The noise of the thundering hoofs grew ever louder. It echoed in the ears of the Turks, and as dense masses of horses bounded in all their picturesque strength toward them, they broke on the instant and ran in a frenzy of terror to the rear, extending their hands to the vessels riding at anchor, and shouting in their panic: 'Ship! Ship!' To the Eastern mind it seemed the merest folly to await such a crash of cavalry.

"But not a man of the 93d moved. Just as the French cuirassiers at Quatre Bras had come flaunting their swords and breastplates in the sunlight, so the Russian cavalry, on that winter's morn, came rushing in their hundreds on the 'thin red line.' Lord Wolseley has written that the pace of their advance must have been three hundred and fifty yards a minute, while behind them, squadron upon squadron—like the successive waves of a sea—raced their supports. 'In other parts of the field,' an eye-witness has recorded, 'with breathless suspense every one waited the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock.' Suddenly, when it was feared the Highlanders in their forlorn bravery were already overwhelmed, the splutter of fire passed down the line. It was done without flurry or haste, but the effect was incalculable. The whole front rank of the cavalry stumbled and recoiled; horses and men fell, the second rank was baffled and helpless, the speed was in an instant checked, and the Sutherlands, calmly reloading, discharged a second volley into the enemy.

But the Russians were not beaten so easily. Breaking away, a detachment of cavalry cantered off to attack the 93d on the flank. Quite calmly Sir Colin wheeled a company of his men to face them. This was done without any confusion and another volley decided the action. It was stated afterward that, although few of the Russians were killed, nearly every man and horse was wounded."

Thus did these five hundred and fifty Highland infantrymen check the advance which looked irresistible, and the success of which would have had such momentous results.

But the most famous action of this famous day was still to come.

First the brigade of English "Heavies" took their turn.

"The Russian cavalry—we must not forget there were about two thousand of them—had now halted, a great, inert mass. General Scarlett wheeled the left column into line, a short line of barely three hundred sabres, and charged; the second column conforming, came on in support.

"Scarlett himself, being a somewhat old-looking but vigorous man, with snow-white hair and mustache, who rode straight and sat strongly in the saddle, headed the charge; his aide-de-camp, Alec Elliott, who had seen much fighting in India, galloped by his side; close behind came the general's trumpeter and his orderly: and these four men—general, lieutenant, and two private troopers—crashed first and alone into the middle of the enemy's heavy column, where they were at once engaged in a hand-to-hand fight, sword against sword. What the fight was may be judged from the fact that the general received five wounds and Elliott received

fourteen. Just as the leading British squadrons drove vigorously in the front Russian mass, three British guns, firing from the high ground above the scene, found their target in the rear squadrons of the unwieldy formation of the Russians, and rendered it unsteady.

"One squadron of the Inniskilling Dragoons followed Scarlett, with it came two squadrons of the Scots Grays—two regiments which have ever been close comrades and friends. On each flank behind rode in second line a second squadron of the Inniskillings, and the 5th Dragoon Guards, followed by the 1st or Royal Dragoons, who 'conforming,' for the regiment had received no order, rode at speed in support of their comrades. As the squadrons raced forward, eager to overtake their leader, who was already in the thick of the fight, the Russian cavalry advanced a little, but then halted irresolute, apparently intending to deploy, their very numbers helping to encumber and confuse them. The impact of our charging horsemen carried all before it, 'swords rose and fell,' then the vast mass of Russian cavalry broke up—two thousand conquered by eight hundred—and, turning, rode fast and in disorder from the field.

"This 'truly magnificent charge,' as it was called by a French general who was present, 'the most glorious thing' he ever saw, won universal admiration from all. Sir Colin rode over to his countrymen, and, uncovering, apostrophized them thus: 'Grays, gallant Grays, I am sixty-one years of age, but if I were young again I should be proud to serve in your ranks.' Lord Raglan despatched an aide-de-camp with a message to Scarlett, saying: 'Well done.'

"The broken Russian cavalry, retreating, passed

through a gap in the Causeway Heights, within five hundred yards of the Light Brigade, six hundred and seventy-five men. Major Morris, commanding the 17th Lancers, begged Lord Cardigan to attack them, and on his refusal, asked that the 17th Lancers might do so, but in vain. The Russian cavalry, shattered by Scarlett, could have been utterly routed by Cardigan. He sat still, and the enemy was allowed to escape.

"It seemed to Lord Raglan, who, sitting on the western edge of the 'Upland,' six hundred feet above the Tchernaya, could see all that passed below, as though the enemy, by bringing up horse teams, intended to carry off the guns captured in the redoubts abandoned by the Turks, and he sent Captain Nolan to Lord Lucan with an order in writing, 'directing the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, and prevent the enemy from carrying off the guns.'

"These guns were on the Causeway, higher ground than where Lord Lucan was sitting when he received the order, and he could not see them, or what the Russians were doing, and he did not understand the order. Lord Lucan did not ride up to the higher ground, thinking that Lord Raglan meant the Russian guns in action in the valley, and asked: 'Attack! Attack what guns?' Nettled by this, Nolan, not realizing that Lucan had not been on the higher ground, with a wave of his hand, replied: 'There, my lord, is your enemy; there are your guns.'"

Thus through a complete misunderstanding was launched the most celebrated charge in all history, that "Six Hundred" of the Light Brigade whom Tennyson's poem has made familiar to every English-speaking child. The poet was well within the facts in de-

claring that "some one had blundered." Any reader of the record can judge for himself where the responsibility lay.

"It is clear that Captain Nolan understood Lord Raglan's intentions, for starting from the left of the regiment in front line of the attack—*i. e.*, 17th Lancers—he rode diagonally across Lord Cardigan's front as that peer in the centre of the brigade led straight down the valley. As he crossed the front of the 13th Light Dragoons, the right-hand regiment, riding toward the redoubts where the Russians were trying to remove the guns abandoned by the Turks, and when some short distance from Lord Cardigan's right front, a shell splinter carried away part of his chest, though for some seconds his body remained in the saddle and the sword high in air.

"Lord Lucan, having misconstrued his orders, and not exercising his own judgment in correcting them, rode over to where Lord Cardigan sat at the head of the Light Brigade, and told him to advance down the valley.

"'Certainly,' Lord Cardigan said; 'but allow me to point out that there is a battery in front of us and guns and riflemen on either flank.'

"'I know it,' replied Lord Lucan, 'but Lord Raglan will have it. We have no choice but to obey.'

"Then Lord Cardigan, turning round, gave the order: 'The brigade will advance.'

"Led by Lord Cardigan," says Sir Edward Hamley, who was an eye-witness of the charge, "the lines continued to advance at a steady trot, and in a minute or two entered the zone of fire, where the air was filled with the rush of shot, the bursting of shells, and the moan of bullets, while amid the infernal din the work

of destruction went on, and men and horses were incessantly dashed to the ground.

"This fire came from the guns on the flanks; presently, the brigade was near enough to be heavily smitten by the two batteries in front; but, nothing daunted, the survivors increased their pace so much as to lose cohesion, and dashed in among the guns. The Russian gunners were cut down as they served them. Small knots of Englishmen charged straight at great masses of the enemy's cavalry and forced them to retreat. The 8th Hussars, in third line, reversed their front, and charging a Russian cavalry regiment, overthrew it. The struggle went on between the many and the still undaunted few, until the latter had melted away.

"Then all that was left of the Light Brigade emerged from the smoke of the battle, and the survivors came dropping back by twos and threes across the plains, covered by the 4th Chasseurs d'Afrique on the eastern flank. Two small bodies only of the brigade retained any signs of coherence. About seventy men of the 17th Lancers and 8th Hussars kept together in formation, and cut their way home through three squadrons of Russian Lancers; another party of about the same strength, of 4th and 11th Hussars, were brought out by Sir George Paget, and overcame an intercepting force of Russians. But after the charge no light cavalry regiment existed as such; all had been shattered. Out of some six hundred and seventy-three men, two hundred and forty-seven were killed or wounded; and almost all the horses were killed. This happened in twenty minutes, including the advance, the encounter, and the retreat.

"Lord Cardigan—who had been the first to reach

the guns—did not go farther than eighty yards beyond the Russian batteries, and then rode back alone to Lord Lucan, some of the brigade going on to the Tchernaya River. The French general, Bosquet, who saw the charge, said with discriminating criticism: '*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*' (It is magnificent, but it isn't war.)

"The Russians retained possession of the Causeway Heights. On the other hand, the determined courage of our cavalry greatly raised our military prestige, and the Russian horsemen never again met our troops in the open field." *

And as for the men themselves who did this thing:

"When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!"

* Mark Twain relates that his friend Twichell once got into conversation with the honest eight-foot giant of a cheap "show" that was exhibiting in a miserable shed in Hartford, Connecticut. This man had been a native colonel in a Turkish regiment at Balaclava, and so impressed had he been by the audacity of the Light Brigade's charge, and its effect on the enemy, that he was firmly convinced some cold brain in the English high command had figured out this ghastly sacrifice was the only way to win a battle already lost.

*THE END OF THE FIRST SERIES*

[*The design of the author in the Book of Bravery was to gather together a succession of historic incidents related, in so far as possible, in the words of the participants or witnesses, which should begin with the simplest form of bravery, that inspired by desperation, and should continue in an ascending scale up to the highest form of bravery, which is largely moral. The second series carries on the scale from the point at which this one leaves off, and the third continues it to the highest type of all in the courage of the cheerful failure.*]

# THE BOOK OF BRAVERY

SECOND SERIES

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# PART I

## AMONG INDIANS, "GREASERS," GRIZZLIES, AND DESERTS

*The American frontiersman carried his life in his hands day by day. He fought the wilderness, starvation, the torture of desert thirst, wild beasts, Indians, "Greasers." It was no novelty to him to wake at sunrise in the knowledge that his being alive at sunset depended upon his ability to outwit or outfight his surrounding foes.*

*It was an unsurpassable training in cool hardihood. All these men were brave—partly because the coward couldn't survive. Few of them could have faced a teacher of spelling, arithmetic, or manners; Davy Crockett despised those affected bookish ways of spelling "contrary to natur'"; Dan'l Boone "cilled a bar" and "Never Re'd anything for his trubel" in marking out a wilderness "Rode"; "Grizzly" Adams, Kit Carson, and Beckwourth were necessarily dirty, unkempt, illiterate. But any one of them was ready to tackle a grizzly or catamount, or to take a hundred-to-one chance in rescuing captives from hostile Indians, with a quiet daring that stamped them as real heroes of buckskin and homespun.*

*Indeed, comfortable safety was too tame for many of these pioneer woodsmen. They welcomed danger. They matched their wits and strength against deadly peril as a college boy goes into a football game.*

*Real men they were, with hair on their breasts. Good staunch, pioneer American stuff.*

*And no American can read or write of them without a chuckle of delight and pride.*

## CHAPTER I

### THE JOHN SMITH

A SMALL boat moved cautiously toward the shore of the broad tidal river. Most of the men in it wore helmets and steel corselets. Their bronzed faces were apprehensive; they held their clumsy flintlock muskets as if expecting to have to use them at any moment.

One stalwart bearded fellow, standing erect in the stern, was clearly the leader. He was even more alert than the others: his quick eyes continually searched the dense pine forest sloping down a gentle incline to the water's edge. But the merest glance at him would have shown that while he was expecting something, he looked forward to it as a mettlesome thoroughbred does to a steeple-chase.

Suddenly he gave an exclamation and pointed landward. The rowers stopped abruptly. Every eye scanned the black depths between the shouldering trunks of the pines.

A cry of alarm broke from one young soldier: there was something moving in those coverts—no, by heaven! there were dozens, scores of stealthy, shambling figures, half human, half animal, creeping from tree to tree toward the water.

"What are they — bears?" whispered the boy, breathlessly.

"Indians," replied the captain, shortly. "On all fours. Ready now, men—ready all."

The pines became alive with running, leaping, dusky

figures. Abandoning concealment, the savages rushed to the bank. The ominous twang of bowstrings cut the air. There was a scream and a groan as a shower of arrows fell upon the boat. Two rowers and another man behind them fell backward.

"Fire!" called the captain.

Sparks flew. Powder flared in the pans. There was a sputtering—then the deafening roar of a volley from the flintlocks. As the dense smoke drifted away those in the boat could see the savages scurrying off in terror. Two or three were being helped or carried by their comrades.

At the word, the boat was driven ashore; but every one of the assailants had vanished.

This was the greeting that Virginia gave to Captain John Smith.

It was quite in keeping with what awaited him there: for he was to be the lineal ancestor of the buckskin pioneer. In the next few years he lived romance, for the most practical ends. Life-and-death adventure was his daily food: yet his chief occupation was to prepare the way for order, for humdrum industry. But for his masterfulness the infant colony of Jamestown would have perished again and again, ere it was well born, like so many previous ventures.

And let those sceptics who scoff at his earlier tales of the beautiful, tender-hearted Greek lady, and the marvels of wild Tartaria, let them follow him through the Virginia swamps, amid the lurking or threatening savages: after the plain unvarnished story of these touch-and-go escapes, these diplomacies and audacities —who would question the doughty captain's right to those three gory Turk's heads on his coat-of-arms?

The thunder and lightning of the strangers had so

amazed and frightened the Indians that nothing more was seen of them that day.

The exploring party returned to the little vessel down the river. The hundred ship-weary colonists landed unmolested at the spot picked out for their future home. Axes rang against logs in the primeval forest, and shortly there were fires and some rough shelters on the site of Jamestown, the first successful settlement on American shores.

Smith knew well, however, that the question of the natives was still to be answered. Another exploring trip followed. It promised success. But, after being received in state by the chief of the Rappahannas (painted crimson and blue, with proud feathers, pearl earrings, bead chains, and copper ornaments), he came back from his first visit to the Powhatan to find that the Indians had attacked the camp in force, killed a boy and wounded seventeen men.

Plots and mutinies and quarrels rent the hapless colony. Hunger and disease and Indian arrows had their will of them, till by fall nearly half their number had perished, and there were "scarcely five men able to go abroad." As usual, in such straits nominal authority gave place to the really strong man. Captain Smith became the leader to whom the majority looked as their one chance of existence.

The first necessity was food.

With half a dozen men he went down the river in a boat to the Kicoughtan village, where Hampton now stands.

The Indians knew the settlers' predicament but too well: they mocked their weakness from the shore by holding out handfuls of corn or meat which they offered to exchange for swords, muskets, and ornaments.

Smith saw the dangers of this scornful attitude. Running his boat ashore in face of the crowd, he had his little force fire a volley.

At this the savages ran off to the woods. The party found abundant stores of corn in the village; but Smith would not let his men touch it, bidding them make ready for an attack.

It was not long before this came. Sixty or seventy naked warriors, daubed with black, red, and white, emerged from the forest, singing and dancing their war-dance. Borne ahead of them was their totem, a painted image made of skins, stuffed with moss, and glittering with copper chains.

Shaking their bows and arrows, clubs and shields, they advanced confidently on the half dozen Englishmen. At the leader's word, however, the latter poured in a musketry fire that dropped several and brought to the ground the sacred Okee—which Smith captured.

Again the Indians fled, and presently sent out a medicine-man offering peace if this idol were restored.

Captain Smith replied that if six unarmed men would come and fill the boat with corn, he would not only give back the Okee but present them with many treasures in the shape of hatchets, beads, and copper.

His boldness succeeded: he not only bore back to his starving fellows at Jamestown thirty bushels of corn, besides venison, turkeys, and wild fowl, but he opened up a source of supply that put the colony out of danger, in spite of waste and bad management.

The grumblers and traitors in the forlorn enterprise were more dangerous and disheartening than the surrounding savages; and Smith was probably glad when some of these tongue-fighters gave him an excuse for another excursion by hinting that he had been afraid

to make a complete exploration of the Chickahominy River.

Off he started one December day, with a small party in a barge, resolved to find out if this broad channel really led to some great lake or inland sea.

Great flocks of ducks whirred up from the water as the clumsy craft pushed up the quiet river. The air was full of the clamor of wild geese and swans. Big long-legged herons flapped off in alarm, and crashing bushes on land told where some startled deer was bounding to safety.

They had to chop out with their hatchets fallen trees that obstructed the passage, but the leader held his unwilling followers to the task, until he came to a place where the barge could not be taken further. He was determined this time to have a crushing retort for his taunting rivals at Jamestown: mooring the awkward barge in a bay out of arrow-shot from the bank, and ordering the men on no account to land till his return, he took two Englishmen and a pair of Indian guides and paddled on up the river in a canoe.

But the crew was infected with the general lack of discipline. When their leader was out of sight, they went ashore, and wandered through the deep woods, hunting and hulloaing to each other in careless disorder.

Suddenly they were startled by shrill war-whoops. Dusky forms seemed to spring to life from every tree-trunk and clump of canes: a party of three hundred braves under Opechancanough, brother of Powhatan, had crept upon them unawares.

The surprised stragglers raced toward the barge, each for himself. One man, George Casson, was surrounded and captured. The savages forced him to tell where his captain had gone—and then tortured him to death.

Meanwhile Smith had paddled twelve miles up the river, and then, finding the trees made progress very difficult, he had gone ashore at what is now White Oak Swamp. He left his comrades, Robinson and Emery, with one Indian, to boil the kettle, enjoining upon them to keep the fuses of their matchlocks aglow, and to fire one shot at the first alarm; taking the other native as a guide, he struck out through the low, wet ground to find out definitely what lay ahead.

He pushed his way along for about a quarter of an hour. Then the silent forest behind him rang with the dreaded yells. No shot came from the guards at the canoe: with the customary disobedience, these unfortunates had stretched themselves out and gone to sleep by the fire—to wake for a few terrible moments as a shower of arrows ended their existence.

Suspecting treachery, Smith seized his guide, tied him fast to his arm with a garter, put a pistol to his head, and demanded an explanation.

The Indian protested he knew nothing, and his suggestion of flight seemed like the only course. This became the more plausible when the twang of bowstrings sounded, and arrows from invisible foes began to whiz past them.

They set off at a run, followed by a shower of arrows. The assailants bounded after them with exultant yells. Putting the Indian in front as a shield, Smith charged one group after another, killing three and wounding others with his pistol. His dexterous management of his living buckler, and his resolute dashes saved him from any wound, though one arrow struck him on the thigh and rebounded from the stout buff-leather.

The captive guide either lost his head or deliberately

betrayed him. He pointed out the best direction in which to retreat; Smith worked his way thither; they stumbled and crashed through some thick bushes and canes; the ground grew soft beneath their hastening feet; suddenly both were floundering up to their waists in a treacherous swamp.

It was icy cold in that black ooze and slime. Struggle as he might, Smith felt himself only sinking deeper. And all about, the Indians pressed up, their whoops resounding more triumphantly than ever, though their experience with this mighty warrior made them still cautious of exposing themselves to the magic of his little thunder-stick.

Feeling himself growing numbed, fearing he would presently sink to a living grave in this clammy prison, and observing that escape was cut off on every side, Captain Smith decided to surrender.

He threw away his weapons, and made signs of submission.

Even then the mob of savages hardly dared to approach. But presently his helpless condition reassured them: they rushed in, dragged him out of the gripping mud, and carried him back to the landing-place, where, beside his massacred comrades, they warmed and rubbed some life back into his benumbed feet and legs —doubtless with a mind to having him in a fit condition for the pleasant attentions they contemplated.

Smith did not lower the impression he had made in their eyes by begging for mercy. Instead, he demanded to be taken before their chief, who alone was worthy of his attention.

The Powhatan tribe was then at the head of a loose confederacy extending over most of Virginia; and the leading chief of this dominant group was known as the

Powhatan, just as the Scotch Highlander Rob Roy was the MacGregor. When the great chief died or was deposed, his place went to one of the sons of the same mother, instead of to his own child. It happened that this war-party was led by Opechancanough, chief of the Pamunkeys, brother of the existing Powhatan and consequently a sort of crown prince of the whole country. To this near-by potentate, therefore, the Englishman's captors led their prisoner, and formally delivered this prize of their prowess.

Assuming a dignity belied by his condition, Smith solemnly reached into his bosom, and presented the wondering chieftain with a little ivory pocket compass. In the most impressive way he pointed to the quivering needle, explaining as well as he could how this mysterious finger ever pointed toward the north star and guided its possessor through trackless forest or across the mighty waters.

The copper-colored faces showed increasing interest and awe. This was big medicine. This paleface, from whom arrows glanced away and whose little thunder-stick bit so keenly, was clearly a conjuror more powerful than their own most cunning medicine-men, controlling even stars and blind trails by his charms. All the more glory to the valorous Pamunkeys who held him in the hollow of their hands: the mightier he, the more power would come into the tribe from eating his heart. Moreover, the blood of their young men called for vengeance; the spirits of these braves waited impatiently for the companionship of their slayer.

After deliberating an hour, the vehemence of the relatives of these dead warriors carried the day. The captive was tied to a tree. The savage bowmen made ready with glee to shoot him to death with their stone-tipped arrows.

But Opechancanough was becoming more and more impressed by the medicine-making compass. Already it had brought its master safely through a rain of arrows that would have finished any ordinary person: perhaps he still had charms that would turn arrows aside when he was bound—even hurl them back on those who fired. He decided this mystery must be looked into further. The cunning needle might forget which way to turn without the conjuror. Anyhow, if he were killed it would all be over in a few minutes, whereas the possession of such a prodigy would bring renown worthy of a great chief.

Just as the executioners were ready to begin, he held up the compass.

His authority and the charm were too strong for the revengeful faction: all threw down bows and tomahawks. Smith was released. They led him in a triumphal procession to Oropax, three strong braves and half a dozen bowmen on each side of him, the swords and muskets of the slaughtered soldiers borne in front, their own wounded braves helped along in the rear.

Women and children flocked out from the village as they approached, with shrill cries and the barking of many dogs for welcome. Three times the painted warriors performed a wild dance of triumph around the captive and their chief, while braves chanted sagas of this mighty deed to a chorus of war-whoops. Then they placed him in the Long House, with forty chosen men to guard him.

Here the prisoner was so stuffed with everything they had in the way of food that he could but suppose he was being fattened for a cannibal banquet. In spite of this gorging, he suffered intensely from the December cold, for that winter was famous for its bitterness both

in Europe and America. Relief from this unbearable exposure came in most unexpected fashion. He recognized one day in the crowd of glowering faces an Indian whom he had met on his first arrival the previous spring, and whom he had delighted with a present of beads and trinkets. This bread cast on the waters now came back in the form of a most welcome fur robe, privately brought him by the grateful savage, which enabled him to get through the biting nights.

Opechancanough evidently decided to overpower whatever sorcery remained in possession of his captive by big medicine of his own. So he took his stand beside the paleface conjuror in the middle of the great lodge, with watchful guards about. Presently in filed a procession of naked savages, painted in strange devices, their heads and shoulders bright scarlet, each man wearing a full quiver of arrows, with his war-club hanging behind, and a fox or otter skin upon his arm. On their heads were stuffed birds with spread wings, pieces of copper, long feathers, white clamshells, and, most potent of all, bony tips from rattlesnake tails, which rattled loudly as they leaped and stooped and shook their heads back and forth. Three times they danced about the central pair, yelling like the demons they sought to exorcise. Then they filed solemnly out again, confident that they had prevailed against the paleface magic.

Doubtless even this sturdy heart must have had a longing for the far-away Christmas gayeties of old England, and a wonder if he should ever again witness such pleasures.

A more dangerous visitor followed a couple of days later. The father of a youth who had been shot by Smith's pistol and who now lay between life and

death in a neighboring lodge, made a sudden onslaught on the prisoner, hoping his son might recover if the warlock were destroyed. Only the alert guardians saved Smith's life. At his assailant's insistence, he was taken to the dying man, to undo the charm of the thunder-stick which prevented his recovery.

Seeing the wounded brave might have a chance if stimulated, Smith announced he had a water at Jamestown that would cure him. He offered to go himself and fetch it.

The Pamunkeys had no notion of letting this mighty wizard get out of their hands; but they replied that they would take a message for him.

He had learned that they were planning to wipe out the settlement in one grand onslaught; indeed, they had boasted to him of their preparations, and offered him squaws and possessions befitting his rank if he would aid them with his prowess and his magic.

Observing now that they were very curious to see just how he would send a request so far beyond the limits of their own rude picture-writing, he decided this was a heaven-sent chance to impress them still further and to warn his threatened comrades.

Ostentatiously he took out the "table-book" in which he noted daily happenings, and tore out a blank leaf.

Before their wondering eyes he traced meaningless marks in which the wisest minds of experienced elders could trace no likeness to anything of earth or sky or water.

"Take this to the white men," he bade the hesitating messengers. "When they see you, warriors will rush out from the fort, and their thunder-sticks will dart lightnings at you. But do you drop this medicine and run far away to the woods: then, when the sun has

gone down return quietly—and on that very spot where the medicine fell you will find the healing water. Bring it to me."

The messengers departed.

Three days later they returned, full of amazement: all had happened as the conjuror foretold. Soldiers had run out from the fort as they came near; the thunder-sticks had flashed their lightnings; they themselves had dropped the white talking bark and fled to the woods; and when they crept back to the spot in the darkness the talking bark was gone—and in its place was this medicine-water.

The village buzzed with these wonders. Overjoyed at having thus warned the settlement, Smith took a high hand with the Indians. He told them his predictions of unknown and terrible disasters to all who attacked the fort would come true, just as this had done. Before he went back to his own people, he declared, he wished to visit the Powhatan himself.

The awe of this great medicine-man increased. Giving up the plan of wholesale massacre, Opechancanough restored his compass, tablet, and other possessions, and then conducted him from village to village, exhibiting him like some strange monster to all the tribes of the neighborhood, and finally concluding this triumphal progress at his own official residence near the forks of York River.

The chief still felt it urgent to combat the captive's magic with similar weapons—and then to test their efficacy.

Early one morning, a great fire was kindled in the Long House. A mat was spread at each side and the paleface was seated on one of these. The guards retired, leaving him alone.

Immediately he heard a great rattling outside.

In skipped a big, gruesome figure, smeared with black and oil, crowned with stuffed snakes and weasels, with the tails hanging down over his face and behind his back, and a coronet of feathers. This medicine-man carried a rattle which he plied vigorously, with wild gestures and grimaces, while he shouted forth invocations in a "hellish voice." Dancing around the blazing logs, he strewed a circle of corn-meal.

At this point there rushed in "three more such-like devils." These were painted half black and half red, their faces daubed with red and white streaks. Their grotesque dance was presently joined by three more, with ghastly eyes of red scowling from the white streaks on their blackened faces.

Presently they all sat down facing the prisoner. Loudly they chanted a song, accompanying it with their rattles. The first conjuror laid down five grains of corn, made an oration, performed most violent contortions. Another song, more corn, more twistings and posturings—and so on till the groups of corn grains made a double circle around the fire. Again like incantations while sticks were laid between the bunches of corn.

All day long this performance went on, with no food for anybody. But at night all feasted heartily. Though by this time none dared to eat with the paleface, they did not hesitate to consume any food he left.

A second and a third day the ceremonies continued: the meal was the Indians' country in the centre of a flat earth, the grains the bounds of the ocean, the sticks the paleface's land. Just what the augury was Smith could not learn; but they proudly showed him a bag of gunpowder taken from the murdered soldiers, which

they were keeping to plant next spring in hopes of a bountiful crop of this marvel.

At last they took him to the Powhatan, twenty-five miles away at Werowocomo.

He was held in the village until this sovereign chief was ready to receive him with befitting dignity; and meanwhile hundreds of the grim warriors crowded to his lodge to get a glimpse of the prodigy.

The Powhatan proved an imposing figure. Sixty years old, accustomed to rule with an authority rare among the Indians, he had the haughtiness of a veritable king as he sat on a sort of throne raised above the lodge floor.

He wore a robe of carefully matched raccoon skins. His two daughters sat on either hand. At each side of the lodge were two rows of braves, their heads and shoulders painted crimson, with chains of white beads and savage ornaments; behind them was ranged a double line of squaws. All set up a great shout as the prisoner was brought in.

The great chief welcomed the Englishman in a friendly manner. After many ceremonies and much talk, he was assured that he would be set at liberty in a few days. A squaw brought water to wash his hands, another gave him a bunch of feathers with which to dry them. Platters of food were fetched in, and he was regaled with the ruler's best.

But when a council was held, it became clear that the Powhatan's pleasant words had meant little.

Two stones were dragged in. Strong arms seized Smith, bound him, and laid him down with his head on this fatal pillow. Several brawny warriors grasped their war-clubs and stood over him, ready to dash out his brains when the chief gave the signal.

He leaped upon the chief and cowed him to abject submission

After all those years of dangers overcome in duels, in Turkish wars, in Tartarian prisons, in ocean storms, in plots of enemies—it looked as if the adventurer were to meet an ignominious end beneath a savage's club.

But his intrepid bearing had aroused the sympathy of one of the Powhatan's daughters, who sat at his left. Though a child of thirteen, Matoaca (known to every schoolboy as Pocahantas) exercised the unchallenged right of a Powhatan woman to choose one captive, from any brought in, for adoption into the tribe.

The execution was so nearly accomplished that she rushed forward, got the Englishman's head in her arms, and bowed herself over him to protect him.

No matter how much grumbling there might be over permitting so dangerous a conjuror to live, this privilege was too firmly established for personal fear or hatred to gainsay it.

Saved by a miracle, which also saved the Jamestown colony, Smith was unbound, but still held under guard. Two days later he was led to a medicine-lodge in the woods, and seated on the ground before a blazing fire. All left him. Then from a screening mat at one end came a chorus of groans and howls from the chief and selected braves. Shortly afterward they emerged and announced that he was now a Powhatan forevermore. In return for this honor he was to present the Powhatan with two cannon and a grindstone.

He set out with several guides on January 7th, for the twelve-mile trip to Jamestown, expecting every moment of the way to be killed. But the Indians were sincere this time. Early on the 8th he reached the fort, to be received as one returned from the grave.

Through the influence of his bitter enemies, he was

actually condemned to death for the loss of his two disobedient followers; but his own faction and the arrival of a ship from England saved him. His influence with the Indians, his personal intrepidity and his common sense again and again saved the settlement from disaster; on one occasion while he was president, when Opechancanough in an audience had two hundred and thirty men ready to slaughter him at a sign, he leaped upon the chief amid his forty braves, seized him by the scalp lock, and cowed him to abject submission with a pistol held to his heart. His strong hand ever guided the bickering colonists through the quarrels and the gold madness which were almost as perilous as savages and famine; and he saved the mismanaged colony even in England upon his return there.

He died at the age of fifty-one, prematurely worn out from disappointment and injustice, leaving only the name of Smith's Island in the Chesapeake to commemorate the man's part he played in taming the new world.

But he had good right to inscribe himself in one of his own books:

TO CHRIST AND MY COUNTRY, A TRUE SOLDIER
AND FAITHFUL SERVANT

## CHAPTER II

### THE MAN WHO BELONGED IN THE BIG WOODS

At the time when George Washington was making his three months' journey through the winter wilderness to deliver the Virginia Governor's protest against the new French fort in the Alleghany Valley, and when Benjamin Franklin was flying, near Philadelphia, those famous kites by which he was presently to prove that lightning is electricity—a family of Boones lived on a Pennsylvania farm near the present city of Reading.

One boy of seventeen, named Daniel, divided the flock of eleven children symmetrically, having three brothers and two sisters older, and the same assortment younger, than himself.

Though Philadelphia was then much the largest city in the American colonies, and the Boone home was within what would now be "commuting distance," Daniel lived in a frontier settlement. The log cabins were in clearings amid blackened stumps, where the forest had been cut and burned away to make room for cornfields. There were partridges and wild turkeys and deer and bear and wildcats for the enterprising hunter. The possibility of hearing a sudden Indian war-whoop still existed. The secrets of the woods and its wild creatures were all about for the seeing eye and the alert mind.

Daniel Boone studied in this school much more than in the little one-room log cabin, with its clay-chinked chimney, where the boys and girls wrestled half-

heartedly with "readin', ritin', and 'rithmetic." If he tackled a bear with a pen it was apt to come out as a "bar"; but when he drew a bead on one with the old muzzle-loading rifle, he made few misses.

He was a born hunter. The autumn wind of a cool, damp October morning brought him an irresistible restlessness with its smells of dying leaves. His fingers began to itch for the feel of the six-foot gun hanging on buck's horns in the cabin. The yellowing hickories told him tales of tricky squirrels fattening on the juicy young nuts for his special benefit. The flaming red maples and oaks were but a fitting background for the vision of a bearded, wise old turkey gobbler, whose breast plumage was far more beautiful than this leafy splendor. No excitement he knew could match the moment when, after matching his wits for hours against the wary nose of an ancient buck, he saw the sight at the end of the long rifle barrel stand steady against a gray-brown splotch off in the underbrush.

A man can't help studying the thing that interests him most. Daniel was always flustered by the queernesses of the spelling-book, but the peculiarities of the wild creatures absorbed him. He came to know their ways better even than those of his brothers and sisters. It was no effort to him to think like a deer or a turkey (just as Disko Throop could think like a codfish), because he understood those primal needs of food and protection which govern the wild creatures' habits. And the more he gathered of this lore of the woods, the more it fascinated him. Each season solved some puzzle of bird or animal behavior—and added fresh ones to think over when the plough was running smoothly, or the logs blazing in the fireplace.

Moreover, hunting was far from useless idling. It

was food and clothing, to begin with. A man could live on venison even if bread should fail; and he who knew how to line a bee tree was sure of a dessert, no matter how far he was from sugar, stores, and stoves. Properly tanned buckskin made better garments with far less trouble than the laboriously manufactured woollen homespun. In addition, the skins and furs gathered by the fortunate woodsman's rifle or traps were readily transformed into dollars. Many a prosperous farmer had paid for his land largely through harvesting this nature crop.

The true woodsman develops some definite peculiarities:

His eyes and ears are always open and as sensitive as a fresh photographic film is to light.

Every track, call, noise, broken twig or weather sign is a sentence of a story in which he is vitally interested.

He usually seems leisurely, even stupid; but in a crisis he acts before most men would have time to reason.

He thinks more than he talks—and always before he talks.

He can "get along" with nearly anybody but must have plenty of elbow-room much of the time.

The bravery of facing bodily hardships and dangers is as natural and essential to him as breathing.

With a few dare-devil exceptions, he never takes needless risks.

Yet one of his keenest pleasures is in working out a desperate chance when it's necessary.

He is absolutely self-reliant, and has a deep pride in doing everything for himself and doing it in the best way.

Though he spends long weeks absolutely alone, he's

apt to be the shrewdest judge of other men when he meets them.

He is perplexed by intricacies of the law and exact business methods, but has an abiding and infallible sense of justice and fairness between man and man.

Daniel Boone grew up to be a typical woodsman and something more. He had a real genius for his own work, and became the surest shot, the most expert hunter and trapper of that region. He could "bark" a squirrel, cut off a turkey's head at a hundred yards with a rifle bullet, mimic the call of anything from an owl to a wildcat, or outwit the cunningest fox, in a way that made him the envy of the other young men. In addition, he was tireless on a tramp, quick and agile as a red squirrel, gentle-voiced and mild-mannered, fond of his family, always ready to take his turn with plough or ax, though he preferred to handle the rifle.

He was about eighteen when his father moved from Pennsylvania down to the wild country of northwestern North Carolina. Here, on the upper Yadkin River under the shadow of the Blue Ridge mountains, was "good hunting" of many and new kinds, and the young man added to his knowledge and skill while helping to make the new frontier home.

He soon married; and as the years passed on raised a flourishing family of his own. He had a good farm, was a prosperous member of the growing settlement, and was full of natural affection for wife and children. Always, though, he kept up his hunting trips, and found his chief pleasure in studying the game and "varmints" of the surrounding wilds.

During this period of the French and Indian War, which saw the ambushing of Braddock and the bloody massacre at Fort William Henry, even the remote

Carolina settlements suffered from Indian attacks. When peace was made with the Cherokees in 1761, the hunters began to take longer swings through the mountains to the north and west.

Boone became familiar with the southwest corner of Virginia, and on at least one occasion went as far as Kentucky, helping to explore a section on the Cumberland River for some land speculators.

Then a fellow hunter named John Finley came back with alluring tales of the wonderful forests and canebrakes of the country still further west, along the Kentucky River.

There were a number of reasons that made Daniel Boone decide to spy out this untouched land for himself.

A group of Carolina men, calling themselves the Transylvania Company, were negotiating with the Cherokees for the purchase of a vast tract between the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers; and they may have sounded this already noted woodsman as to exploring it for them. Certainly, too, there was growing discontent among these settlers over the harshness and dishonesty of government officials: they began to feel that the State belonged to a few rich merchants, and to the lawyers, sheriffs and tax collectors; the plain folk who did all their own work were looked down on by the wealthy tradesmen and slave-owning planters; complaints to the legislature brought no redress for legal wrongs, and nothing could change the widening social inequalities; in short, conditions were ripening for the uprising of the "Regulators" which Governor Tryon was to put down so bloodily in 1771. A man like Boone, who knew himself first when in the woods, found it peculiarly galling to meet with such official

and social arrogance; and Finley's rhapsodies of fertile Kentucky lands must have made him speculate whether he would not do well financially to emigrate thither. Besides, it is unquestionable that his innermost nature was always urging him toward the untrodden spaces.

But powerful as all these influences must have been, I venture to say there was one thing in Finley's story which was sufficient in itself to uproot this hunter-farmer.

That was the great herds of buffalo. Just think of it: here was a man to whom hunting was as the breath of his nostrils. Every sort of game that existed on his side of the Alleghanies he knew. But over there swarmed the bison, the western wild ox, the biggest prize at which the American son of Nimrod could hope to level a gun, the best wild food animal, whose hide made fur coats incomparable. Probably he had never laid eyes on one. Could Daniel Boone have stayed contented on his Yadkin River farm when such hunting was a few weeks off?

He didn't, anyhow.

On the first of May, 1769, he "resigned his domestic happiness" (as he himself put it), and set out with five companions for this pleasant land trampled by deer and buffalo. A little more than a month later they were camped on a hillside overlooking Red River and the rolling, well-watered Kentucky country, with a level plain in the distance which spelled buffalo to anybody who knew the animal.

Six glorious months they hunted, finding buffalo to their hearts' desire in the cane-brakes, or feeding on the flat lands, or gathered about the salt licks. Bear and deer were plentiful, as were foxes and beavers. It was a paradise for sportsman or trapper, untouched

save by occasional roaming parties of Shawnees. They saw no Indians, and explored far and wide, heaping up a collection of skins and furs.

In order to cover more territory, they separated. Boone and John Stewart were returning to their temporary camp near the Kentucky River one evening, just before Christmas, when a number of Indians rushed out from a cane-brake and made them prisoners.

No harm was done them, but the savages took rifles, ammunition, and all they had, and kept close watch over them. Evidently they planned to "wash out the white blood" and adopt them into the tribe.

Boone took everything without any evidence of fear or anger, showing no desire to escape. After a week at the rough camp, the Indians had become quite unsuspicious. On the seventh night he cautiously rose from his pretended sleep. Waking Stewart noiselessly, they managed to get their guns and some powder and balls, and stole off into the night, leaving their captors fast in slumber.

It was ticklish work to get through the black woods without making any noise; but when morning came they could travel faster, and struck out in a bee-line for the first camp, where they expected to meet their four companions.

They reached it—only to find it plundered, with no sign of the other party.

Using great caution they began to hunt again. Their small stock of ammunition soon ran low, and they were much perplexed as to the wisest course.

One January day they were walking through the woods when Boone's quick eye caught a glimpse ahead of two moving figures.

Both jumped to cover behind trees. With rifles

firmly gripped they waited to see who these unexpected visitors might be. Clearly, they had been seen; the strangers advanced, making signs of friendship.

This was a favorite Indian trick in order to come to close quarters. Boone and Stewart remained hidden till the newcomers were within hailing distance.

"Hellow, strangers! Who are you?" he called.

"White men and friends," came the answer.

He stepped out. To his amazement, up walked his brother Squire, with a friend from the Carolina settlement. They had come to look up the party, and by the merest good luck had thus stumbled on the two remaining in this trackless forest.

Their supplies of powder and lead changed the whole situation. The hunting was resumed. Again the store of skins began to grow.

One day another party of Indians surprised Boone and Stewart at some distance from the camp. The former escaped, but his companion was shot and scalped.

The other man who had come with Squire got lost and met his death somehow. So the Boone brothers hunted by themselves till supplies ran low. Then Squire went back to the Yadkin, to bring horses and ammunition.

For three months Daniel remained absolutely alone in the wilderness, without even a dog to keep him company, without bread, salt, or sugar, depending on his rifle for food, and on his alert wits to protect him against roving Indians. He saw many signs of these as he explored to the southwest, and often had to lie hidden at night in some cane-brake, not daring even to light a cooking fire.

Few adventures, even in Boone's exciting life, called for steadier nerves or firmer resolution than these solitary months. He confessed afterward that he had never been under greater necessity of "exercising philosophy and fortitude;" and much as he loved the unspoiled wilds, the home farm on the Yadkin often seemed like a most attractive place.

It was a welcome sight when his brother rode up to camp at the end of July, leading a loaded packhorse and bringing good news of the family. They spent seven months in careful study of the country, and finally picked out what seemed the best location for a settlement, on the Kentucky River. After two years' absence Daniel reached home, and began to prepare for emigrating across the mountains.

It took two years to sell the farm and get together the group of families. Then the party was attacked by Indians as it toiled through the mountains near Cumberland Gap. Six of the young men, including Boone's oldest son, were killed. So daunted were the other emigrants that, in spite of Boone's urging, they turned back and settled along the Clinch River in Virginia.

Another eight-hundred-mile trip as guide to a party of surveyors renewed the pioneer's longings for this new hunting-ground. After serving as captain through the Shawnee uprising led by Cornstalk, he gladly undertook to conduct an expedition for the Transylvania Company.

Losing several men by Indian attacks, he pushed stoutly ahead to where Otter Creek enters the Kentucky River, and built there a fort, which was named Boonesborough.

This consisted of four strong log blockhouses, the

upper stories overhanging for defense, at the corners of a space one hundred and seventy-five feet broad and two hundred and fifty feet long. From each of these rough-hewn upright pickets made a stockade for a short distance; and the remaining spaces were filled in with log cabins, side by side. Two entrances on either side were protected by heavy slabs on wooden hinges. It was a reasonably good defense against assaults by the savages.

Leaving his men to start a crop and guard the fort, Boone went back to Virginia and brought his family to this fort, his wife being the first white woman to stand on the banks of the Kentucky. Several other families arrived, a couple more forts were established not far away, and by the summer of 1775 the Transylvania Colony was well started.

Stirring events were taking place to the east: the news gradually came through the woods that while Boone's men were hewing out logs for their fort the Battle of Lexington had been fought; and the last gate had been hung just two days before Bunker Hill aroused every patriot in the thirteen colonies.

There was no need to preach liberty to these self-reliant woodsmen: eighteen delegates, including Daniel Boone, met inside the half-built stockade on May 23, 1775, and established a representative government, acknowledging the company as proprietors of the land. Boone's career as a lawmaker consisted mainly in introducing two bills, to preserve game and to improve the breed of horses; but he had other functions much more pressing. On him, more than any other one man, depended the safety of some hundreds of men, women, and children: and since the British Governor at Detroit was rousing the tribes, and offering bounties for

American scalps, his job was far from an idle one. The Indians resented, anyhow, these settlements in what had been free hunting-grounds; and when white scalps meant fire-water as well as revenge, they were not slow to take the warpath.

An attack in December showed that hunting was as dangerous a method of getting food as the planting which had been interrupted by frequent alarms. Still, it was essential; and Boone was in his element on these cautious excursions after game for the hungry mouths within the stockade.

In face of these daily dangers, other families came to Boonesborough next spring, among them Colonel Richard Callaway with his wife and daughters.

Ten days after the signing of the Declaration of Independence in far-away Philadelphia, Boone and Callaway, as well as most of the able-bodied men, were off on one of the usual hunting expeditions.

It was a beautiful, clear July day. The freedom of the open was too attractive for some of the young girls to remain within the enclosure. Besides, there had been no recent alarms, so that the newcomers found it difficult to believe in the reality of danger from the quiet woods that hemmed them in.

Among these were the two Callaway girls, Elizabeth, who was seventeen, and her sister Frances, three years younger. They had been at the fort only a few months and had the fearlessness of complete ignorance. They easily persuaded Jemima Boone, who was just Frances's age, to steal out for a lark in a canoe.

Late in the afternoon they paddled out on the river and across to the opposite bank, where a heavy growth of trees and underbrush came close to the water's edge.

Here they played about, splashing each other and laughing in high glee.

The canoe drifted with the current till it was under the overhanging limbs close to shore.

Suddenly the young girls' frolicsome splashing stopped. A brown arm appeared from the fringing bushes. A painted face and glittering eyes looked triumphantly out from the hiding-place. A strong hand seized the painter of the canoe, twitched it dexterously about, and began to tow it upstream away from the fort.

Shrieks of terror sounded across the water in place of the giggles. The alarmed people ran out of the fort. There was crying and wringing of hands. But most of the men were away in the woods. There was no other canoe. And it seemed like madness to try to swim the river in the face of what was probably a large war-party. They could only stand in anguish and see the unfortunate girls lifted out of the canoe and hurried out of sight by their savage captors.

That was an unhappy day in the little Boonesborough fort.

Night fell. Boone and Callaway came back and learned of the distressing event. A few other hunters came in. All vowed they would rescue the girls at any hazard.

Two parties were formed, Boone taking seven men with him, and they set out immediately in pursuit.

Little could be done that night except to get across to the scene of the capture and study the probabilities. With the first peep of dawn, however, keen eyes picked up the trail. It was discovered that there were only five Indians, and the rescuers hurried along after them.

Soon they were checked. The wily Indians had separated: various trails led off through the thickest

canes; there was no telling which party had the captives or in which direction they were making, without losing precious time.

Swinging off to one side, Boone carefully noted the general direction, and raced his party furiously ahead for thirty miles. Then, believing the Indians would fancy themselves secure, he doubled across to cut their trail.

Carefully scrutinizing the ground, they covered several miles more. Then to their delight they found footprints in a buffalo path, showing that the band had come together again and had the prisoners with them.

Jaws set tighter. Rifles and knives were in readiness. Following the tracks with ease, Boone and his men hastened along this well-beaten "trace."

The sun got lower. The prints were fresh. Those they sought must be only a few hours ahead. In silence they put mile after mile behind them.

About dusk the leader stopped with a whispered exclamation. He pointed ahead. The light of a fire showed through the thick underbrush.

Warily they crept ahead. The Indians, entirely off their guard, were kindling a blaze to cook food at the edge of a thick cane-brake. At one side huddled the pair of weeping girls.

Hardly had they made out this much, when one of the warriors sprang to his feet with a cry of alarm.

Four of the pursuers blazed away through the gathering darkness. Fearing that the savages might find time to kill their prisoners, Boone and young Henderson (who was engaged to Elizabeth Callaway) dashed forward to get between them and the terrified girls.

The Indians, taken by surprise, thought only of flight.

They raced for the shelter of the tall canes, while Boone, from in front of the captives, wounded one.

It was hopeless to chase them through such a place in the dark. Overjoyed that the young people were safe, the party released them and brought them back in triumph to Boonesborough.

This was but a foretaste of what was to come. Lurking bands surprised the outlying stations, killing, scalping, carrying off horses and cattle. Only the failure of the Indians to concentrate their forces saved the little settlements from annihilation. Boone himself, after dozens of narrow escapes, was captured while going to the Lower Blue Licks after much-needed salt. The fame of his prowess had spread far and wide, and the Indians wished to have this great brave and mighty hunter as one of themselves. Knowing his own life and the safety of the settlement depended on it, Boone submitted to the painful ceremony of adoption into the tribe, and for months pretended to be reconciled to his situation. But he continued to divide the bullets and the powder allotted him each day for hunting, bringing in turkeys, 'coons, and squirrels, while secretly storing up ammunition for a future chance.

When, early in June, he saw four hundred and fifty painted braves dancing the war-dance at the Chillicothe village, and gathered from the scraps of Shawnese he had picked up that they were about to attack Boonesborough, he knew it was now or never.

He was trusted enough to go alone on short hunts. On the 16th he plunged into the forest, with his face turned toward the menaced settlement.

In five days he covered one hundred and sixty miles, crossing the swollen Ohio in a leaky canoe which he providentially found adrift in the bushes, and having

only one full meal the whole time, when he shot a turkey.

He found the unsuspecting colony dispersed about the neighborhood, and his wife, who thought him dead, returned with the children to Carolina.

The men were recalled; the fort was strengthened; excursions were made far into the Indian country to discourage them from the expected attack. But on September 7th the fifty or sixty well men in the fort saw a force of a dozen Canadians and over four hundred Indians emerge from the woods, with British and French colors flying.

Captain Duquesne summoned the garrison to surrender, or to expect a massacre from these savage allies whom he might not be able to restrain if resistance were offered.

Boone had sent messengers for reinforcements, and needed time for other matters. He asked two days to consider. The confident enemy consented. Quietly the horses and cattle were brought within the enclosure, while the women, without attracting attention, filled everything that would hold water.

Having secured these necessities, Boone mounted a bastion and announced to the Canadian leader that they were resolved to defend the place to the last gasp, adding his ironical thanks for the warning and the time for preparation.

Duquesne apparently thought subterfuge on his own part might be cheaper than an assault. His orders, he said, were to offer very liberal terms of surrender. He proposed that nine members of the garrison should come out to discuss these. Still realizing that every hour saved was so much gain toward the hoped-for relief, Boone consented.

Accordingly he, his brother, and seven others went forth on this hazardous mission.

Boone soon perceived that the proposed terms were too good to be honestly meant. Before leaving, he had stationed twenty men at loopholes commanding the conference, and while no weapons were displayed by the treating parties, he waited coolly for the first signs of the treachery he suspected.

At length came a plausible suggestion that the Indians wished to shake hands with the white men in token of lasting friendship. To refuse would have been an insult, offering the savages an excuse for an outbreak.

Eighteen braves advanced, two toward each of the waiting Kentuckians.

Boone gave his companions a signal to be on guard. It was needed. Each pair of warriors, instead of shaking hands, attempted to pinion the man between them.

But these frontiersmen knew every trick of rough-and-tumble fighting. The scuffle that followed showed that two to one was not sufficient odds: bowling some over with clean fist strokes, tripping others, clinching in wrestling grips and tossing their assailants headlong, the doughty nine got free, and dashed for the fort.

The Indians rushed after them from their camp. The waiting riflemen met them with a volley. All the brave negotiators got safely back, though Squire Boone was wounded.

For nine days the enraged Indians besieged Boonesborough, firing incessantly from ambush, shooting blazing arrows to fire the buildings, even attempting a mine from the river bank so as to blow up the stockade.

The besieged defended the place resolutely, picking off the assailants with their deadly rifles, exposing themselves intrepidly to throw water on blazing roofs, digging a counter-mine—while the women moulded bullets, cooked meals, and brought water to the fighters.

One rascally negro deserted, carrying a good rifle with him. Choosing what he considered a safe place across the river, this scoundrel climbed a tree and secured a position from which he could raise his head and fire between forked stems down into the fort. He killed one man and wounded another. Boone was sent for. There was no sign of the concealed sharpshooter except the deadly results, and the men were upset by this harassing attack.

Boone stood silent at a porthole, watching the trees across the river.

Presently he saw a stealthy movement. A head rose slowly between the forks of a big tree a hundred and seventy-five yards away.

Like a flash the long rifle flew up, steadied one instant, then spat fire. And out of the tree dropped the black traitor, with a bullet hole in his forehead.

When Duquesne, on the tenth day, gave it up as a bad job and withdrew, he had lost thirty-seven men besides many wounded, while only two Kentuckians had been killed. The garrison gathered up two thousand five hundred musket balls for their own use.

Boonesborough was saved by the woodsmen's bravery. It was never again directly assailed through the troubled years that followed.

It would take too long even to outline Daniel Boone's thronging adventures. He was in the disastrous fight at the Blue Licks. He lost his hard-won Kentucky land through a defect in title, taken advantage of by

speculators. Disgusted with legal trickery, and ever in the vanguard of settlement, he moved on to "Upper Louisiana," becoming commandant under the Spanish governor of the Femme Osage district, west of St. Louis. He added the lore of the prairie hunter to his unequalled woodsman's skill. His experiences among the Osages alone would make a volume of excitement. Then, when Louisiana was transferred to the United States, he was threatened with the loss of his grants of nine thousand acres because all the legal formalities had not been complied with—and only an appeal to the legislature of Kentucky, then grown to a flourishing commonwealth of nearly half a million people, and its warm championship to Congress, saved for him a portion of this. At the age of eighty-six, peaceful, happy and full of recollections, among his children and grandchildren, he went on to the "happy hunting-grounds."

Dan'l Boone, Davy Crockett, and Kit Carson—these were the greatest of the pioneers and frontiersmen who blazed the path westward from the Alleghenies.

And greatest of these was Dan'l Boone—Cooper's "Leatherstocking" in real life, a figure to stir the blood and warm the heart of every American, young or old.

## CHAPTER III

### JOHN COLTER'S RUN FOR LIFE

When Lewis and Clark set out in 1804 to explore a route through the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific coast, one of the frontiersmen who started with them was a certain John Colter.

This hardy trapper, long accustomed to brave the wilderness alone, could not resist the untouched abundance of beaver which the party found in the country about the headwaters of the Missouri. He cut loose from the party, determining to harvest some of this treasure-trove of the woods. It made no difference to this self-reliant fellow that the Blackfeet of that region were inflamed to madness by Captain Lewis's shooting of a horse-thief warrior of their tribe.

Meeting with another roving trapper named Potts, the two joined forces in this primeval wilderness.

It was hazardous work. All day the two men would lie hidden in some woody ambush by a stream. Under the protection of darkness they would set their traps. Before daylight they must make their rounds. They knew they would meet torture at the hands of any alert roaming savages who might discover them—unspeakable torment and death in one scale, a few beaver skins in the other. By the trapper's code the furs outweighed the frightful risk.

Washington Irving tells what happened to these two:

"They were on a branch of the Missouri called Jefferson Fork, and had set their traps at night, about

six miles up a small river that emptied into the fork. Early in the morning they ascended the river in a canoe, to examine the traps. The banks on each side were high and perpendicular, and cast a shade over the stream.

"As they were softly paddling along, they heard the tramping of many feet up on the banks. Colter immediately gave the alarm of 'Indians!' and was for instant retreat.

"Potts scoffed at him for being frightened by the trampling of a herd of buffaloes. Colter checked his uneasiness and paddled forward.

"They had not gone much further when frightful whoops and yells burst forth from each side of the river, and several hundred Indians appeared on either bank. Signs were made to the unfortunate trappers to come on shore. They were forced to comply.

"Before they could get out of their canoe, a savage seized the rifle belonging to Potts. Colter sprang on shore, wrested the weapon from the hands of the Indian, and restored it to his companion. The latter was still in the canoe, and immediately pushed into the stream.

"There was the sharp twang of a bow, and Potts cried out that he was wounded. Colter urged him to come to shore and submit, as his only chance for life; but the other knew there was no prospect of mercy, and determined to die game. Levelling his rifle, he shot one of the savages dead on the spot. The next moment he fell himself, pierced with innumerable arrows.

"The vengeance of the savages now turned upon Colter. He was stripped naked, and having some knowledge of the Blackfoot language, overheard a consultation as to the mode of despatching him, so as

to derive the greatest amusement from his death. Some were for setting him up as a mark, and having a trial of skill at his expense. The chief, however, was for nobler sport.

"He seized Colter by the shoulder, and demanded if he could run fast.

"The unfortunate trapper was too well acquainted with Indian customs not to comprehend the drift of the question. He knew he was to run for his life, to furnish a kind of human hunt to his persecutors. Though in reality he was noted among his brother hunters for swiftness of foot, he assured the chief that he was a very bad runner.

"His stratagem gained him some vantage ground. He was led by the chief into the prairie, about four hundred yards from the main body of savages, and then turned loose to save himself if he could.

"A tremendous yell let him know that the whole pack of bloodhounds were off in full cry.

"Colter flew rather than ran; he was astonished at his own speed; but he had six miles of prairie to traverse before he should reach the Jefferson Fork of the Missouri; how could he hope to hold out such a distance with the fearful odds of several hundred to one against him! The plain, too, abounded with the prickly pear which wounded his naked feet.

"Still he fled on, dreading each moment to hear the twang of a bow, and to feel an arrow quivering in his back. He did not even dare to look round, lest he should lose an inch of that distance on which his life depended.

"He had run nearly half way across the plain when the sound of pursuit grew somewhat fainter, and he ventured to turn his head.

"The main body of his pursuers were a considerable distance behind; several of the fastest warriors were scattered in the advance; while a swift-footed warrior, armed with a spear, was not more than a hundred yards behind him.

"Inspired with new hope, Colter redoubled his exertions, but strained himself to such a degree that the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils and streamed down his breast.

"He arrived within a mile of the river. The sound of footsteps gathered upon him. A glance behind showed his pursuer within twenty yards, and preparing to launch his spear.

"Stopping short, Colter turned round and spread out his arms.

"The savage, confounded by this sudden action, attempted to stop and hurl his spear, but fell in the very act. His spear stuck in the ground, and the shaft broke in his hand.

"Colter plucked up the pointed part, pinned his pursuer to the earth, and continued his flight.

"The Indians, as they arrived at their slaughtered companion, stopped to howl over him. Colter made the most of this precious delay, gained the skirt of cottonwood bordering the river, dashed through it, and plunged into the stream.

"He swam to a neighboring island, against the upper end of which the driftwood had lodged in such quantities as to form a natural raft; under this he dived, and swam below water until he succeeded in getting a breathing place between the floating trunks of trees, whose branches formed a covert several feet above the level of the water.

"He had scarcely drawn breath after all his toils,

when he heard his pursuers on the river bank, whooping and yelling like so many fiends. They plunged in the river, and swam to the raft.

"The heart of Colter almost died within him as he saw them, through the chinks of his concealment, passing and repassing, and seeking for him in all directions.

"They at length gave up the search, and he began to rejoice in his escape, when the idea presented itself that they might set the raft on fire. Here was a new source of horrible apprehension, in which he remained until nightfall. Fortunately the idea did not present itself to the Indians.

"As soon as it was dark, finding by the silence around that his pursuers had departed, Colter dived again and came up beyond the raft. He then swam silently down the river for a considerable distance, when he landed, and kept on all night, to get as far as possible from this dangerous neighborhood.

"By daybreak he had gained sufficient distance to relieve him from the terrors of his savage foes; but now new sources of inquietude presented themselves.

"He was naked, alone, without gun, food or canoe, in the midst of an unbounded wilderness.

"His only chance was to reach a trading-post of the Missouri Company, situated on a branch of the Yellowstone River. Even should he elude his pursuers, days must elapse before he could reach this post, during which he must traverse immense prairies destitute of shade, his naked body exposed to the burning heat of the sun by day, and the dews and chills of the night season, and his feet lacerated by the thorns of the prickly pear. Though he might see game in abundance around him, he had no means of killing any for his

sustenance, and must depend for food on the roots of the earth.

"In defiance of these difficulties he pushed resolutely forward, guiding himself in his trackless course by those signs and indications known only to Indians and backwoodsmen; and after braving dangers and hardships enough to break down any spirit but that of a western pioneer, arrived safe at the solitary post in question."

And in spite of all this, when the Astoria expedition set out over this same route a few years later, only the fact of his having just been married prevented John Colter from accompanying them.

Such were the men of the Western frontier.

## CHAPTER IV

### DAVY CROCKETT AND THE ALAMO

A "WET NORTHER" was sweeping over the Texas plain and hills. The wind howled across the level prairie, and between the wattled *jacals* and 'dobe huts on the outskirts of San Antonio de Bexar. The raw February air was biting as the early dusk came on, the slanting drizzle felt almost like hail. Shivering Mexicans and Indians sought shelter before the fires in the wretched clay-chinked dwellings. Those who were forced to be abroad wrapped their blankets closer and muttered maledictions on the chilling storm.

They muttered even more fiercely at sight of a little party of men who came swinging into town, with the long free stride of the frontiersman.

There were thirteen of them, big sinewy fellows, with an air of owning whatever ground they trod. They wore loose buckskin shirts, with fringed collars, buckskin trousers, also fringed down the sides, and caps of coonskins, with the tails hanging jauntily to one side. Their worn and muddy moccasins showed they had travelled far and fast. Each man carried a long rifle, and had a powder-horn slung over his shoulder, while a belt supported bullet-pouch and one of those formidable, double-bladed knives named for the famous Colonel Bowie.

They paid no attention to weather or to sullen glances and muttered curses, but held straight ahead like men on pressing affairs.

Through the dirty streets they tramped, over the bridge where the green little river steamed and smoked as if it were afire, across the Plaza and past the old Cathedral. They pointed, chuckling to each other, at scarred walls and ruined houses that told of the wild work along those streets two months before. Turning eastward, a few minutes' walk brought them to a heavy gate in a long line of wall and stockade, behind which buildings rose dimly.

They were challenged by a sentry, gave the countersign, and disappeared within the rough fortification, to meet with a ringing cheer of welcome.

The leader of this little party was a tall, powerful man with an eye that took in everything, and long straight black hair like an Indian's. His name was David Crockett—and Davy was one of the most talked-of persons in the United States. "I can't tell why it is," he said himself, "but if I and the government [President Jackson] and Black Hawk [the famous Indian chief] and a great eternal big caravan of wild varments were all to be showed at the same time in four different parts of any big city of the nation—I'm not so sure that I shouldn't get the most custom of any of the crew."

He was probably correct then, and it would be even more true to-day. There were plenty of reasons.

To begin with, Davy Crockett was probably the best shot with a rifle in all America—and there were real sharpshooters in those days. Omitting the testimony of the notorious 'coon—"Don't shoot, Davy, I'll come down"— when he saw "Old Betsy" levelled at him, there were endless tales of the preternatural skill of this hunter, who had a tally of one hundred and five bears. Teamster, hatter, backwoodsman, scout in

the Creek War, he was elected magistrate when he couldn't read a newspaper. His popularity took him on to the Tennessee legislature and then to Congress, where his striking costume, his homely humor, disregard of conventions and outspoken common sense made him a national figure for several terms. But he ran up against Andrew Jackson's policies, and "Old Hickory" was a boss who never forgave those who differed from him.

Davy had been defeated at the previous fall elections and had made up his mind not only to be free himself, but to help the Americans in Texas, whose revolt against Mexican misgovernment had agitated the country for years. They had cause and to spare: the dictator Santa Anna, in defiance of their constitution had imprisoned Austin, abolished jury trials, put the country under martial law, and ordered them to give up all arms. It was fight, or be slaves like the peons. The Texans chose to fight.

Matters had reached a crisis the year before. A rough form of government was set up, adventure-loving volunteers flocked in to join the forces under Sam Houston, and San Antonio had been captured in December after a bloody, four-day, hand-to-hand fight, winning house after house by breaking through the walls, pecking loopholes with crowbars, sharpshooting from housetops, storming barricades and roofs. But two irregular parties which had set out to invade Matamoras had been wiped out. The Mexican tide flowed back. Santa Anna promptly marched against the captured city.

San Antonio de Bexar was forty miles beyond any American settlement and the fort amounted to little, so Houston had ordered it to be abandoned. But the Council took it upon themselves to supersede the

general's common-sense orders to blow up the Alamo and withdraw with men and supplies to Gonzales.

Consequently Colonel Travis, who had relieved Neill in command, found himself in this isolated station, needing at least a thousand defenders to guard it properly—with a force of one hundred and ten men, while news kept arriving of the approach of Santa Anna's army of five thousand. The redoubtable Colonel James Bowie had arrived with thirty more fighters, but that was all the aid in sight so far.

The general outlines of this situation had drifted up to Tennessee that winter. So Davy Crockett and his twelve stout-hearted companions had set out on the thousand-mile trip to this storm-centre as blithely as if they were going on a turkey hunt. Nor did they lose their cheerfulness when they discovered the trap into which their enthusiasm had led them.

Their situation was serious enough to satisfy the most ardent thirst for danger.

Here they were, a hundred and fifty in number, the senior officer, Bowie, dangerously ill with pneumonia, Travis, who commanded, a red-headed Carolina lawyer of twenty-eight years.

The Alamo was nothing but an old Spanish mission church, convent, and hospital with a brick wall, eight feet high and three thick, surrounding the main plaza, a stockade and ditch to the south of the church, a wall and embankment protecting the convent yard. Only at the northeast corner was there so much as a redoubt; the rest of the wall was straight, offering no command of besieging lines; and the entire stretch to be defended by this handful was nearly a quarter of a mile long. There were fourteen small cannon, three of them in the chancel of the old church, and mighty little ammunition.

I fancy Davy Crockett whistled to himself as he looked matters over next day with his new commander. He was shrewd and had a soldier's training. Daredevil risks seemed silly to him. As most men would interpret it, never had he flown so directly in the face of his favorite maxim, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." It was utter madness to try to hold that great straggling place against any real force, as Houston had seen clearly. To turn back while any other American remained did not so much as enter Davy's mind, however.

If that red-handed scoundrel Santa Anna did come —Davy whistled. And he stayed.

They were light-hearted enough, these borderers. Though every man heard the rumors buzzing about, they lost no chance to join in the townsfolk's gayeties.

There was a big fandango on February twenty-third, and a lot of the youngsters had gone to this, to dance and flirt with the pretty señoritas.

Suddenly the sentinel reported a body of cavalry approaching the Alamo. Everybody left in the fort rushed to look out. A horseman bearing a white flag rode up. Behind him, marching into the edge of the town, appeared the advance columns of Santa Anna's thousands.

The messenger, in Santa Anna's name, demanded unconditional surrender.

Travis replied with a cannon-shot and ran up his colors, the Mexican white, red, and green with the two stars of the states of Texas and Coahuila. The dictator hoisted his red flag of "no quarter" above his encampment. The scattered members of the garrison came racing back to the fort. The siege was on.

It was by no means a cheerful outlook from the Alamo that night. Thinking it impossible that the enemy

could cover the five hundred and forty miles from Monoclava so quickly in such weather, they had allowed provisions to run low. There was plenty of water from the ditches by the walls, but the storeroom showed only three bushels of corn and a small amount of meat.

They ransacked the deserted buildings to the west of the square, and were overjoyed to find eighty or ninety bushels more in these. Some daring spirits stole out and managed next day to bring in twenty or thirty cattle. This immediate necessity provided for, Travis sent out a messenger with a ringing letter addressed to "The People of Texas and all Americans in the World," telling his situation, announcing that he would never surrender or retreat, and urging every one in the name of liberty and patriotism to come to their aid. "*Victory or Death!*" wound up this bugle call.

Retreat was still possible, when the Mexican batteries opened fire on the 24th. Only a thousand of Santa Anna's army had arrived, and in the confusion of the incoming regiments the Texans might well have made their escape. But this red-haired foundling, now "W. Barrett Travis, Lieutenant Colonel, Commanding," was not of the backward-moving breed. Neither was Davy Crockett, nor that reckless old Indian fighter Bowie, stretched on his bed in the hospital, whose chief worry was that his high fever and inflamed lungs kept him out of the excitement.

Santa Anna began to erect a battery where it would rake the gate of the Alamo. Concentrated fire from the Americans stopped this, but daylight of the 26th showed that during the night the enemy had succeeded in establishing it, and another battery on a hill by the powder-house. From these they rained

balls and shells upon the fort. Whenever they came within rifle range, the long guns of Crockett and his sharpshooters were so deadly that cannonading seemed healthier policy. The cavalry, too, was driven back in disorder on the 26th; and the Texans made a dashing sortie after wood with which to burn down some old buildings at the northeast that might give cover to the enemy when the assault came.

Day after day the bombardment continued. Day after day the defenders skirmished, ran to meet some fresh alarm, strengthened their defenses. Thirty Mexicans were killed in an attempt to bridge the aqueduct, and accurate shooting kept adding to the defenders' score. But while, by some extraordinary chance, not a single American was killed for a week, the garrison was worn out by these incessant dashes, and by the intense strain of guarding the big place with so scanty a force.

Yet they fought on with cheerful determination. Each morning at sunrise boomed out the triumphant gun which Travis had announced in his letters would be fired as a signal that they were still holding the fort—"until I get relief from my countrymen or perish in the attempt." They knew perfectly well they could cut their way through the enemy by a quick dash, but not a man suggested it. They meant to hold that bit of territory, for which hardy old Ben Milam and many another good Texan had given their lives only a few weeks before, as long as there was a man to draw a bead with his squirrel gun.

Travis had not only sent messages broadcast and to the Convention then in session at Washington (Texas): he despatched news of his situation to all the garrisons he could reach. A young South Carolina volunteer,

James Butler Bonham, broke through the encircling lines and galloped to Goliad, two hundred miles to the Southeast, where Colonel Fannin had three or four hundred men. Fannin at once started to their aid. His provisions ran out, transportation broke down, his artillery couldn't be gotten across the swollen rivers, and he reluctantly turned back.

He urged Bonham to stay in this safe place. But the fine young Carolinian was thinking only of his schoolmate Travis and the gallant little company, sore beset. He had no intention of letting his effort result in losing one man instead of adding many. He sped back as fast as he had gone, got through the besieging cordon at night, and joined the defenders at one o'clock in the morning of March 3rd.

He found that Captain J. W. Smith had rushed the Mexican lines with thirty-two horsemen from Gonzales, and had joined the garrison before daylight two days previously.

All these men went into the trap with eyes open. It was enough for them that their comrades were there, surrounded by foes.

The last of Santa Anna's army had arrived on the second. It was clear that the final hope of any real reenforcement must be abandoned.

When the Mexican bombardment slackened toward sunset of that day, Travis called a general council of war.

Parading every well man in single file, with the sick grouped on their cots, he stood facing the centre. After a few moments of tense silence, he addressed them.

"My brave companions," said he, "stern necessity compels me to employ the few moments afforded by

this probably brief cessation of conflict, in making known to you the most interesting, yet the most solemn, melancholy and unwelcome fact that humanity can realize. Our fate is sealed. Within a very few days, perhaps a very few hours, we must all be in eternity."

He explained how he himself had been deceived in his expectation of help, and asked them to pardon him for deluding them on the strength of assurances he had received. He pointed out that they could surrender—and probably be butchered, after Santa Anna's habit. Or they could charge the enemy and kill a certain number before succumbing. Or they could resist to the last. Every man was at liberty to decide for himself.

"My own choice is to stay in the fort and die for my country, fighting as long as breath shall remain in my body. This I will do, even if you leave me alone.

"Do as you think best; but no man can die with me without affording me comfort in the hour of death."

Like Pizzaro on the island of Gallo three centuries before, he scraped a line on the ground with his sword point.

"I want every man who is determined to stay here and die with me to come across this line. Who will be first? March!"

Over the mark, as if he were practising the long jump, came Tapley Holland.

"I'm ready to die for my country," said he.

They crowded across after him. Sick and wounded men who could rise pulled themselves up and staggered over.

"Boys," called out Colonel Bowie from where he lay, "I can't come to you: I wish some of you would be kind enough to move my cot over there."

Four men lifted the bed and placed him on the other side of the fatal line. The other helpless ones made the same request.

One man only found in his heart a longing to be a live coward instead of a dead hero.

Moses Rose did not cross. He spoke Mexican well, he felt he could easily sneak through in disguise and escape.

Hesitatingly he looked across to where Crockett was bending over Bowie's bed and talking in an undertone.

Bowie shot him a glance from beneath bushy eyebrows.

"You don't seem to want to die with us, Rose" he called.

"No, I'm not prepared to die—and I shan't if I can help it."

"Better come across, old man," said Crockett. "Escape is impossible."

Rose didn't answer, but studied the wall, thinking hard. Picking up a knapsack with some dirty clothes, he ran to the wall, scaled it, looked back for a moment at the doomed group, and dropped down on the outside. The town seemed deserted and nobody molested him. Hardly had he gotten clear of the houses, when the bombardment reopened. After a frightful journey, he reached a place of safety, though the friends who sheltered him thought him unable to live long.

The siege went on. The signal gun, at sunrise of the 4th and again next morning, proclaimed for a hundred miles across the surrounding prairie, that the Alamo still held out.

On the 5th, his last troops being rested from their march, the Mexican leader held a council. The prevailing opinion was in favor of waiting till the siege

guns arrived to batter down the walls. Santa Anna, however, whose one redeeming quality was military energy, and who was brave enough by proxy, was enraged at being checked by such a handful. He ordered an assault at daybreak next morning.

It was Sunday. In that old Mission, where once the church bells would have tolled peaceful monks and their Indian converts to matins, the miscellaneous band of Americans was aroused by shrill bugle calls from the plain outside. An ominous bustle sounded from the gray obscurity. High-pitched commands, the tramp of many feet, the stamping and neighing of horses told but too plainly what was coming.

Quietly they took their places. Even the dozen sick men in the hospital were provided with arms. With loaded cannon and ready rifles, they waited to see from which side the assault would come.

Day broke. Clear, beautiful and Spring-like after the cold norther unfolded the March morning, with pink streamers heralding the sun. They looked upon this daily miracle with a new sense of its compelling charm. For they looked on it for the last time.

A movement came in the dark threatening mass crouched along the plain. Part of it broke loose, surged forward. Up rose the blare and squeak of many bands, playing "*Deguello*," that savage "heads off" air. Those one hundred and eighty borderers did not need that, or the sight of the red "no quarter" banner, to stiffen their resolve. They knew this Santa Anna of the dripping hands.

Forward the columns raced, cheering wildly—two thousand five hundred Mexicans, furnished with scaling ladders and crowbars, backed by cavalry.

From north and east and west they came simul-

taneously. The rifles cracked and rattled, the cannon thundered from the walls. So deadly was the fire that the advancing lines wavered, broke, fell back in disorder.

A few moments' respite followed. Grimly the Texans reloaded, gulped down water, waited for the next attack.

The columns on the two sides swung around to the north. Colonel Duque reformed them on his own brigade, and hurled the whole mass at a breach in the northern wall of the plaza.

The defenders swarmed to the threatened point. Again their cool, accurate fire concentrated on the charging foe. Brave Duque went down, badly wounded: no efforts of their officers could drive the Mexicans against that withering blast of lead. For a second time they were driven back.

The attack was resumed on the redoubt at the northeast corner of the convent yard. Noticing that nearly all the defenders had been drawn from the west wall, Santa Anna launched a thousand fresh troops at this weak side. At the same time the northern column was rallied, and driven forward in a third desperate assault.

The Texans fought like supermen, but they could not be in a dozen places at once. Travis dropped on a cannon trail, a bullet through his brain. Bonham fell while serving a gun. The Mexican flood poured in from the north. Those on the west gained the plaza. The redoubt was carried. Fresh parties broke in through the southern gate. The defenders were completely surrounded. Fifty to one, the exultant enemy closed in on every side.

Crockett was now in command. While a few mes-

sengers ran to warn Bowie and the others in the hospital, he gathered his lessening remnant, and fell back across the convent yard to the old stone church, to make a last stand.

The hospital was the former convent, the little cells of which did not connect, all opening on the yard or plaza. The maddened Mexicans rushed in. Shots and yells rang through one smoke-filled room after another. Bowie, parched with fever, lay on his cot, several pistols beside him, one of his own big knives handy. The door was dashed in. Brown faces, distorted with passion, appeared. His pistols flashed through the acrid haze. As coolly as when, five years before and only a few miles to the westward, he and ten comrades had fought off one hundred and sixty Indians on the open prairie for eight days, this grim warrior sold his few remaining sands of life.

Presently the sick men were ill no longer. Nothing remained of resistance within those walls save a little group of blackened, blood-stained desperate men, backed against the church wall and fighting like cornered catamounts.

The time is past when "Old Betsy's" muzzle means death to what stands in front; there's no time to load in the melée; but bayonets will still pierce, and when they are bent or lost, long rifles make smashing clubs for sinewy arms.

Davy Crockett orders Major Evans to fire the powder magazine. He is shot down as he races for the door of the church.

The Mexicans surge upon the little knot of struggling men in an overwhelming wave.

They go down under sheer force of numbers, fighting to the last gasp.

The hour's tragedy is over.

Not a human being of those who were within is left alive, save two women, two children,* a negro and a Mexican servant. Nearly a thousand Mexicans are killed or wounded.

Santa Anna, still unglutted, has all the bodies collected and wreaks a belated revenge by burning them in one great holocaust.

But he has lighted a blaze greater than he dreams of. At that moment the Convention is formulating its declaration that Texas is a free, independent, sovereign republic. And a few weeks later when the Texas columns shatter the Dictator's army and capture himself at San Jacinto, the shout that hurls them forward irresistibly is

"*Remember the Alamo!*"

While trembling Mexicans beseech their captors for mercy with the plea: "Me no Alamo, me no Alamo."

A monument stands to-day in the Texas capital city of Austin. It bears this line:

"THERMOPYLAE HAD ITS MESSENGER OF DEFEAT: THE ALAMO HAD NONE."

*On December 21, 1917, the death was announced in San Antonio of Enrique Esparsa, last survivor of the Alamo tragedy—then a boy of eight, and dying at the age of eighty-nine.

## CHAPTER V

### HOW KIT CARSON SAVED THE COLUMN

It was in December, 1846. The Mexican War was in full swing. General Stephen Kearny's army of the West had taken possession of New Mexico, and had pressed on across the Colorado Desert into the coveted land of California, the desire for which had largely brought about the conflict.

At San Pasqual the column met the Mexicans in superior numbers, lost a number of men in a sharp engagement, and finally won a position of momentary safety on a hill. The water supply was barely enough for the men, leaving none for the horses. Encumbered by his wounded, and harassed by the elusive but threatening enemy, Kearny was in a predicament.

Thirty miles away as the crow flies, at San Diego, was Commodore Stockton with reinforcements; but the country was unknown and so difficult that messengers had turned back in despair. There seemed little chance now to get a despatch through the watchful foes who hemmed them in.

On his march from Santa Fé Kearny had met Kit Carson, making for Washington with despatches from Frémont; and he had persuaded this noted scout to forward his messages by other hands and turn back with the invading force. Carson was then at the zenith of his powers, probably the best equipped frontiersman of the whole vast West.

As matters turned out, it was fortunate for the

American army that he decided his duty lay westward.

The scout's biographer tells the tale of that gloomy December day:

"The situation of General Kearny's force was now critical in the extreme, as besides the dangers that surrounded him, the men were reduced to living on their mules. That afternoon, another council of war was called, at which desperate efforts to be made for immediate relief were discussed.

"When every spark of hope had almost died within them, and when they were in a dilemma as to what still remained for them to do, Kit Carson arose and said he was willing to make the attempt of creeping through the Mexican lines. Should he succeed, he pledged his word that he would carry information to Commodore Stockton at San Diego, and thus bring them succor.

"No sooner had he made this proposition than he was seconded by Lieutenant Beale, then of the United States Navy, who, equally as brave and daring as Carson, volunteered his services in the undertaking.

"General Kearny at once accepted the noble and generous offers of these two men, knowing that if he waited until the following day and then attempted to leave the hill, the consequences would be most disastrous; for, in so doing, a sanguinary battle must certainly ensue, with the chances greatly against him.

"Having made the few preparations necessary, Kit Carson and Beale waited the setting-in of night, under the cover of which they had both resolved to succeed in the performance of their mission or die in the attempt.

"Having got well under way, and while stealthily

crawling over the rocks and brush, they found their shoes, even with the greatest care, would often strike against the various impediments and make sounds which might lead to their detection. To avoid this, they took them off and pushed them under their belts.

"Slowly but surely they evaded the vigilant guard of the Mexican sentinels, whom they found to be mounted and three rows deep, evidently being determined not to be eluded. So near would they often come to these sentries, that but a few yards would measure the distance between them and their enemies, yet, with brave hearts, they crept along over the ground foot by foot; they were almost safe beyond these barriers, when all their hopes came near being dashed to pieces.

"This alarm was caused by one of the sentinels riding up near to where they were, dismounting from his horse, and lighting a cigarette by his flint and steel.

"On seeing this, Kit Carson, who was just ahead of Lieutenant Beale, pushed back his foot and softly kicked his companion, as a signal for him to lie flat on the ground as he [Carson] was doing.

"The Mexican was some time in lighting his cigarette, being apparently very much at leisure; and, during these moments of suspense, so quietly did Kit Carson and his companion lie on the ground, that Carson said, and always after affirmed, that he could distinctly hear Lieutenant Beale's heart beat.

"Who can describe the agony of mind to which these brave hearts were subjected during this severe trial? Everything—the lives of their friends as well as their own—so hung on chance, that they shuddered; not at the thought of dying, but for fear they would fail in accomplishing what was dearer to them than

life, the rescue of the brave men whose fate hung on their success.

"After a long time, the Mexican mounted his horse and made off in a contrary direction from the one where these bold adventurers were biding their time to accept either good, if possible, or evil, if necessary, from the wheel of Fortune.

"For a distance of about two miles, Kit Carson and Lieutenant Beale thus crawled along on their hands and knees. Continually during this time Carson's keen eye was searching the darkness, ever on the alert to discover whatever obstacle might present itself on which was stamped the least appearance of danger.

"Having passed the last visible peril in the shape of a sentinel and left the lines behind them at a safe distance, both men regained their feet, and once more breathed freely. Their first thought was to look for their shoes, but, alas, they were gone. In the excitement of the journey they had not given them a thought since depositing them beneath their belts. Hardly a word had hitherto passed between these two companions in danger, but now they spoke hurriedly and congratulated each other on the success that had so far attended them.

"There was no time for delay, as they were by no means free from danger, though they thought the worst was over. Kit Carson was familiar with the country, and well knew the necessity of avoiding all the well-trodden trails and roads which lead to San Diego, every one of which was closely watched by the enemy. He chose a circuitous route, over rocks, hills and wild lands. The soil was covered with the prickly pear, the thorns of which penetrated at almost

every step deep into their bare feet: owing to the darkness and the thickness of the plants, they could not avoid them. The town of San Diego was located many miles in a straight line from the point from whence they had started, but this distance was much lengthened by the roundabout route they were obliged to travel.

"All the following day they continued their tramp, and made as much progress as possible. Their mental excitement kept them in good spirits, though, from previous fatigue, the want of food during this time, and the rapid pace at which they were travelling, they were putting their physical powers to their full test.

"Another night closed in around them, yet 'onward' was their watchword, for they thought not of rest while those behind them were in such imminent peril.

"Kit Carson's only compass was his eye, which served him so well that soon the dark outlines of the houses of San Diego could just be discerned. Both men were ready to leap for joy.

"They were challenged by the American sentinels, and answered "Friends!"—the English word being unmistakable proof from whence they came.

"On stating their important business, they were conducted into the presence of Commodore Stockton. With his usual promptitude, he immediately detailed a command of about one hundred and seventy men to make forced marches in order to reach and relieve their besieged countrymen. With as much despatch as possible, this force set out, taking with them a heavy piece of ordnance, which, for want of animals, the men themselves were obliged to draw."

Kit Carson did not go back with the relieving party:

his feet were so cut and swollen that, having given an exact description of the locality, he remained in San Diego to recruit. Lieutenant Beale, unused to such hardships, went out of his mind, and it was two years before he fully recovered from the gruelling trip.

But Kearny's little army was saved. And California fell into the hands of the United States.

One could tell scores of yarns about this Kentucky-bred, Missouri-raised, All-West-educated Kit Carson. Hunter, trapper, scout, despatch-bearer, Indian fighter and Indian agent, soldier, cavalry captain—he crowded into his sixty years more varied adventures and breathless exploits than almost any other of even that hardy frontier brood which led in the taming of the West.

## CHAPTER VI

### A WESTERN DAREDEVIL

A LITTLE girl lay trembling in a canvas-topped "prairie schooner." For weary months her family had toiled across the plains, drawn into the human current that flowed toward golden California in 1849. Now, within sight of the jagged Sierras behind which lay their goal, she had heard the low voices of her father and his companions outside the wagon, discussing the dangers of their situation.

A war-party of Indians had for days been dogging their march. The trail ahead was uncertain. Thinking the children asleep, the men freely voiced their fears.

The little girl did not fully understand; but what she took in gripped her with terror. She lay, wide-eyed and quivering, not even daring to allow herself the relief of tears.

There was an exclamation from the group outside. A shout sounded from a distance. The beat of galloping hoofs thudded to her ears, bringing new and imminent alarm.

As these came closer, she could not resist the necessity of peeping out for a sight of the danger. Cautiously pushing her head between the canvas, she gazed in round-eyed wonder.

Up galloped a great swarthy man, whose long braided hair hung to his shoulders. He wore no hat, but was dressed in faded buckskins with many colored beads. He seemed a creature of the wilds, a part of the half-broken pony he rode.

His greeting was with the mighty voice of those who talk across wide empty spaces, terrifying in its very strength. Yet, marvellous to relate, at some word from the older people, he turned quickly, saw the little girl's awed face, and promptly drew from his pockets—some pieces of candy, and cajoled the youngster with these sweetmeats.

That striking horseman, offering to guide the travellers through the passes, was James P. Beckwourth, of Virginia and the Rocky Mountains. If there ever was a man on the western frontier who literally didn't know what fear was—it was surely he. He had been a blacksmith when young, and had hardened his naturally powerful muscles till his strength was prodigious, and he seemed to get a fierce delight in risking his life for the very excitement of it.

The tribe of Crow Indians, among whom he spent many years, had on one occasion wounded a huge grizzly bear and driven it into a cave. The group of braves stood in front of the entrance, weapons ready, excitedly chattering to each other.

Beckwourth suggested they should go in and kill the animal. All declined earnestly. They were brave enough, but they knew grizzlies, especially wounded ones: it would be sufficiently foolhardy to tackle such a crazed monster in the open; to follow him into that dark confined space was simply committing suicide.

The Virginian brushed aside their protests. Stripping himself stark naked, he wrapped a Mexican blanket about his left arm, took a long sharp knife in his right hand, and advanced into the cave with the wary steadiness of a Roman gladiator.

The man who told the story came up while the

Indians waited breathlessly outside, wondering if this madman would get back. Savage noises and the indistinct sounds of a desperate struggle came to their ears. Then silence. They concluded it was as they had expected, but not a man cared to investigate.

Presently a shout went up. For out of the cave staggered a figure looking "like an evil demon." It was Beckwourth—almost slashed to ribbons by those terrible claws; he looked as if he had wallowed in blood; the blanket was no longer about his arm.

But he still gripped his long knife. And the bear was dead.

On the spot the Crows declared him a chief of the tribe. So great was the impression made by his daring upon these wild hunters, that for a time Beckwourth received an annual salary of two thousand dollars from the United States government to keep them from attacking the immigrant trains bound for California.

After years of incredible adventures as hunter, trapper, trader, prospector, explorer and scout, he became a despatch-bearer riding from Monterey to Captain Denney's ranch. It was his custom to stay over night at the old Mission of San Miguel, then owned by an Englishman named Reed, with whom he had become very friendly.

"On one of my visits, arriving about dusk, I entered the house as usual, but was surprised to see no one stirring.

"I walked about a little to attract attention, and, on no one coming to me, I stepped into the kitchen to look for some of the inmates.

"On the floor I saw some one lying down, asleep as I supposed. I attempted to arouse him with my

foot, but he did not stir. This seemed strange, and my apprehensions became excited; for the Indians were very numerous about, and I was afraid some mischief had been done.

"I returned to my horse for my pistols; then, lighting a candle, I commenced a search.

"In going along a passage, I stumbled over the body of a woman; I entered a room, and found another, a murdered Indian woman, who had been a domestic.

"I was about to enter another room, but I was arrested by some sudden thought which urged me to search no farther. It was an opportune admonition, for that very room contained the murderers of the family, who had heard my steps, and were sitting at that moment with their pistols pointed to the door, ready to shoot the first person who entered. This they confessed subsequently.

"Thinking to obtain further assistance, I mounted my horse and rode to the nearest ranch, a distance of twenty-four miles, where I procured fifteen Mexicans and Indians, and returned with them the same night to the scene of the tragedy.

"On again entering the house, we found eleven bodies all thrown together in one pile, clearly for the purpose of consuming them; for, on searching further, we found the murderers had set fire to the dwelling; but, according to the Providence which exposes such wicked deeds, the fire had died out.

"Fastening up the house, we immediately went back to the ranch from which I had started with my party, making seventy-two miles I rode that night.

"As soon as I could obtain some rest, I started in company with the alcalde (sheriff) for San Luis Obispo, where it was believed we could get assistance in cap-

turing the murderers. Forty men, in detached parties moving in different directions, started in pursuit.

"It was my fortune to find the trail, and with my party of six men I managed to head off the suspected murderers so as to come up with them in the road from directly the opposite direction from Reed's.

"There were fourteen in the band, cut-throats all.

"When I came opposite, one of the men sang out: 'Good day, señores.'

"I replied, but kept on riding at a lope.

"The bandits, thrown entirely off their guard, insisted upon entering into conversation; so I had a fair opportunity of marking them all and discovering a horse belonging to the unfortunate Reed.

"I then rode to Santa Barbara, a distance of forty miles, and with a party of twenty men started boldly in pursuit. After much hard travel, we finally came upon the gang, encamped for the night.

"Without a moment's hesitation, we charged on them, and gave a volley of rifles, which killed one and wounded all the others save an American named Dempsey. The villains fought like tigers, but were finally mastered and made prisoners.

"Dempsey turned state's evidence. He stated that on the night of the murder, his party stopped at Reed's; that Reed told them he had just returned from the mines, whereupon it was determined to kill the whole family and take his gold, which turned out to be the pitiful sum of one thousand dollars. After the confession of Dempsey, we shot the murderers, including the state's evidence, and thus ended the lives of fourteen villains, who had committed the most diabolical deed that ever disgraced the annals of frontier life."

One more glimpse of this hard-riding, quick-shooting, big-muscled fighter.

He was in a winter camp in the Sierras, crippled with rheumatism.

"Before I was able to get about, I was called on by the inhabitants to go several miles to shoot a grizzly bear, and as I was unable to walk the distance, several of them volunteered to carry me.

"The bear was in the habit of walking past a row of cabins every morning on his return to his den, he having issued forth the preceding night to procure his evening meal. They had fired several shots at Bruin as he passed, but he had never deigned to pay any attention to the molestation.

"I mounted a horse and rode some distance along his customary path, until I came to a tree which offered a fair shelter, to await his approach. Dismounting, I placed my back against this as a support while I awaited his coming, the neighbors drawing off to a safe distance to await the sport.

"By and by grizzly came in sight, walking along as independently as an alderman-elect.

"I allowed him to approach till he was within twenty paces, when I called out to him; he stopped suddenly, and looked around to see whence the sound proceeded.

"As he arrested himself, I fired, and the ball entered his heart.

"He advanced ten or fifteen paces before he fell; the observers shouting to me to run, they forgetting in their excitement that I had not power to move.

"The bear never stirred from where he fell, and he expired without a groan. When dressed he weighed over fourteen hundred pounds."

It might be noted that Beckwourth discovered the

first practicable pass offering a northern route through the Sierras into the American Valley. Not only did he never get back anything for the discovery, the labor and the sixteen hundred dollars he spent upon making a public road through this gap—but even his name was lost in "Beck*with*" Pass for many years. When the Western Pacific Railroad built its line across the mountains at this spot, the pass was re-christened correctly to commemorate its discoverer.

## CHAPTER VII

### "GRIZZLY" ADAMS

The grizzly bear is by far the fiercest and most dangerous wild animal of America. By one of the oddest freaks in natural history he has of late years become in the Yellowstone Park a semi-domesticated, garbage-feeding creature, teased and kodaked by tourists, and scared off, when he turns cross, by ladies with vehement umbrellas. But that is no more the real grizzly than is the lazy, drunken degenerate "Lo" of town-infested reservations the true Indian.

*Ursus ferox* is his name at home, ferocious and ursine his nature. The polar-bear and the Alaska brown bear are larger, but they are comparatively easy prey for the hunter; the black bear of the eastern mountains and southern swamps is a timid, furtive creature whose one desire is to flee from man. Many enquiries over many years have failed to bring even a story of a grown person killed by a black bear.

But the grizzly is a true son of that monster cave bear who haunted the dreams of prehistoric man; whose claw marks may still be seen on the stone floors of the caverns in France where the men of the Ice Age took refuge; whose terrors have come down through a hundred thousand years in the sort of angry shudder which the very word "bear" provokes.

Weighing sometimes two thousand pounds in California (the Rocky Mountain bear is smaller); armed with great teeth and four sets of three-inch claws that

slash like razors; so powerful that he can carry off a thousand-pound buffalo bodily to his den, to eat at his leisure; able to outrun a horse, and quick as lightning in his mighty strokes; rather preferring to fight than not; smouldering with a sort of demon's fury that nothing but the gorilla can equal; possessing a stubborn vitality that triumphs over incredible shootings and stabbings, and a courage that fights while he draws breath; it is doubtful if an African man-eating lion or a cunning tiger of the Indian jungle is so formidable a foe.

He is a fitting ruler in the remote wilds of the Sierras, amid giant trees, and dizzy precipices, and chaotic rocks.

Oddly enough, the most noted killer and tamer of these savage beasts was a New England shoemaker.

James Capen Adams was a boy of eight years in a little Massachusetts town when our second war with Great Britain ended. Growing up, he made his living, like so many thousands of others, in the expanding shoe industry.

But there was a romantic streak in the youngster which rebelled powerfully at the monotonous drudgery of handling the pegging awl and waxed threads. It drove him, while still a young man, to a sufficiently radical change of work: he hired himself to a circus manager to help in capturing wild animals for the menagerie. In this capacity he hunted through the forests of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, taking alive wolves, panthers, wild cats, foxes, and so on.

There was in this show a Bengal tiger which had defied the utmost skill and effort of the trainers by going bad after having been once trained. Sullen and unmanageable, this beast threatened to prove a liability instead of an asset, since all the keepers were afraid

of it, and there was constant danger of some accident that would give the show a bad name.

Young Adams in his venturesome daring offered to subdue this troublesome member of the happy family. To the surprise of everybody, he entered the cage several times successfully. Confident that he had the upper hand of the beast, he went in one day to carry on the training; but the wily tiger caught him off guard, sprang upon him, hurled him to the floor, and began to mangle him fearfully with teeth and claws. The keepers rushed in with weapons and barely saved his life. During a long period his recovery was doubtful. For fifteen years he was so crippled that hunting was out of the question. Again he made shoes.

Then came the news of the gold discoveries in California. Adams joined the motley throng that surged across the Continent in 1849 to this new Eldorado. But he had no luck. The desperadoes and clever swindlers of the mining camps seemed to him worse than wild beasts. After three years of disappointment and misery, he struck out into the unexplored mountains of the Sierra Nevada, "resolved henceforth to make the wilderness my home and wild beasts my companions."

His camp was any spot where there was food, water and grazing for the pack mules. Here a big fire would be kept blazing day and night. When bedtime came he would roll up in his blanket on the bare ground. If it stormed, a few boughs, stuck up into a sort of booth, kept off some of the direct downpour.

Making friends with a band of Indians, he learned all they knew of the wild creatures and their ways. They taught him, too, how to tan buckskin so that it would be soft, pliable, unaffected by wetting: he made

himself a complete suit of this incomparable leather and never wore any other outer garments thereafter.

The roving Indians moved on down the river. For months Adams was entirely alone, never so much as seeing another human being, living on game, grass seeds, roasted acorns, pine gum and other Nature crops. He declared this was one of the happiest times of his whole life.

His attention was turned to bears by an unexpected incident. His brother found out his retreat, came to see him, and made a sort of partnership by which he should dispose of any skins or live wild animals secured by James. Another wandering adventurer named Sykesey turned up, and with him as an occasional companion, Adams started in on his novel and risky occupation. He was at this time a wiry, medium-sized man with sharp features and penetrating eyes looking out from a wilderness of gray hair and bushy white beard. He always wore a deerskin cap with a fox-tail hanging down on one side.

He was anxious to catch some grizzly cubs, for he knew there would be a big demand for *Ursus ferox* in the menageries, and taking grown animals alive was a bit too much at the start even for his audacity.

The chance came one day when he ran across a mother and two well-grown cubs. He had already become an expert bear hunter, and though a female with cubs is grizzly bear plus, he shot the old one and succeeded in killing it with a second shot as it charged him.

Eagerly he ran up to capture the yearlings.

"As I rushed at them, they retreated; as I pursued, they broke away, and, doubling, shot past with a rapidity of motion that defied all my skill.

"I chased a long time without success; and, finally, when they and I were nearly worn out, they suddenly turned and made so violent an attack upon me that I was compelled, for my personal safety, to betake myself to a tree, and was glad to find one to climb. Although but little more than a year old, I saw that they had teeth and claws which were truly formidable."

These worthy chips off the old block kept him treed for a good half hour, trying to climb after him, and snapping their jaws viciously. He had to pound their paws each time they stretched up against the tree to keep them from coming up. Fortunately they had not acquired their knowing elders' trick of starving out an enemy, so he had only to endure the humiliation of being imprisoned by his intended prisoners.

The young bears grew tired of the inactivity finally, and made off. Adams came down from his awkward perch, more resolved than ever to capture them somehow.

Carefully scouting about, he studied their habits and located the spring where they were accustomed to come for water. Then he enlisted the aid of several of his Indian friends who had horses in his plan to bag these elusive little fighters.

It was quite a long campaign, first and last, and at least one old bear had to be killed during the waiting. But this meant merely fresh meat—contrary to the learned encyclopedias which assure you that the grizzly's flesh is "uneatable even by the Indians."

At last he succeeded in ambushing the cubs as they came to drink, after watching all night. Carefully hidden, he and his Indian helpers crouched in the thicket, their horses close by, and, just as the first streaks of dawn appeared, watched the two handsome

gray-brown youngsters shuffle down to the clear water, plunge in their noses, wallow, and begin to play. The plan was that Adams should make for one, while the others all pursued the second, endeavoring to rope them without hurting them.

The bears wheeled and were off like a shot in separate directions at the first alarm.

"My cub, which proved to be a female, bounded into the plain, and required a long chase. She ran quite a mile before it was possible for me to throw the lasso, which was no sooner over her head than she poked it off, and started on again.

"I followed several miles, and threw the lasso over her again and again, as many as seven times, before it kept its place; but it did finally retain its hold, and she was mine.

"I immediately sprang from my horse, and whipping out a muzzle and cords from my pockets, soon had her bound head and foot. She was so beautiful that I had to stop and admire her some time before going to see what my comrades had done."

They had been equally successful, though they had not come off so easily in the combat, having been pretty well scratched.

Struggling and snarling as they hung from poles, the young bears were ignominiously lugged back to camp; and though everbody maintained that the grizzly was as untamable as the Apache, Adams set about proving his theory that, if taken young enough, they could be domesticated into pets and companions.

It was a long, tedious business, but the man had that persistence which solves all problems. The young bears responded to his feeding and kind treatment and to occasional deserved punishment; they got to know

him for master as a dog would; and presently there could be witnessed the incredible spectacle of a full-grown grizzly bear following at the hunter's heels, warning him like an alert watch-dog of anything that approached, carrying his pack, or a sack of grain, or even himself—actually sleeping beside him and offering live bearskin to which he could snuggle up for warmth on bitter nights. Indeed, another cub, Ben Franklin, caught later on, saved his life upon one memorable occasion, attacking a mother grizzly which rushed the hunter, knocked him down and dashed the rifle from his grasp—and distracting her attention till Adams could regain his gun and in turn save plucky little Ben's life by a well-directed shot.

Adams and Lady Washington, as he named the cub he himself had captured, became inseparable companions and friends.

He had enlarged his ambitions to the point of planning to take an old grizzly alive, and he and Sykesey had built a trap by a steep hill, the sides of which were a tangle of chaparral and scrub-growth and vines.

"One evening, as we were about giving over work for the day, my attention was attracted by a noise on this hill; and, upon casting my eyes upward, I beheld a large grizzly bear coming down, back foremost, allowing her weight to carry her, while she retarded what would otherwise have been too rapid a descent by holding on to the rocks and bushes with her claws.

"So ludicrous was this mode of progression—if coming down tail foremost can be called progression—and so droll her movements in catching at every twig and branch in her course, that, but for the danger of my situation I could have laughed outright. As, however, laughing or any other noise, under the circumstances,

might have exposed us to immediate peril, I kept perfectly silent, and beckoned Sykesey to reach me my rifle, which was leaning against a tree near where he stood.

"As he did so, I whispered that we were in a dangerous situation, and that it would require all our coolness and nerve to escape destruction. At the same time I cautioned him to reserve his fire and be ready in case my shot should prove ineffectual; and, at all events, to stand by me in case of extremity. I spoke thus because the fellow seemed frightened; but this solemn talk frightened him still more; he, however, promised to obey my instructions, and stand by me like a man.

"By this time the bear had slid down within shooting distance; but, her position not presenting so fair a mark as was desired, and there not being light enough to procure good aim, I was loath to fire; nevertheless, feeling that it would be the only opportunity, and trusting to good fortune, I blazed away.

"The smoke hardly lifted, and the echoes were hardly still, when *crack!* went Sykesey's rifle too; and upon looking around, I saw that he not only had fired, but had also taken to his heels, and was running as fast as his legs would carry him, leaving me to take the chances alone.

"There was, however, no time to reprove this cowardly conduct, for the bear now came down with a tumbling plunge, and I drew my bowie-knife in the expectation of an immediate conflict. Indeed, I braced myself for a deadly encounter—when, very unexpectedly, the beast rushed past, perhaps not seeing me, and bounded away for the dense thicket in the ravine below.

"Her motions, and a few drops of blood which stained

her course, showed that she was badly wounded. Catching up my rifle, and reloading it as quickly as possible, I pursued, in hopes of obtaining another shot and finishing the business; but before I was able to overtake her she gained the thicket, which was too dense, and it was now too dark, to attempt to enter."

He was not one to leave a job half done. Next day he came back with the ashamed Sykesey; upon the latter's protesting that he would follow him and "stand by him to the last drop of his blood," they went into the thicket where the wounded animal had disappeared. Cautiously tracking her, they reached her den—and found her dead inside.

A little later on they were passing along the edge of a high precipice when they sighted several black wolves in the ravine below. The skins were valuable. Adams managed to get three in line and fired, killing two and wounding the third in the shoulder.

"Having no thought of any difficulty, I dropped my rifle, drew my knife, climbed down the precipice, and gave the wounded wolf chase.

"Upon overtaking him I seized him by the tail and threw him upon the ground, with the object of stabbing him; but, by an unexpected turn, he snapped at my right forearm and completely penetrated it with his fangs, and so potent was the bite that the knife dropped from my unnerved hand.

"For a few moments the pain was excessive; but when the first paroxysm was a little over, I drew my revolver and finished the beast by a shot in the head.

"Upon turning up my buckskin sleeve, the blood flowed profusely, and the wound showed itself to be severe; one of much less severity, received from a coyote bite since my return from the wilderness, and

the help of three surgeons, kept my arm in a sling eight months, and came near costing me my hand.

"But in the mountains I acted as my own doctor, and practised the water-cure system with great success. I therefore merely directed my Indian, when he had loaded his rifle and come up, to wet my handkerchief in cold water and wrap it tightly about the wound. In civilized life, when an injury of this sort is received, it is poulticed and bandaged; sometimes probed and lanced; but experience has taught me that cold water and nature are apt to be better than salves and doctors; and I would undertake to cure almost any bite, not poisonous, by simply dressing it with cold water. A simple cut of the finger by nature heals rapidly, but, if plastered up, remains sore many days."

With this Spartan treatment of his injury, he walked several miles back to camp, killing a coyote on the way and having a narrow squeak with a mountain lion. The very next morning the soreness was gone from his wound, and he went about his work as if nothing had happened.

Going home one day, he gave his rifle to a companion to carry and took another route, accompanied only by the faithful Lady Washington. He noticed some antelope ahead and began to stalk them. Having crept up into a thick growth of chaparral, he was preparing to shoot (with his pistol) when he reflected that this might be a foolhardy business, since he had just passed fresh grizzly tracks. Unwilling to give up the antelope after all his hard work, he hesitated in doubt; but his experienced judgment won the day. He commenced to back out of the scraggly, entangling thicket.

"Suddenly Lady Washington gave a snort and chattered her teeth.

"I wheeled around at this, and directly behind the lady, full in sight, standing upon his hind legs and wickedly surveying us, stood a savage old grizzly. That he had hostile intentions all his actions clearly showed; and there I was, almost without arms, and with the Lady as well as myself to take care of.

"In this emergency, I seized the chain with which the Lady was usually tied, and which was now wrapped about her neck, and unwound it as noiselessly as possible. I was then about to move to a tree which stood near, when the enemy dropped upon all fours, came a little nearer, and rose again.

"Here was a dilemma. I knew from the nature of the beast that if I moved now, I was to expect him either to instantly attack or precipitately fly—but the former much more probable than the latter. I did not wish to hasten an unforeseen determination on his part, however, and therefore stood stock-still, with my pistol in my hand; and thus we both, motionless as stone, eyed each other.

"It is difficult to tell how long the bear would have gazed without acting—not long probably; but seeing his indecision, I resolved to turn it to my advantage; and suddenly discharging the pistol, rattling the iron chain, and at the same time yelling with all my might, I had the gratification of seeing the enemy turn tail and run, as if frightened out of his wits. Not satisfied with this, I followed after him yelling and shouting, with the Lady growling, and the chain clanking. It seemed as if a thousand evil ones had sprung up all at once in the wilderness, and the old bear tore through the bushes as if each particular one was after him."

While hunting buffaloes with a party of comrades,

he had a closer call from one of these usually easy victims than in slaying dozens of grizzlies.

On horseback they had chased a herd of buffalo across the plain, when the animals ahead plunged down over a steep bank and floundered about in a piece of swamp there.

"Seeing them fairly in the mud, we sought low places in the bank and rode after them; but as the soil grew less and less firm, we soon dismounted and pursued on foot.

"The animals plunged deeper and deeper, and, being hampered with their great bodies, completely mired; so that we easily reached them, and in a few minutes slaughtered four.

"There was one lying in the mud a little further distant, and, as my rifle was discharged, I resolved to kill him with my bowie-knife.

"I approached without sufficient caution, for, upon getting close with my knife drawn ready to plunge into his neck, he suddenly made a mighty effort, lunged against me, and laid me sprawling before him.

"He then with his crooked horns butted against my prostrate form, and pressed me deeply into the mire; so that I was in great danger of being drowned. The mud was soft and yielding, and my body sank deeply; but this turned out to be a fortunate circumstance: for, had the ground been harder, I should certainly have been ground to pieces.

"While thus going down into what threatened to be my grave, Kimball ran up, and, just as I was disappearing, sent a ball into the bull's body, which caused him to throw up his head. In this moment, I sprang to my feet, with the knife still in my hand, and stabbed the beast to the heart, and he soon expired."

There were buffalo steaks seasoned with stories in the camp that evening, and the hunters were busy for the ensuing week. Then in the middle of the night there was an uproar, and the bang of a shot.

Everybody tumbled out in excitement. It appeared that an audacious grizzly had attempted to get his share of the savory meat by coming right into camp after it, and had only retreated before a pistol shot.

"This adventure excited the whole camp, and particularly Foster, who was of a chivalrous and impulsive character, and wished to go after the beast, even in the darkness.

"Such madness I would by no means allow; but in the morning we had hardly started upon the hunt, when we came on a large grizzly with two cubs.

"She was probably the visitor of the previous night; and Foster was almost beside himself for a shot. I cautioned him to go around with the rest of us to a wooded knoll beyond the animal; but he thought he could kill a bear as easily as a buck, and determined to advance from where he was.

"Seeing that he was bent upon his self-willed resolution, we exacted only a promise that he would not fire until we reached the knoll; but, before getting upon the top of it, we were startled by the report of his rifle, and at the same time one of those terrific roars which the grizzly makes when it rushes upon a man.

"I knew in an instant there was danger, and sprang forward; but only in time to witness poor Foster's death. He had wounded the brute, and then ran for a tree; but before he could climb out of reach, the bear seized his feet in her mouth, and dragged him to the ground, and, with one blow, dashed out his life."

This tragic sight did not deter the veteran Adams

Grizzly Adams

from his own frequent duels with these fierce antagonists. Over thousands of square miles he roamed by himself, taking his life in his hands as an everyday matter.

Upon one occasion he was in the Yosemite, whose Indian name *Yo-ham-e-te* means grizzly bear. There was good hunting in that picturesque region. He had managed to locate a grizzly in her cave, and during three long days he lay in wait before the entrance, expecting her to come out. Then he became impatient and decided to force the issue.

"Before putting my plan into execution, I stuck my cap full of green twigs, and stationed myself in such a manner in the bushes that it would take a nice eye to discern my form, even though looking directly toward me.

"Having thus disposed myself, cocking and drawing my rifle, I uttered one of those terrific yells with which I have so often started a grizzly to his feet. It echoed like the roar of a lion up the canyon; and in a moment afterward there was a booming in the den like the puffing and snorting of an engine in a tunnel, and the enraged animal rushed out, growling and snuffing as if she could belch forth the fire of a volcano.

"She rose upon her hind feet, and exhibited a monster form—limbs of terrible strength. She looked around in every direction; but in a few minutes, seeing nothing to attack, she sat down upon her haunches, with her back toward me and her face toward the opposite side of the canyon, as if her enemy were there.

"During these few minutes I stood as motionless as a statue, hardly breathing, waiting and watching for an opportunity to fire.

"Had I met such an animal unawares, in an unex-

pected place, her ferocity would have made me tremble; but after my long watch I was anxious to commence the attack, and felt as steady as a piece of ordnance upon a battery.

"As I watched, I saw her turn her head toward the den, and fearing she would retire, I gave a low, sharp whistle, which brought her to her feet again, with her breast fronting directly toward me.

"It was then, having my rifle already drawn, that I fired; and in an instant, dropping the rifle, I drew my pistol in one hand and my knife in the other.

"The bear, as the ball slapped loudly in the fat of her body, staggered and fell backward, and began pawing and biting the ground—a sure sign of a deadly hurt.

"The work was nearly done; but so anxious was I to complete it at once that I commenced leaping over the bushes; when, gathering her savage strength, she arose, and with one last, desperate effort, sprang toward me.

"The distance between us was only thirty feet, but fortunately full of brush, and she soon weakened with the prodigious energy requisite to tear her way through it.

"I discharged the six shots of my revolver, the last of which struck under the left ear, and laid her still for a moment; when, leaping forward, my knife gave the final stroke."

Adams took Lady Washington, another tame cub, whom he called Ben Franklin, and a fifteen-hundred-pound monster named Samson to San Francisco, where his unique pets created a sensation, and confirmed the nickname of "Grizzly" Adams by which he became known far and wide. He also exhibited his bears with the Barnum show in 1860, in New York and travelling through Connecticut and Massachusetts.

Whoever cares to read of the ultimate intrepidity in facing wild beasts will find a mine of breathless tales in the thick biography prepared by a western historian almost entirely from "Grizzly's" own narratives.

And it should be remembered that even facing a charging lion with a heavy breech-loading magazine rifle (and a gun-bearer with another weapon handy) is a mighty different affair from standing up to a grizzly at thirty paces with a muzzle-loader that offers one shot only before the brute springs for you—with probably nothing then remaining except the knife at close quarters.

If that were the only kind of big-game hunting, there would be fewer devotees of the sport.

## CHAPTER VIII

### A HUNTER WHO WAS FORCED TO DISCOVERY

Beckwourth and "Grizzly" Adams were by no means unique among the pioneers of the Far West. During the first half of the nineteenth century there were, first and last, a lot of hardy spirits, ever pushing out into the fastnesses of that vast wilderness, who were ready for a stand-up bout with anything that drew breath. The man who could tackle a grizzly single-handed, with only his knife for weapon, and come out alive, had taken his degree in this college of life-and-death education.

There were many such graduates. But most of them are to-day unknown and unchronicled. James O. Pattie was one of the few whose adventures were related for subsequent generations to wonder at.

A little before the time when the newly-elected Tennessee Congressman Davy Crockett was giving the Capital and the Eastern newspapers a fresh sensation, young Pattie, a Kentucky trapper, with his father joined a caravan of one hundred and sixteen emigrants which left St. Louis for the unknown regions of New Mexico.

They soon dropped into a romantic past and an adventurous present.

They marvelled at the primitive life of the inhabitants; they joined an expedition against the Indians, and James Pattie had the good luck of rescuing from the savages a charming black-eyed señorita, daughter

of a former Spanish governor; they trapped and shot, and hid their furs—to find a few months later that the Apaches had rifled the *cache ;* they worked copper mines—and made money; but young Pattie found rescuing maidens, and fighting Indians, and duels with grizzlies more to his taste, so he soon resumed his wanderings.

There were bears in plenty down the Gila River.

"We passed a cave at the foot of the cliffs. At its mouth I remarked that the bushes were beaten down, as though some animal had been browsing upon them. I was aware that a bear had entered the cave.

"We collected some pine-knots, split them with our tomahawks, and kindled torches, with which I proposed to my companion that we should enter the cave together and shoot the bear.

"He gave me a decided refusal, notwithstanding I reminded him that I had more than once stood by him in a similar adventure; and notwithstanding I made him sensible that a bear in a den is by no means so formidable as when ranging freely in the woods.

"Finding it impossible to prevail on him to accompany me, I lashed my torch to a stick, and placed it parallel with the gun barrel, so that I could see the sights on it, and entered the cave.

"I advanced cautiously onward about twenty yards, seeing nothing.

"On a sudden, the bear reared himself erect within seven feet of me, and began to growl and gnash his teeth.

"I levelled my gun and shot him between the eyes, and began to retreat. Whatever light it may throw upon my courage, I admit that I was in such a hurry as to stumble and extinguish my light. The growling

and struggling of the bear did not at all contribute to allay my apprehensions. On the contrary, I was in such haste to get out of the dark place, thinking the grizzly just at my heels, that I fell several times on the rocks, by which I cut my limbs and lost my gun.

"When I reached the light, my companion declared, and I can believe it, that I was as pale as a corpse.

"It was some time before I could summon sufficient courage to re-enter the cavern for my gun. But having kindled my light, and borrowed my companion's gun, I entered the cave again, advanced and listened.

"All was silent, and I advanced still further, and found my gun, near where I had shot the bear.

"Here again I paused and listened. I then went onward a few strides, where to my great joy I found the animal dead. I returned and brought my companion in with me. We attempted to drag the carcass from the den, but so great was its size that we found ourselves totally unable. We went out, found our horses, and returned to camp for assistance.

"My father severely reprimanded me for venturing to attack such a dangerous animal in its den, when the failure to kill it outright by the first shot would have been sure to have been followed by my death.

"Four of us were despatched to the den. We were soon enabled to drag the bear to the light, and by the aid of our beast to take it to camp. It was both the largest and whitest bear I ever saw. The best proof I can give of the size and fatness is that we extracted ten gallons of oil from it. The meat we dried, and put the oil in a trough, which we secured in a deep crevice of a cliff, beyond the reach of animals of prey. We were sensible that it would prove a treasure to us on our return."

They were to make the acquaintance presently of Indians who had never looked upon a white man, but they found even the Mojaves, along the Colorado River, highly unpleasant neighbors.

"We raised a fortification round our camp every night, until we considered ourselves out of their reach. This evening we erected no breastwork, placed no other guard than one person to watch our horses, and threw ourselves in careless security around our fires.

"We had taken very little rest for four nights, and, being exceedingly drowsy, we had scarcely laid ourselves down before we were sound asleep. The Indians had still followed us, too far off to be seen by day, but had probably surveyed our camp at night.

"At about eleven o'clock this night, they poured upon us a shower of arrows, by which they killed two men and wounded two more; and, what was most provoking, fled so rapidly that we could not even give them a round.

"One of the slain was in bed with me. My own hunting shirt had two arrows in it, and my blanket was pinned fast to the ground with arrows. There were sixteen arrows discharged into my bed.

"We extinguished our fires, and it may easily be imagined we slept no more that night.

"In the morning eighteen of us started in pursuit of them, leaving the rest of the company to keep camp and bury our dead. We soon came upon their trail, and reached them late in the evening. They were encamped, and making their supper from the body of a horse.

"They got sight of us before we were within shooting distance, and fled. We put spurs to our horses, and overtook them just as they were entering a thicket.

Having every advantage, we killed a greater part of them, it being a division of the band that had attacked us.

"We then returned to our company, who had each received sufficient warning not to encamp in the territories of hostile Indians without raising a breast-work round the camp."

Though the chances of this life were vividly shown by the fact that he learned one hundred of the original hundred and sixteen persons who had started from St. Louis had been killed in one way or another, Pattie stuck to it, extending his trips to even remoter regions. One of these journeys proved somewhat longer than he had anticipated.

Far down the Colorado River, the party of eight met a big band of Yumas, two hundred of whom swam the stream apparently to satisfy their curiosity about these strange wanderers.

"We allowed but a few to approach our camp at a time, and they were obliged to lay aside their arms.

"In the midst of these multitudes of fierce, naked, swarthy savages, eight of us seemed no more than a little patch of snow on the side of one of their black mountains. We were perfectly aware how critical was our position, and determined to intermit no prudence or caution.

"To interpose as great a distance as possible between them and us, we marched that evening sixteen miles, and encamped on the banks of the river. The place of encampment was a prairie, and we drove stakes fast in the earth, to which we tied our horses in the midst of green grass, as high as a man's head, and within ten feet of our own fire.

"Unhappily we had arrived too late to make a pen

for our horses, or a breastwork for ourselves. The sky was gloomy. Night and storm were settling upon us, and it was too late to complete these important arrangements.

"In a short time the storm poured upon us, and the night became so dark that we could not see our hands before us.

"Apprehensive of an attempt to steal our horses, we posted two sentinels, and the remaining six lay down under our wet blankets, and the pelting of the sky, to such sleep as we might get, still preserving a little fire.

"We were scarcely asleep before we were aroused by the snorting of our horses and mules. We all sprang to our arms and extinguished our little fire. We could not see a foot before us, and we groped about our camp, feeling our way among the horses and mules.

"We could discover nothing; so concluding they might have been frightened by the approach of a bear or some other wild animal, some of us commenced rekindling our fires, and the rest went to sleep.

"But the Indians had crawled among our horses, and had cut or untied the rope by which each was bound. The horses were then all loose. Then they instantly raised in concert their fiendish yell. As though heaven and earth were in league against us, the rain began to pour again, accompanied with howling gusts of wind, and the fiercest gleams of lightning and crashes of thunder.

"Terrified alike by the thunder and the Indians, our horses all took to flight, and the Indians, repeating yell upon yell, were close at their heels.

"We sallied out after them, and fired at the noises, though we could see nothing.

"We pursued with the utmost of our speed to no

purpose, for they soon reached the open prairie, where we concluded they were joined by other Indians on horseback, who pushed our horses still faster; and soon the clattering of their heels and the yells of their accursed pursuers began to fade and become indistinct in our ears.

"Our feelings and reflections as we returned to camp were of the gloomiest kind. We were one thousand miles from the point from whence we started, and without a single beast to bear either our property or ourselves. The rain had passed. We built us a large fire. As we stood round it we discussed our deplorable condition, and our future alternatives. Something must be done.

"Driven from the resource of our horses, we happily turned our thoughts to another. We had all the requisite tools to build canoes, and directly round us was suitable timber of which to make them. It was a pleasant scheme to soothe our dejection, and prevent our lying down to the sleep of despair.

"But, this alternative determined upon, there remained another apprehension sufficient to prevent our enjoying quiet repose. Our fears were that the unsheltered Indians, horse-stealers and all, would creep upon us in the night and massacre us all. But the night passed without any disturbance from them."

They carried out the canoe plan, built two, and with stout hearts floated down the swift current of the Colorado into the unknown.

Passing the junction with the Gila, where the city of Yuma now stands, and the Southern Pacific Railroad crosses from Arizona to California, they swung on down into this trackless and uncharted wilderness.

When they were almost at the head of the Gulf of

California, the "bore" caused by the meeting of tide and current almost swamped them. They were glad to get safely ashore.

Unable to go down or up the stream, they buried traps and skins, and struck boldly westward on foot for the nearest settlements, the Missions of Lower California.

There were times during that terrific journey across the desert when Pattie must have wished himself with the hundred poor souls whom death had already claimed. But they toiled on through an agony of thirst and fatigue, finally reached one of the Jesuit Missions, and came to the Pacific—the first party that ever crossed to the Coast by this southern route.

Instead of being hailed as discoverers, they were arrested by Echeandía, the Mexican governor, and imprisoned for several months.

Pattie's father died in the jail, pleading in vain to be allowed a last farewell to his son.

James himself was set free upon his agreeing to vaccinate the people of California, Mexicans and Indians, against small-pox! He accordingly set to work and did vaccinate twenty-three thousand five hundred persons—receiving no payment except his liberty.

Pursuing his adventurous course, he returned through Mexico by way of the City of Mexico and Vera Cruz; and ultimately, after these eight years of such hair-raising experiences as come into few lifetimes, he reached home in safety to tell the story.

Not wilderness nor grizzlies nor Indians had any chance before men of this stamp.

## CHAPTER IX

### OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH VALLEY

The most dreaded stretch of the southern overland journey to California was Death Valley. It lies along the inaccessible Panamint Range, just over the California line from Nevada, stretching its terrors directly across the path of the shortest route from Salt Lake City.

It is a gigantic, sunken, natural gridiron. The bed of an ancient salt lake, one hundred and sixty feet below sea level, it blisters amid a desolate, scorching land of pitiless sand and salt marsh and rivers that sink out of sight, and prehistoric crater remains, across which the withering winds sweep like the breath of a blast furnace. A man who ventures into this vast oven craves water desperately: so parched does every tissue of his body become that he will drink a gallon in walking two miles, and still feel dry as a cinder. This bowl of fiery brass, guarded by deserts, canyons and buttes, was a huge and pitiless man-trap. Its history was written on its face in bleaching human skeletons. The very names about tell the story: Furnace Creek, the Funeral Range, Lost Valley, Ash Meadows. Man's imagination never conceived any such inferno of nature.

One whole party, of somewhere from thirteen to thirty persons, was wiped out here in 1850, after passing through the crazing agonies of thirst, heat, and exhaustion. But if this ghastly region has seen the

extremity of human suffering, it has also beheld some of the peaks of courage.

Witness, for example, the chronicle of William L. Manly.

A party of men, women, and children were attempting this ill-omened short-cut in the summer of 1849. Three years before, half of the Donner party of eighty people had lost their lives in the effort to cross the mountains in winter.

The present caravan reached the eastern edge of Death Valley, with the oxen drawing their seven wagons, so exhausted by desert hardships that going on through this white-hot furnace was out of the question. Turning back to the last water supply, they decided their only chance, even for life itself, was for somebody to push through ahead to the nearest California settlements, spy out the best road, and bring back help in the shape of horses and provisions.

Manly and a big Tennessean named Rogers volunteered to make this forlorn attempt.

They killed one of the oxen to provide food for the trip, and so wasted was the poor creature that seven-eighths of its dried flesh went into the two knapsacks on the men's backs.

With as much water as they could carry, these two set forth on their two-hundred-mile tramp through unknown deserts and mountains, amid hostile Indians and all the dangers of the wilderness trail.

Following the track of another party, they struggled across Death Valley, and struck into the mountain range. It was hardly cheerful a few days later to come upon the dead body of one of those ahead, left unburied because of the unbroken waste of rock. But they pushed on, and presently overtook this party,

finding them sorely discouraged over the death of another member. The thought of those waiting, half-starving women and babies, back behind Death Valley, hurried Manly and Rogers ahead by themselves.

Skirting the Mojave desert, and penetrating the Sierra wall through Soledad Pass, they reached the fertile valley of San Fernando. At the Mission they secured horses, pack-saddles and provisions, together with a little one-eyed mule—who was to prove herself a four-legged heroine.

Full of anxiety for their comrades, they hastened back by forced marches. They passed the formidable desert and found themselves on the west side of the range behind which they knew the hard-pressed party was anxiously awaiting them. It was already past the time when their return was expected, and to swing around the northern end of these mountains by the route they had taken before would mean losing several days more. The risk to those depending on them seemed too great; they decided to venture on a short-cut through these unexplored mountains.

The horses became worn-out. They could not get sufficient food to sustain them under the gruelling work. Only the tough little mule seemed able to pick up a living and keep on. The travelling grew more and more difficult. They came to a place where even the natural rocky path "went up a waterfall." Presently it became a square choice between abandoning the horses, or giving up the whole effort. The memory of the little children was irresistible. Loading all they dared of the precious food on the plucky mule, they abandoned the horses.

"We removed the saddle and placed them on a rock, and after a few moments' hesitation—moments

in which were crowded torrents of wild ideas and desperate thoughts that were enough to drive reason from her throne—we left the poor animals to their fate and moved along.

"Just as we were passing out of sight, the poor creatures neighed pitifully after us, and one who has never heard the last despairing, pleading, neigh of a horse left to die, can form no idea of its almost human appeal. We both burst into tears, but it was no use—to try to save them we must run the risk of sacrificing ourselves and the little party we were trying so hard to save.

"We found the little mule stopped by a still higher precipice or perpendicular rise of fully ten feet. Our hearts sank within us and we said that we should return to our friends as we went away, with our knapsacks on our backs, and the hope grew very small. The little mule was nipping some stray blades of grass, and as we came in sight she looked around to us and then up the steep rocks before her, with such a knowing, intelligent look of confidence that it gave us new courage.

"It was a strange, wild place. The north wall of the canyon leaned far over the channel, overhanging considerably, while the south wall sloped back about the same, making the rock faces nearly parallel, and like a huge crevice descending into the mountain from above in a sloping direction.

"We decided to try to get the confident little mule over this obstruction. Gathering all the loose rocks we could, we piled them up against the south wall, beginning some distance below, putting up all those in the bed of the stream and throwing down others from narrow shelves above; we built a sort of inclined plane

along the wall, gradually rising till we were nearly as high as the crest of the fall.

"Here was a narrow shelf scarcely four inches wide, and a space of from twelve to fifteen feet to cross to reach the level of the crest. It was all I could do to cross this space, and there was no foundation to enable us to widen it so as to make a path for an animal.

"It was a forlorn hope, but we made the most of it.

"We unpacked the mule, and getting all our ropes together, made a leading line of them. Then we loosened and threw down all the projecting points of rocks we could above the narrow shelf, and every piece that was likely to come loose in the shelf itself. We fastened the leading line to her, and, with one above and one below, we thought we could help her to keep her balance, and if she did not make a misstep on that narrow way, she might get over safely.

"Without a moment's hesitation, the brave animal tried the pass. Carefully and steadily she went along, selecting a place before putting down a foot, and when she came to the narrow ledge leaned gently on the rope, never making a sudden start or jump, but cautiously as a cat moved slowly along.

"There was no turning back now for her. She must cross this narrow place, over which I had to creep on hands and knees, or be dashed down fifty feet to a certain death.

"When the worst place was reached, she stopped and hesitated, looking back as well as she could.

"I was ahead with the rope, and I called encouragingly to her, and talked to her a little. Rogers wanted to get ready and as he said 'holler' at her as loud as he could, and frighten her across, but I thought the best way was to talk to her gently and let her move steadily.

"It was a trying moment. It seemed to be weighed down with all the trials and hardships of many months. It seemed to be the time when helpless women and innocent children hung on the trembling balance between life and death. Our own lives we could save by going back, and sometimes it seemed as if we would save ourselves the additional sorrow of finding them all dead to do so at once. I was so nearly in despair that I could not help bursting into tears, and I was not ashamed of the weakness.

"Finally Rogers said: 'Come, Lewis!'

"I gently pulled the rope, calling the little animal to make a trial.

"She smelled all around, and looked over every inch of the strong ledge, then took one careful step after another over the dangerous place. Looking back, I saw Rogers with a very large stone in his hand, ready to 'holler' and perhaps kill the poor beast if she stopped.

"But she crept along, trusting to the rope for balance, till she was half way across; then, another step or two, when, calculating the distance closely, she made a spring and landed on a smooth bit of sloping rock below, that led up to the highest crest of the precipice, and safely climbed to the top, safe and sound above the fall."

They pressed on through the rugged defiles and over seemingly impossible country, and finally neared the camp.

The sight of a dead body, which they recognized as one of their friends, horrified them. But when they reached the wagons they found that this unfortunate was one of a little group who had grown discouraged and started off by themselves, declaring that "if those boys ever get out of this cussed hole, they'll be 'tarnal fools if they ever come back to help anybody."

The main body, however, had had no choice but to wait. Now, heartened by the arrival of the pioneers with even that scanty supply of provisions, they prepared to follow them back to the promised land.

Since the horses had been left behind, they rigged up two oxen to carry the women, one for the four children, and one as a water-bearer. Piles of blankets were fastened on the creatures by breast and breeching-straps and belly-bands, while belts gave the riders something to hold to.

A funny sort of saddle-bag was made from a pair of stout shirts, with the sleeves turned in, necks sewed up, and tails stitched firmly together. This was slung across one ox, giving a pocket on each side in which a youngster could be deposited.

Everything not absolutely essential had to be abandoned, and this jettisoning of home treasures, brought so many weary leagues, proved hard for the women, even amid the dangers that beset them.

"Mrs. Arcane was from a city and had fondly conveyed thus far some articles of finery, of considerable value and much prized. She could not be persuaded to leave them here to deck some red man's wife, and have her go flirting over the mountains with; and as they had little weight, she concluded she would wear them and this would perhaps preserve them.

"So she got out her best hat and trimmed it up with extra ribbon, leaving some quite long ends to stream out behind. Arcane brought up his ox, Old Brigham, which had been purchased at Salt Lake, and named in honor of the great Mormon Saint.

"Mrs. Arcane also dressed her little boy Charlie in his best suit of clothes, for she thought he might as well wear them out as to throw them away, She made

one think of a fairy, in gay and flowing apparel. In the same way, all selected their best and most serviceable garments, for it was not considered prudent to carry any load, and poor clothes were good enough to leave for Indians.

"High overhead was the sun, and very warm indeed, on that day in the fore part of February, 1850, when the two children were put on Old Crump, to see if he would let them ride.

"The two small children were placed in the pockets on each side, face outward, and they could stand or sit as they should choose. George and Melissa were placed on top, and given hold of the strap that was to steady them on their perch.

"I now led up Mrs. Bennett's ox, and Mr. Bennett helped his wife to mount the animal, on whose back as soft a seat as possible had been constructed. Mrs. Arcane, in her ribbons, was helped to the back of Old Brigham, and she carefully adjusted herself to position, and arranged her dress and ornaments to suit, then took hold of the strap that served to hold on by, as there were no bridles on these two.

"Rogers led the march with his ox; Bennett and I started the others along, and Arcane followed with Old Crump and the children. Bennett and Arcane took off their hats and bade the old camp good-bye. The whole procession moved, and we were once more going toward our journey's end, we hoped.

"The road was sandy and soft, the grade practically level, and everything went well for about four miles.

"Then the pack on one of the oxen near the lead got loose and turned over to one side—which he no sooner saw thus out of position, than he tried to get away from it by moving sidewise. Not getting clear

of the objectionable load in this way, he tried to kick it off, and thus literally got his foot in it, making matters worse instead of better. Then he began a regular waltz, and bawled at the top of his voice in terror.

"Rogers tried to catch him, but his own animal was so frisky that he could not hold him and do much else; and the spirit of fear soon began to be communicated to the others, till the whole train seemed to be taken crazy.

"They would jump up, and then come down, sticking their fore feet as far as possible into the sand, after which with elevated tails and terrible plunges, they would kick and thrash and run until the pack came off, when they stopped, apparently satisfied.

"Mrs. Bennett slipped off her ox as quick as she could, grabbed her baby from the pocket on Old Crump, and, shouting to Melissa and George to jump, got her family in safe position in pretty short order.

"Arcane took his Charlie from the other pocket and laid him on the ground, while he devoted his attention to the frantic animals.

"Mrs. Arcane's ox followed suit, and waltzed around in the sand, bawling at every turn full as loud as any of the others; but Mrs. Arcane proved to be a good rider, and hard to unseat, clinging desperately to her strap as she was tossed up and down, and whirled about at a rate enough to make any one dizzy. Her many fine ribbons flew out behind like the streamers from a mast-head, and the many fancy 'fixins' she had donned fluttered in the air in gayest mockery.

"Eventually she was thrown, however, but without the least injury to herself, though somewhat disordered in raiment.

"When I saw Bennett he was half bent over, laugh-

ing in almost hysterical convulsions at the entirely impromptu circus which had so suddenly performed an act not on the programme. Arcane was much pleased and laughed heartily when he saw no one was hurt.

"We did not think the cattle had so much life and so little sense as to waste their energies so uselessly. The little mule stepped out to one side and looked on in amazement, without disarranging any article of her load."

They needed all the freshening of this good laugh in the slow, hot, toilsome march with this awkward caravan. Even the parching terrors of Death Valley seemed slight to Manly and Rogers beside the problem which kept forcing itself upon their minds: how were these great clumsy creatures, these women and babies and loads, to be gotten safely past that nasty corner which had cost them such a tussle when they had only one wise little mule to handle?

The puzzle presently confronted them for solution. Halting close to the precipice, the men studied the descent, and made up their minds there was nothing for it but to make a trial of a novel and risky sort.

"We men all went down to the foot of the fall, and threw out all the large rocks; then piled up all the sand we could scrape together with the shovel, till we had quite a pile that would tend to break the fall.

"Early in the morning we took our soup hastily, and with ropes lowered our luggage over the small precipice, then the children; and finally all the ropes were combined to make a single strong one about thirty feet long.

"They urged one of the oxen up to the edge of the fall, put the rope around his horns, and threw down the end to me, whom they had stationed below. I was

told to pull hard when he started, so that he might not light on his head and break his neck. We felt this was a desperate undertaking, and we fully expected to lose some of our animals, but our case was critical and we must take some chances.

"Bennett stood on one side of the ox, and Arcane on the other, while big Rogers was placed in the rear to give a regular Tennessee boost when the word was given.

"'Now for it,' said Bennett.

"As I braced on the rope, those above gave a push. The ox came over, sprawling, but landed safely, cut only by some angular stones in the sand pile.

"'Good enough,' said some one, and I threw the rope up for another ox.

"'We'll get 'em all over safely,' said Arcane, 'if Lewis down there will keep them from getting their necks broken.'

"Lewis pulled hard every time, and not a neck was broken. The sand pile was renewed each time and made as high and soft as possible, and very soon all our animals were below the fall.

"The little mule gave a jump when they pushed her, and lighted squarely on her feet, all right. With the exception of one or two slight cuts, which bled some, the oxen were unhurt, and we began loading them at once.

"Bennett and Arcane assisted their wives down along the little narrow ledge which we used in getting up, keeping their faces toward the rocky wall, and feeling carefully for every footstep. Thus they worked along, and landed safely by the time we had the animals ready for the march. We had passed without disaster the obstacle we most feared, and started down the

rough canyon with hope revived, and we felt we should get through.

"After winding around among the great boulders for a little while, we came to the two horses we had left behind, both dead and near together. We pointed to the carcasses, and told the others those were the horses we brought for the women to ride, and that was the way they were cheated out of their passage. The bodies of the animals had not been touched by bird or beast."

The rest of the weary journey seemed easy by comparison. All reached Los Angeles safely, to become a part of that thronging life which was beginning to pulse through long-slumbering California.

Manly, years afterwards, wrote the story of how he helped to trick Death Valley of its victims. One cannot read it without getting a warm feeling for the man's quiet, generous courage—and also getting a conviction that there must be plenty of juicy grass in some Valhalla for a certain staunch little one-eyed mule.

## CHAPTER X

### ON THE ARICKAREE

The Indians of the Great Plains were in a ferment. The swarming palefaces, who had already spoiled some of their choicest hunting and trapping grounds by sheer presence of numbers, were now actually gashing the land for the snorting iron horse which would drive away the buffalo and antelope forever. It was not to be borne. This was their country; for countless generations their fathers had roamed over it, getting food, and clothing, and the life which was a demand of their deepest instincts, from the living wealth of the untouched wilderness.

Now already the devastating railroad had crept like some great serpent westward from Omaha up the Platte River to Cheyenne, while another similar snake was crawling east from the coast over the great mountains and the Nevada deserts. Even the big war in the East had not stopped this menace; and since the North and the South had buried the hatchet, these monsters were swallowing up the hunting-grounds faster than ever. They must never meet, these two, as the palefaces planned.

Especially excited were the Cheyennes, who were right across the path. Fighting braves all, they swore they would never permit this invasion while they had arms that could draw bows, or eyes that could sight guns.

Aroused and defiant, their big chiefs Black Kettle

and Roman Nose, with a group of lesser leaders, went to the Kansas outpost of Fort Ellsworth and protested to General Palmer, the commander.

Their demands were straight from the shoulder. The railroad must stop—or it was war.

Roman Nose, a giant in size and towering in fierce pride, spoke his mind:

"This is the first time that ever I shook the white man's hand in friendship; if the railroad goes on, I shall again be his enemy forevermore."

General Palmer's present of a brilliant crimson sash made the savage warrior's eyes gleam with pleasure; but it had no effect on his determination, since the commander could promise nothing save to submit the complaint to the Great Father at Washington.

The Great Father's answer was brought by one thousand five hundred troops, who bade the Indians molest the railroad or workers at their peril, and told them to keep away from the lines of travel if they wished peace.

The result was to set the heated tribes ablaze. In every village from the Arkansas to the Platte, the braves danced the war-dance and set forth on swooping raids, murdering and plundering wherever they were stronger.

Phil Sheridan succeeded General Hancock in command of the army in the summer of 1867. He found the situation in all northeastern Colorado critical. He directed Colonel George A. Forsyth, one of his staff, to gather fifty frontiersmen as quickly as possible and rush them to the assistance of the settlers between Harbinger Lake and Bison Basin, who were threatened with annihilation by large Cheyenne war-parties.

This emergency party of rescuers found ghastly evidence that the marauders had passed that way near

the headwaters of Beaver Creek—about where the Rock Island railroad now crosses from Kansas into Colorado. Swinging to the northwest, they struck the trail of a large war-party, so fresh that they advanced with the utmost precaution.

Two days of this wary pursuit brought their supplies down to one day's allowance of biscuit; and although he was most keen to catch up with the enemy, Forsyth's generalship led him to camp at five o'clock, instead of pressing on till nightfall, that the weary horses might get rest and fodder in preparation for the fight he expected next day. It was a fortunate precaution, for the Indians were in ambush just ahead, so cunningly posted that his command would probably have been completely wiped out.

The camp was close to the bank of the Arickaree River, a shallow stream flowing into the Republican, which swings east across all Kansas, past Topeka, into the Missouri at Kansas City.

Right opposite, a sandy island rose from the few inches of water, covered with the usual fringe of willows and scattered, stunted trees. The rolling plain, stretching a mile away to the nearest divide, was green with lush grass, and the horses, picketed and carefully guarded, were soon grazing peacefully. The fifty weary men got supper, and lay down, their guns beside them.

Colonel Forsyth felt they were amid the enemy, and only the evidence of his own senses would satisfy him to guard against a surprise. In the small hours of the morning, long before daylight, he was quietly walking about, every nerve on the alert.

Suddenly he stopped, gazing intently out into the gray darkness that lay upon the plain. Straining his eyesight, he presently made out some darker spots

that moved. Instantly the men were aroused. In silence each one sped to his horse, mounted, and made ready.

The dawn calm was riven by an outburst of shrill yells. Rushing in upon their intended victims, whom they had expected to find asleep, the Indians howled like demons and shook their blankets and buffalo robes, hoping to stampede the horses and have the little force at their mercy.

Forsyth's men were prepared: several well-directed volleys soon made the Cheyennes realize that the surprise was on the other foot. They drew off.

Day broke. Its light revealed a mass of painted warriors nine hundred strong. The relieving party was in a bad trap. Forsyth decided that the one chance was to shift to the island in the river, and try to defend that.

The party splashed across to this sandbar, two hundred feet long and perhaps forty wide; the horses were tied to the trees in the centre; the men ranged themselves in a circle and scooped out rifle-pits in the sand. Meanwhile the advancing Indians were held off by a small group of sharpshooters posted on the river bank; and Forsyth stood erect, directing everything, until the bullets singing past him made him yield to his men's urging and seek protection in a sand-pit.

When the sharpshooters covering the retreat had made good their own retirement to this improvised fortress, at about nine o'clock, the Cheyennes massed for a grand assault.

Ahead came a throng of braves on foot, carrying breech-loading guns of the latest pattern, besides young men and boys with bows and arrows; back of these were the horsemen, among whom their active

leader, Roman Nose, could be easily distinguished by the flaming crimson sash, which stood out in vivid coloring against the brown bodies and piebald horses. Along the slope of the low knolls to the rear were a disorderly crowd of women and children.

Those in advance swept the island with a fusillade of balls and arrows. The white men crouched in silence, save when a grunt or groan told some missile had found its mark. By the Colonel's command, not a shot was fired. He knew well this was but the overture: the real play would start presently, and then they would need every bullet.

A wild chorus of shrieks and whoops went up from braves, women and children alike. The earth shook beneath the beat of flying hoofs. With Roman Nose far in the lead, the mounted warriors charged down upon the command.

Coming within a couple of hundred yards of the river, they burst out into wilder whoops than ever, urging their frantic ponies on at a wild gallop.

Still not a shot came from the guns held so steadily upon the racing figures from the shallow pits on the island.

Nearer they came: a hundred yards, seventy-five, *fifty*——

"*Now!*" rang out Forsyth's sharp command as sharp as the crack of a whip.

Flame leaped from the gun-muzzles. The crack of the rifles rattled along the curving line, and back again. Before that steady aim, horses and riders went down as if struck by lightning. Wavering under the merciless volleys, the main body split into two parts, which swung about in long curves to right and left, and raced back out of range.

*Copyright by Frederic Remington*

Before that steady aim, horses and riders went down as if struck by lightning

From the painting by Frederic Remington

The plain was strewn with dead and dying braves and horses. In the very waters of the Arickaree, right before the island, the shallow current eddied about the lifeless form of chief Roman Nose, still in advance of his warriors, still girt about with his gaudy crimson sash.

Guileful and daring were the efforts of the Cheyennes to bring off the body of their chief; but the brave who ventured to approach that watchful, deadly circle, did not go back.

Discouraged as they were by the loss of this famous leader, however, they soon attacked again with revengeful determination. The assault once more withered away under the searching fire from the island. A third effort some hours later met with a similar repulse.

The defenders were far from unscathed. Every horse and mule had been killed. Two men, one the lieutenant, were dead, two dying, sixteen wounded. Forsyth was dangerously hurt, with a bullet through his thigh, his left leg shattered at the knee, and a skull wound where the lead had ploughed the bone. Moreover, the Cheyennes showed no sign of abandoning the attack, in spite of their losses.

It was a dreary outlook for the brave little band as night came on in a chill drizzle, adding cold and discomfort to their hunger and other sufferings. They were a hundred miles from Fort Wallace, the nearest post. There seemed little enough chance to get a message through the keen-eyed besiegers; and if they did succeed in this, what likelihood was there that any would remain alive on the island when help arrived?

Forsyth's indomitable spirit and example prevented them from wasting any energy in despair. They dug a well in the sand to get water, skinned the fallen

horses and mules and cut steaks from them to satisfy their ravenous hunger, and dragged up what remained of the dead animals, with the saddles, to build a better defense against the bullets.

About midnight Pierre Trudeau and John Stilwell were despatched on the hazardous attempt to get word of their strait to Fort Wallace.

The two frontiersmen made rough moccasins out of boot-tops. Wrapping themselves in blankets, so that in the darkness they looked like Indians, they succeeded in crawling through the Cheyenne lines and reaching a washout three miles away by the time daylight came. Here, between the Arickaree and the South Republican, they lay hidden all next day, fearing to journey till night protected them from roaming bands or individuals.

The second night they pushed on, and after several narrow escapes from prowling Cheyennes, they got to the South Republican as dawn again made travel unsafe. Here they "holed up" once more through the daylight hours under the river bank, expecting each moment to be discovered by some one of the Indians they heard all about them.

Again they hastened eastward over the prairie under cover of the darkness, and the only hiding place that offered this time was a buffalo wallow, where they crouched the third day, while a scouting party passed within thirty yards of them, and Stilwell drove off a threatening rattler, who came on the scene at this inauspicious moment, by an accurate discharge of tobacco-juice from his mouth into the reptile's eyes.

Trudeau was an elderly man, and the fourth dash through the night almost did him up; still, they kept going somehow; and toward noon they had the luck

to meet two mounted couriers bound for Colonel Carpenter at Lake Station, sixty miles from the besieged island.

Carpenter set out instantly with his whole command when these couriers brought in the news, and did not spare horses or men. Race as he might, however, it was the ninth day after the departure of Trudeau and Stilwell when his cavalry dashed across the shallow stream to the willow-fringed island.

They were just in time. The gallant circle had beaten off the Indian attacks for five days. Then the Cheyennes had given it up as a bad job and retreated permanently. But, so exhausted were those who remained of the fifty, that they could not move.

So for four days they had lain at their posts, amid the surrounding honors of death and agony and decay, till at last succor reached them.

Colonel Forsyth lost a leg and went on the retired list. Poor old Trudeau never recovered and died next spring.

But the Cheyennes never forgot that little circle, beneath the island willows, which spouted death to their great chief and seventy-five of their picked braves.

# PART II

## LIONS, ELEPHANTS, RHINOS—AND A WHALE

*Hunter's courage is a matter about which opinions differ greatly. It is undoubtedly true that the intense excitement one is apt to feel at the critical moment often makes a man insensible to the danger of what he is doing: and the bravery which does not recognize the existence of danger is a distinctly primitive sort.*

*Moreover, the modern heavy repeating rifles are such powerful weapons that a lion, or even a rhinoceros, has little chance against a man who really knows how to use such an arm. The big game hunter of experience is apt to have such complete confidence in his ability to stop anything that comes for him that he himself would be the first to deny that his favorite sport called for any special intrepidity.*

*But waiting for an animal attack with a double-barrelled, breech-loading, 500-450 Holland rifle is a mighty different matter from standing up to a charging bull elephant with nothing to depend on except a single-barrelled, muzzle-loading smooth-bore—as Selous did scores of times.*

*And working one's way on hands and knees through a thorn-jungle after two man-eating lions that had terrorized a whole construction-camp of hundreds of men, as Colonel Patterson relates, is hardly a task for a nervous person.*

*These few tales speak for themselves. They show, as do those of the grizzly-hunters of the American West, that this kind of life assuredly breeds some hardy virtues in its devotees.*

## CHAPTER XI

### THE LIONS THAT STOPPED A RAILWAY

Of all the yarns with which African hunters thrill stay-at-homes, there is surely none more memorable than the story of the Man-eaters of Tsavo.

In the spring of 1898, an English engineer officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Patterson, arrived at the railhead of the Uganda Railway, then one hundred and thirty-two miles inland from Mombasa, the terminus on the east coast of Africa.

The line had been finished to the Tsavo River, a swift stream flowing between tall trees amid an apparently endless and impenetrable jungle of stunted growth and "wait-a-bit" thorn-bushes. Only an occasional heat-blistered ridge of red rock broke the monotony of this desolate *nyika*, whose leafless dwarf trees and relentless scraggle seemed to hem in the narrow railway clearing threateningly.

Colonel Patterson's task was to build a permanent bridge across the Tsavo and complete the road for thirty miles on each side of it. In a short time the Tsavo jungle resounded with the noise of drilling, blasting and all the bustling activity of a construction camp.

A few days after work started, there was a rumor that two lions had been seen prowling about; and presently it was reported to the engineer that a couple of coolies had been carried off at night from their tent by the beasts. He did not believe the story, thinking it had been invented to cover up some foul play, as

the missing men were good thrifty workmen who had accumulated quite respectable savings.

One morning soon afterward, he was roused at daybreak and told that one of his orderlies, a big Sikh named Ungan Singh, had been dragged from his tent and eaten by a lion. Investigation proved this to be only too true: there was plenty of ghastly evidence to show just what had happened; but the marauder's track led into the wall of "wait-a-bit" thorns where it was useless and foolhardy to follow him.

Colonel Patterson spent that night up a tree near the tent where the victim had been seized, hoping to get a shot that would rid the camp of this menace.

"I was followed to my perch by a few of the more terrified coolies, who begged to be allowed to sit up in the tree with me; all the other workmen remained in their tents, but no more doors were left open. I had with me my .303 and a 12-bore shotgun, one barrel loaded with ball and the other with slug. Shortly after settling down to my vigil, my hopes of bagging one of the brutes were raised by the sound of their ominous roaring coming closer and closer. Presently this ceased, and quiet reigned for an hour or two, as lions always stalk their prey in complete silence.

"All at once, however, we heard a great uproar and frenzied cries coming from another camp about half-a-mile away; we knew then that the lions had seized a victim there, and that we should see or hear nothing further of them that night.

"Next morning I found that one of the brutes had broken into a tent at Railhead Camp—whence we had heard the commotion during the night—and had made off with a poor wretch who was lying there asleep. After a night's rest, therefore, I took up my position

in a suitable tree near this tent. I did not at all like the idea of walking the half mile to the place after dark, but all the same I felt fairly safe, as one of my men carried a bright lamp close behind me. He in his turn was followed by another leading a goat, which I tied under my tree in the hope that the lion might be tempted to seize it instead of a coolie.

"A steady drizzle commenced shortly after I had settled down to my night of watching, and I was soon thoroughly chilled and wet. I stuck to my uncomfortable post, however, hoping to get a shot, but I well remember the feeling of impotent disappointment I experienced when about midnight I heard screams and cries and a heartrending shriek, which told me that the man-eaters had again eluded me and had claimed another victim elsewhere."

The workmen's camps were scattered along a sixteen-mile stretch of railway, so it was out of the question for one sportsman-engineer to guard any large fraction of the workers upon any given night; and the man-eaters really seemed to have "an extraordinary and uncanny faculty of finding out our plans beforehand": no matter where the watcher took up his station, no matter what tempting baits were placed, the cunning beasts would always select some other spot for attack; and the chagrined Englishman would hear later that during his tedious vigil another poor workman had been carried off from his sleeping quarters and devoured.

Time and again the exasperated hunter essayed to follow the tracks through the tearing thorns, frequently getting caught so fast that his gun-bearer would have to extricate him; but the trail was always lost at the river or on the rocky ground, and his utmost efforts

failed to discover the den from which the murderers sallied forth.

The depredations developed into a reign of terror. An Indian trader was riding along one night when one of the lions sprang upon him bringing both man and donkey to the ground: the beast was about to seize his human tidbit when his claws caught a cord by which two empty oil-cans were hung across the donkey's neck. The clattering alarmed him, and he dashed off—while the trembling *bunniah* climbed the nearest tree and shuddered there for the rest of the night.

A Greek contractor had a hairbreadth escape when a lion seized the mattress on which he was sleeping and made off with it; another time the hungry beast sprang upon a group of fourteen coolies, and clawed one badly —but dragged off a bag of rice by mistake!

These errors were exceptions. In spite of tall and thick thorn hedges which were constructed about each camp, the man-eaters kept on breaking in night after night, becoming constantly bolder as their ravenous desire for human flesh grew.

The hospital tent was attacked one night, knocked down, and a sick man dragged away through the encircling *boma*. The sick-tent was shifted and Colonel Patterson spent the night in the old boma, rifle in hand: as usual, it was the new quarters that was assaulted, and a luckless water-carrier met his tragic fate.

"Again it was decided to move the hospital; and again, before nightfall, the work was completed, including a still stronger and thicker *boma*. When the patients had been moved, I had a covered goods-wagon (freight-car) placed in a favorable position on a siding which ran close to the site which had just been abandoned, and in this Brock and I arranged to sit

up that night. We left a couple of tents still standing in the enclosure, and also tied up a few cattle in it as bait for the lions, who had been seen in no less than three places in the neighborhood during the afternoon (April 23). Four miles from Tsavo they had attempted to seize a coolie who was walking along the line. Fortunately, however, he had just time to escape up a tree, where he remained more dead than alive, until he was rescued by the traffic manager, who caught sight of him from a passing train. They next appeared close to Tsavo Station, and a couple of hours later some workmen saw one of the lions stalking Doctor Brock as he was returning about dusk from the hospital.

"In accordance with our plan, the doctor and I set out after dinner for the goods-wagon, which was about a mile away from our hut. In the light of subsequent events, we did a very foolish thing in taking up our position so late; nevertheless we reached our position in safety, and settled down to our watch about ten o'clock. We had the lower half of the door of the wagon closed, while the upper half was left wide open for observation; and we faced, of course, in the direction of the abandoned *boma*, which, however, we were unable to see in the inky darkness.

"For an hour or two everything was quiet, and the deadly silence was becoming very monotonous and oppressive, when suddenly, to our right, a dry twig snapped, and we knew than an animal of some sort was about. Soon afterwards we heard a dull thud, as if some heavy body had jumped over the *boma*. The cattle too became very uneasy, and we could hear them moving about restlessly. Then again came dead silence.

"At this juncture I proposed to my companion

that I should get out of the wagon and lie on the ground close to it, as I could see better in that position should the lion come in our direction with his prey. Brock, however, persuaded me to remain where I was; and a few seconds afterward I was heartily glad that I had taken his advice, for at that very moment one of the man-eaters—although we did not know it—was quietly stalking us, and was even then almost within springing distance. Orders had been given for the entrance to the *boma* to be blocked up, and accordingly we were listening in the expectation of hearing the lion force his way out through the bushes with his prey. As a matter of fact, however, the doorway had not been properly closed, and while we were wondering what the lion could be doing inside the *boma* for so long, he was outside all the time, silently reconnoitring our position.

"Presently I fancied I saw something coming very stealthily toward us. I feared, however, to trust to my eyes, which by that time were strained by prolonged staring through the darkness, so under my breath I asked Brock whether he saw anything, at the same time covering the dark object as well as I could with my rifle.

"Brock did not answer; he told me afterwards that he, too, thought he had seen something move, but was afraid to say so lest I should fire and it should turn out to be nothing after all. After this there was intense silence again for a second or two, then with a sudden bound a huge body sprang at us.

"'The lion!' I shouted, and we both fired almost simultaneously—not a moment too soon, for in another second the brute would assuredly have landed inside the wagon. As it was, he must have swerved

off in his spring, probably blinded by the flash and frightened by the noise of the double report which was increased a hundredfold by the reverberation of the hollow iron roof of the truck. Had we not been very much on the alert, he would undoubtedly have got one of us, and we realized that we had had a very lucky and very narrow escape. The next morning we found Brock's bullet embedded in the sand close to a footprint; it could not have missed the lion by more than an inch or two. Mine was nowhere to be found.

"Thus ended my first direct encounter with one of the man-eaters."

There was a respite for some time after this. Colonel Patterson built a heavy trap out of ties, rails, wire and chain, making two compartments, separated by a strong partition of rails three inches apart. One side was for human bait; the other was to be closed when the beast entered by a falling door released by a spring on which the animal must step.

Nothing came to this contrivance though the inventor stood guard for several sleepless nights. In fact, Tsavo was not disturbed for some months, though reports kept coming in from other camps which showed that the man-eaters were pursuing their hunting elsewhere with their former cunning and ferocity.

Again they descended upon Tsavo, bolder than ever. A number of men sleeping outside their tents were wakened by a lion's forcing his way through the thorn protection. In the face of shouts and cries, paying no attention to sticks, stones and firebrands, the savage creature sprang upon them, picked out a man and carried him to his mate outside the hedge. Here in supreme insolence they devoured the luckless coolie not thirty yards from the excited crowd.

"After this occurrence, I sat up every night for over a week near likely camps, but all in vain. Either the lions saw me and then went elsewhere, or else I was unlucky, for they took man after man from different places without ever once giving me the chance of a shot at them. This constant night watching was most dreary and fatiguing work, but I felt that it was a duty that had to be undertaken, as the men naturally looked to me for protection.

"In the whole of my life I have never experienced anything more nerve-shaking than to hear the deep roars of these dreadful monsters growing gradually nearer and nearer, and to know that some one or other of us was doomed to be their victim before morning dawned. Once they reached the vicinity of the camps, the roars completely ceased, and we knew that they were stalking for their prey. Shouts would then pass from camp to camp, '*Khabar dar, bhaieon, shaitan ata*' ('Beware, brothers, the devil is coming'), but the warning cries would prove of no avail, and sooner or later agonizing shrieks would break the silence and another man would be missing from roll-call next morning.

"I was naturally very much disheartened at being foiled in this way night after night, and was soon at my wits' end to know what to do; it seemed as if the lions were really 'devils' after all, and bore a charmed life. As I have said before, tracking them through the jungle was a hopeless task; but as something had to be done to keep up the men's spirits, I spent many a weary day crawling on my hands and knees through the dense undergrowth of the exasperating wilderness around us. As a matter of fact, if I had come up with the lions on any of these expeditions, it was much more likely that they would have added me to their list of

victims than that I should have succeeded in killing either of them, as everything would have been in their favor. About this time, too, I had many helpers, and several officers—civil, naval and military—come to Tsavo from the coast and sat up night after night in order to get a shot at our daring foes. All of us, however, met with the same lack of success, and the lions always seemed capable of avoiding the watchers, while succeeding at the same time in obtaining a victim.

"I have a very vivid recollection of one particular night when the brutes seized a man from the railway station and brought him close to my camp to devour. I could plainly hear them crunching the bones, and the sound of their dreadful purring filled the air and rang in my ears for days afterward. The terrible thing was to feel so helpless; it was useless to attempt to go out, as of course the poor fellow was dead, and in addition it was so pitch dark as to make it impossible to see anything. Some half a dozen workmen, who lived in a small enclosure close to mine, became so terrified in hearing the lions at their meal that they shouted and implored me to let them come inside my *boma*. This I willingly did, but soon afterward I remembered that one man had been lying ill in their camp, and on making inquiry I found that they had callously left him behind alone. I immediately took some men with me to bring him to my *boma*, but on entering his tent I saw by the light of the lantern that the poor fellow was beyond need of safety. He had died of shock at being deserted by his companions.

"From this time matters gradually became worse and worse. Hitherto, as a rule, only one of the man-eaters had made the attack and had done the foraging, while the other waited outside in the bush; but now

they began to change their tactics, entering the *bomas* together and each seizing a victim. In this way two Swahili porters were killed during the last week of November, one being immediately carried off and devoured. . . .

"Within a few days of this the two brutes made a most ferocious attack on the largest camp in the section, which for safety's sake was situated within a stone's throw of Tsavo Station, and close to a permanent way inspector's iron hut. Suddenly, in the dead of night, the two man-eaters burst in upon the terrified workmen, and even from my *boma*, some distance away, I could plainly hear the panic-stricken shrieking of the coolies. Then followed cries of 'They've taken him; they've taken him,' as the brutes carried off their unfortunate victim and began their horrible feast close beside the camp. The inspector, Mr. Dalgairns, fired over fifty shots in the direction in which he heard the lions, but they were not to be frightened, and calmly lay there until their meal was finished.

"After examining the spot in the morning, we at once set out to follow the brutes, Mr. Dalgairns feeling confident he had wounded one of them, as there was a trail on the sand like that of the toes of a broken limb. After some careful stalking, we suddenly found ourselves in the vicinity of the lions, and were greeted with ominous growlings.

"Cautiously advancing and pushing the bushes aside, we saw in the gloom what we at first took to be a lion cub; closer inspection, however, showed it to be the remains of the unfortunate coolie, which the man-eaters had evidently abandoned at our approach. . . . By this time the beasts had retired far into the thick jungle where it was impossible to follow them,

so we had the remains of the coolie buried and once more returned home disappointed.

"Now the bravest men in the world, much less the ordinary Indian coolie, will not stand constant terrors of this sort indefinitely. The whole district was by this time thoroughly panic-stricken, and I was not at all surprised, therefore, to find on my return to camp that same afternoon (December 1) that the men had all struck work and were waiting to speak to me. When I sent for them, they flocked to my *boma* in a body and stated that they would not remain at Tsavo any longer for anything or anybody; they had come from India on an agreement to work for the government, not to supply food for either lions or 'devils.' No sooner had they delivered this ultimatum than a regular stampede took place. Some hundreds of them stopped the first passing train by throwing themselves on the rails in front of the engine, and then swarming on to the trucks, and throwing in their possessions anyhow, they fled from the accursed spot.

"After this the railway works were completely stopped; and for the next three weeks practically nothing was done but build 'lion-proof' huts for those workmen who had had sufficient courage to remain. It was a strange and amusing sight to see these shelters perched on the top of water-tanks, roofs, and girders—anywhere for safety—while some even went so far as to dig pits inside their tents into which they descended at night, covering the top over with heavy logs of wood. Every good-sized tree in the camp had as many beds lashed on to it as its branches would bear—and sometimes more. I remember that one night when the camp was attacked, so many men swarmed on to one particular tree that down it came

with a crash, hurling its terror-stricken load of shrieking coolies close to the very lions they were trying to avoid. Fortunately for them, a victim had already been secured, and the brutes were too busy devouring him to pay attention to anything else."

The district officer was appealed to for aid, and came with as many *askaris* (native soldiers) as he could spare. But as this dignitary walked in the dusk from Tsavo Station to Colonel Patterson's camp, the lion actually sprang upon him, wounded him, and carried off his sergeant, who was holding a lamp behind him. The superintendent of police and other officials also arrived on the scene to take part in the campaign; and two sepoys were installed as bait in the lion trap.

"Our preparations were quite complete by nightfall, and we all took up our appointed positions. Nothing happened until about nine o'clock, when to my great satisfaction the intense stillness was suddenly broken by the noise of the trap clattering down. 'At last,' I thought, 'one at least of the brutes is done for.' But the sequel was an ignominious one.

"The bait-sepoys had a lamp burning inside their part of the cage, and were each armed with a Martini rifle, with plenty of ammunition. They had also been given strict orders to shoot at once if a lion should enter the trap. Instead of doing so, however, they were so terrified when he rushed in and began to lash himself madly against the bars of the cage, that they completely lost their heads and were actually too unnerved to fire. Not for some minutes—not, indeed, till Mr. Farquhar, whose post was close by, shouted at them and cheered them on—did they at all recover themselves. Then when at last they began to fire, they fired with a vengeance—anywhere, anyhow. White-

head and I were at right angles to the direction in which they should have shot, and yet their bullets came whizzing all round us. Altogether they fired over a score of shots, and in the end succeeded only in blowing away one of the bars of the door, thus allowing our prize to make good his escape."

An all-day hunt, often within sound of the marauders, brought no chance to get a shot at them. The district officer and the other officials had to return with their men. Once more Colonel Patterson was left in solitary charge to work out his difficult problem as best he could.

Then followed the most trying experience of all. He found himself at last facing one of the man-eaters one morning with a heavy rifle urged on him by one of the visitors. Covering its brain with the muzzle, he felt sure that the moment of retribution was at hand—and then the borrowed weapon missed fire!

The coolies were more than ever convinced that the lions were really evil spirits not to be slain by weapons of man. But, downcast as he was, Patterson decided to add one more to his long series of night watches.

He had a stage of four poles built, about ten feet from the remains of a donkey the lion had killed. Seated on a plank lashed to this precarious structure, he awaited the coming of his wily enemies.

"Darkness fell almost immediately, and everything became extraordinarily still. The silence of an African jungle on a dark night needs to be experienced to be realized; it is most impressive, especially when one is absolutely alone and isolated from one's fellow creatures as I was then. The solitude and stillness, and the purpose of my vigil, all had their effect on me, and from a condition of strained expectancy I gradually fell

into a dreamy mood which harmonized well with my surroundings.

"Suddenly I was startled out of my reverie by the snapping of a twig; and, straining my ears for a further sound, I fancied I could hear the rustling of a large body forcing its way through the bush. 'The man-eater,' I thought to myself; 'surely to-night my luck will change and I shall bag one of the brutes.'

"Profound silence again succeeded; I sat on my eyrie like a statue, every nerve tense with excitement. Very soon, however, all doubt as to the presence of the lion was dispelled. A deep, long-drawn sigh—sure sign of hunger—came up from the bushes, and the rustling commenced again as he cautiously advanced. In a moment or two a sudden stop, followed by an angry growl, told me that my presence had been noticed; and I began to fear that disappointment awaited me once more.

"But no; matters quickly took an unexpected turn. The hunter became the hunted; and instead of either making off or coming for the bait prepared for him, the lion began stealthily to stalk *me!* For about two hours he horrified me by slowly creeping round and round my crazy structure, gradually edging his way nearer and nearer. Every moment I expected him to rush it; and the staging had not been constructed with an eye to such a possibility. If one of the rather flimsy poles should break, or if the lion could spring the twelve feet which separated me from the ground—the thought was scarcely a pleasant one. I began to feel distinctly 'creepy,' and heartily repented my folly in having placed myself in such a dangerous position.

"I kept perfectly still, however, hardly daring even to blink my eyes: but the long continued strain was telling on my nerves, and my feelings may be better

imagined than described, when about midnight suddenly something came flop and struck me on the back of the head.

"For a moment I was so terrified that I nearly fell off the plank, as I thought that the lion had sprung on me from behind. Regaining my senses in a second or two, I realized that I had been hit by nothing more formidable than an owl, which had doubtless mistaken me for the branch of a tree—not a very alarming thing to happen in ordinary circumstances, I admit, but coming at the time it did it almost paralyzed me. The involuntary start I could not help giving was immediately answered by a sinister growl from below.

"After this I again kept as still as I could, though absolutely trembling with excitement; and in a short while I heard the lion begin to creep stealthily toward me. I could barely make out his form as he crouched among the whitish undergrowth; but I saw enough for my purpose, and before he could come any nearer I took careful aim and pulled the trigger.

"The sound of the shot was at once followed by a most terrific roar, and then I could hear him leaping about in all directions. I was no longer able to see him, however, as his first bound had taken him into the thick bush; but to make assurance doubly sure I kept blazing away in the direction in which I heard him plunging about. At length came a series of mighty groans, gradually subsiding into deep sighs, and finally ceasing altogether; and I felt convinced that one of the 'devils' who had so long harried us would trouble us no more.

"As soon as I ceased firing, a tumult of inquiring voices was borne across the dark jungle from the men in camp about a quarter of a mile away. I shouted back that I was safe and sound, and that one of the

lions was dead: whereupon such a mighty cheer went up from all the camps as must have astonished the denizens of the jungle for miles around.

"Shortly I saw scores of lights twinkling through the bushes: every man in camp turned out, and with tom-toms beating and horns blowing came running to the scene. They surrounded my eyrie, and to my amazement prostrated themselves on the ground before me, saluting me with cries of '*Mabarak! Mabarak!*' which I believe means 'blessed one' or 'saviour.'

"All the same I refused to allow any search to be made that night for the body of the lion, in case his companion might be close by; besides, it was possible that he might be still alive, and capable of making a last spring. Accordingly we all returned in triumph to the camp, where great rejoicings were kept up for the remainder of the night, the Swahili and other African natives celebrating the occasion by an especially wild and savage dance."

In the morning Colonel Patterson discovered that at last his luck had turned: there lay, crouched as if alive, a huge lion, which measured nine feet eight inches in length, stood three feet nine inches high, and required eight men to drag him back to camp.

A few days later he had the satisfaction of looking on the dead body of the second man-eater, with six bullet holes in it. The same workmen who had shortly before plotted to murder him because of his strictness, sent him a beautiful silver bowl with this inscription in Hindustani:

"Sir—We, your Overseers, Timekeepers, *Mistaris*, and Workmen, present you with this bowl as a token of our gratitude to you for your bravery in killing two

man-eating lions at great risk to your own life, thereby saving us from the fate of being devoured by these terrible monsters who nightly broke into our tents and took our fellow workers from our side. In presenting you with this bowl, we all add our prayers for your long life, happiness, and prosperity. We shall ever remain, sir, your grateful servants,

*Baboo* PURSHOTAM HURREE PURMAR,
*Overseer and Clerk of Works,*
*on behalf of your Workmen.*

Tsavo, January 30, 1899.

Lord Salisbury, then Prime Minister, referred to the two famous lions in a speech in the House of Lords, and newspapers and magazines contained long accounts of the remarkable incident—which is almost unparalleled, though Colonel Patterson's book, as well as many others, contain plenty of instances of nerve in facing dangerous beasts which seem impressive to those who have not had such experiences.

## CHAPTER XII

### PHOTOGRAPHING A CHARGING RHINOCEROS

Whatever opinion one may hold as to the courage required to face dangerous wild beasts with a rifle, there can be no question when the hunter's weapon is a camera.

For to stand up before an aroused rhinoceros, lion, or elephant simply to make his portrait "at home" and in action; without any of that sustaining confidence given by the feel of a tried rifle, which has saved the situation many a time before, and, at best, trusting to the coolness and aim of a comrade—that calls for a burning enthusiasm for some ideal picture one has imagined, or for a steady determination to "do one's job" quite outside the usual routine.

A number of the nature photographers and moving-picture camera men (especially those recording the Great War) have reached a high pitch of cool intrepidity in such situations.

Here are four glimpses of one such man—A. Radclyffe Dugmore—one of the pioneers in the new art of photographing wild birds and animals in their native haunts, whose work along his own lines has never been surpassed.

The first is a contest not with ravenous animals but with the stern Northland. After half-a-dozen expeditions only partially successful, he had returned to the attack, determined to have a seventh try after the perfect photographs of Newfoundland caribou which

he had long before seen in his fancy. Entirely alone, in the cold of oncoming winter, he had conveyed far into the interior of that wild country all the provisions, clothing, tent, camera outfit, plates and the like needed for an expedition of several weeks—and only those who have had personal experience of the endless Newfoundland "mish" can appreciate what a day's journey with a load means through those spongy bogs.

"It was after a night of bitter cold, such penetrating cold as one only finds in the northern countries. My solitary camp on the banks of Sandy River had for many hours been blown about by the icy wind which found its way through the heaps of spongy mass that held down the sad-cloth. The early supper had been cooked under most unfavorable conditions, as the wind-blown smoke drove me from one side to the other and filled my eyes so that I was glad to seek the shelter of the tent, in which, unfortunately, I had no stove. It was far too cold to sit up, so after finishing the badly-cooked meal and filling the plate-holders of my camera for the next day's work—a difficult enough task as my fingers were so benumbed—I sought the inviting comfort of the blankets at about seven o'clock.

"It was too early to sleep, and I was too cold to read as the breath froze on my glasses; so I lay in thought, wondering what would be the end of the storm. Would it bring snow, and would the snow bring caribou? So far very few had passed, though the snow further north had certainly started the migration. Sleep came gradually, and some hours later I awoke to hear the snow gently falling on the tight roof of the tent. The wind had died away, the welcome sound of the snow filled me with hope, and once more I slept to dream of the morrow.

"When I opened my eyes again, the snow was no longer falling; everything was bathed in moonlight, so cold and so quiet and so wonderfully beautiful. It was scarcely five o'clock, nearly two hours before the dawn, and for an hour I waited impatiently, only too anxious to be out on my favorite leads watching for caribou. Then no longer able to wait, I got up while the woods were still bathed in the mysterious moonlight. A fire was soon started, and in the still air the smoke and sparks rose without curve or flicker, a column of red and blue, like a ghost against the background of frosted trees.

"The snowfall had been light, and had been followed by a keen frost which coated each twig and leaf. How can any one describe such a morning! No words, however well-chosen, can give even the slightest suggestion of the beauty of it all. The curious stillness in itself was indescribable. Nothing disturbed it but the cheerful crackling of the fire, and the scarcely perceptible purr of the floating ice, as it brushed against the overhanging branches on the river bank. Amid such surroundings my simple breakfast was eaten entirely alone, as my friend and companion, the Canada Jay, was not yet awake. I missed the confiding bird, for he usually shared my porridge with me each morning. Sitting on the log by my side, he would look up into my face with his large dark eyes, and with a soft murmuring note beg for his share. I never got tired of watching him and his restless energy. He would eat very little, but spoonful after spoonful would be carried away and hidden most carefully in the trees, behind the curling bark of the large birches, in knot holes, and in cracks, so that his storehouse was in every tree that surrounded my camp. Well did he know

what the winter meant; the long, cold months when all would be covered with snow. . . .

"At the first gleam of day my canoe was in the water, after the ice near the bank had been thoroughly broken, and I was soon floating noiselessly on the smooth, dark water. Beautiful crystal snow-flowers had formed on the ice, which in some places was moving slowly with the current. The banks of the river were entirely covered with frost and snow-coated trees and grass, so that the whole country looked almost like a perfect fairyland, and one almost expected to see gauze-winged elves peeping from behind the glistening trees. Indeed, it was not long before a slight crackling among the bushes announced the approach of some living things, not fairies, but beautiful silvery caribou, fifteen or twenty of them; snow-white fawns, whose dark eyes alone stood out clearly from the pearly background; large does, white and gray; and a white-necked stag whose orange-colored antlers broke the sparkling ice from surrounding bushes.

"The little herd stood for a moment on the bank, examining the strange dark object which floated so quietly down stream. The commanding doe decided that it was not dangerous, and gave the order for advance, and immediately the ice which skirted the bank was being rudely broken by the animals, as they entered the river and swam silently across scarcely a hundred yards from me. . . . Seeing the animals moving so early was a good omen, and I went ashore filled with hopes and the anticipation of a glorious day's sport.

"The landing place I selected was well clear of the leads, so that I could make my way without fear of leaving any disturbing scent. Walking through the

thick underbrush was a noisy job, as the twigs were so heavily coated with ice that they crackled loudly at every step. In about twenty minutes I found myself safely within the shelter of fir trees which I had arranged some time ago. A better place would have been difficult to find. It was perhaps quarter of a mile from the river, on the outskirts of a very large barren. On either side of the blind, or gaze as the Newfoundlanders would call it, were a number of splendid well-used leads or paths converging from many landing places; thus most of the caribou which crossed over an area of nearly half-a-mile would be more than likely to come within easy range of my battery of cameras, provided the wind remained in the north. Should it change and blow from the south, the place would be absolutely useless."

Here then the cameras were arranged; here with numb fingers, with taut nerves, the photographer waited hour after hour, ready at any instant to seize the precious opportunity, to create which he had taken such infinite pains, spent time and money so lavishly, and undergone such hardships.

And at the end of his body-testing, nerve-racking vigil he could record seeing altogether two hundred and fifty caribou, exposing (under many difficulties of light) a couple of dozen plates—and, while still without the picture imagined of a record old stag at close range, having added some essential photographs to the unique collection in his book.

The next glimpse is of a scene on the other side of the world—in the game paradise of the closed territory of East Africa.

With a companion, collecting for a museum, Dug-

more and his small group of natives were on a safari. They were passing along through some of the open grass-country, dotted with trees, that gives many sections of the African wilderness from a distance the appearance of a vast park.

Presently they sighted a rhinoceros a couple of hundred yards away. There's never any counting on what a rhino will do: his sight is very poor, and when you come on him unexpectedly he's equally apt to go for you or run away from you. This particular beast eyed the little party for a moment, then put his head down and charged them.

Dugmore had gained permission to visit the closed territory, which protection made into a marvellous game refuge, on condition of giving his promise that he would kill nothing except in self-defence. There was no question about the need of self-defence in this case, for the bull rhino was thundering down at them, his bulky body and short legs and grotesque head and long horn giving him the appearance of some prehistoric monster. But the chief emotion in the photographer's breast was clearly an excited hope that he might secure the sensational picture of a real charge by such a monster.

Bidding his comrade stand ready with the firearms, he hastily got his reflex camera into action. Gazing into the eye-piece he focussed on the rapidly approaching rhino, whose threatening bulk and wicked looking horn grew larger on the glass finder with alarming rapidity. The beast was in deadly earnest, and it was clearly a case of changing his mind or a nasty situation in a few moments.

Mindful of the agreement not to kill unless forced to it, a load of shot was first fired by the other man into

the angry creature's face when he was fifty or sixty yards off.

He came right on, heeding the pellets no more than if they had been mosquitoes.

Two or three revolver bullets thudded against his head in the next thirty yards of his headlong rush. Still he came on, straight at them. And still Dugmore stood adjusting the focus of his camera to the shortening distance, as if he were "swinging on" a bunch of wild ducks instead of this terrific beast, bent on annihilating those impudent intruders.

Finally, at a distance of fifteen yards, Dugmore pressed the shutter lever and made the exposure—securing, by the way, as sharp and clear a negative as photographer could wish for. Then he instantly dodged to one side, guarding the camera, for the rhino was right upon them.

It is hard to say just what would have happened had not one of the native guides risen to the emergency. This was a tall Masai, whose almost naked body was as beautiful in its muscular development as a bronze by some Greek sculptor. He carried a spear almost as long as himself, about half of which was a slender metal blade.

Running forward, this daring fellow leaped to one side of the charging rhino and thrust the sharp spear into its side with a dexterous flick of the wrist. Then he drove it home against the animal's momentum with the full strength of his powerful shoulders.

Even bullet-proof rhinoceros hide could not keep out that keen point with such driving force behind it: the narrow steel blade went in nearly eighteen inches. That changed the current of the rhino's idea. He swerved drunkenly to one side, turned, and went off

coughing into the bushes, where they afterwards found him dead.

The photographer brought back as mementoes of this narrow escape:

One indestructible limber cane of rhinoceros skin.

One Masai spear with its blood-stained blade and shaft bent almost into a corkscrew spiral.

One "close up" of a charging rhino, the like of which will probably never be made again, and which gives any quiet reader something of the thrill the big game hunter feels when his life hangs on his coolness and accurate aim.

The third of our four little scenes is also in Africa.

Lions were the picture-quarry this time, and since these biggest cats are mainly nocturnal feeders, Dugmore had planned his main campaign against them on the basis of night-work by flashlight.

A dead zebra had been placed in a favorable spot for bait. Flashlights were carefully arranged to light the spot, and the camera trained to cover the scene. Wires were led from the flashlight to a little circular protection of thorn-bushes built large enough to accommodate the photographer and his extremely reluctant native companion. Here they crouched in the darkness, after all the complicated arrangements had been tested and re-tested, waiting for the coming of the lions.

They came—to the great uneasiness of the black "boy." The two within the fragile enclosure, heard the ominous heavy breathing of the slinking invisible marauders silently prowling about them. The theory that lions would not pass through a thorn-bush hedge did not seem over-satisfying as they sensed these

hungry beasts so close to them in the enveloping blackness.

Then at the crucial moment something went wrong with the electric wires. Contact produced no explosion of the flashlight. It looked as if all the effort and risk were to go for nothing.

Most men, even determined ones, would have relieved their feelings by some language, and made up their minds to have another try next evening.

What Dugmore did was to crawl out from the shelter on his hands and knees into the blackness where the lions—there were three of them—were eagerly seeking a meal, follow along the wire till he discovered the trouble, repair it, and return in safety to his place of vantage.

Then he secured striking pictures of the three hungry lionesses!

The Great War broke out. Dugmore was an Englishman, though he had lived in America for twenty years. Three times he volunteered for service, and three times he was rejected—on physical grounds and because of a wife and family. So he determined to use his ability in photographing the most dangerous of animals—man in his killing mood. With a motion-picture camera he went to Belgium in the early days of the war.

There came a day when he found himself in a Belgian village divided in two by a canal. The Belgian troops were falling back before the Germans who had captured the half of the town across the canal. They streamed over the bridge, built barricades, took positions in the stronger buildings, prepared to contest the enemy's advance.

The Germans massed on the other side, brought up artillery. Clearly they were about to rush the bridge. It did not take any great experience to perceive that that bridge and particularly the Belgian end of it were liable to be highly unhealthy places in a short time.

What Dugmore perceived, however, was that this attack was arranged for the special purpose of giving him such a film of a real battle, concentrated into small space, as every war photographer sees in his most ambitious visions. It was the charging rhinoceros over again, only raised to the nth power.

Setting up his heavy camera on its tripod, he began to grind out a record of what was happening on the other side, as an introduction to the approaching climax.

An alert German officer across the canal saw this box on three legs with its tube in front trained on his advancing columns, and a man beside it turning a crank. Evidently he concluded it was some new brand of machine-gun. So he promptly gave instructions to a nearby battery.

Presently a heavy shell dropped upon the house beside which the absorbed photographer was grinding away at his precious picture.

The house collapsed as if it were built of cards. Dugmore found himself lying across the street, dazed and shaken till he hardly knew whether he was wounded or not.

The sight of the upset camera brought him to his senses. Picking himself painfully up he righted the instrument—and immediately began to crank out a hundred feet or so of pictures of the devastated building!

But now the tide of retreat swirled about him. The

Belgians were evacuating the place. A mob of infantry, speeding motor-cars, wagons, and guns streamed back in wild disorder. There seemed but a poor chance of escape for a man loaded with a cumbersome camera outfit and dizzy with shock and shell-fumes.

Fortunately an officer he knew noticed his plight as he sped by in a motor, stopped, took him in and hurried him back to Antwerp. From there he got across to England—to go down for months of illness from the effects of the lyddite gas.

Just to complete the picture:

After the battle of Ypres and the wholesale slaughter of British officers, his fourth offer of his services met with a different reception. He joined the army as a lieutenant in the King's Own Yorkshires, had his training in England and in France, and at the Battle of the Somme "went over the top" with his regiment.

There were fifteen officers in his battalion when they left the British trenches. When they captured the German ones, Captain (now Major) Dugmore was the only one left alive—and he was "gassed" so that he was permanently out of it.

## CHAPTER XIII

### AN ELEPHANT HUNTER'S EXCITING DAY

It would be difficult to find a man in whom the qualities of the big-game hunter were more strikingly developed than in Frederick Courtney Selous, Englishman, sportsman, professional ivory hunter, African explorer, and author—who at the age of sixty-three took a commission in the Royal Fusileers and won the D. S. O. in helping to drive the German forces out of Africa, being killed in action in January, 1917.

He landed at Port Elizabeth, at the southern tip of the African continent in 1871, with four hundred pounds in his pocket, "the weight of only nineteen years" on his shoulders, and in his heart a burning ambition to face elephants, lions, buffaloes, and every other dangerous game beast of the Dark Continent's jungles.

A year later, abandoning the party he had started with, he was setting out on foot into the Matabele country on an elephant hunt, accompanied only by Cigar, a Hottentot, and half-a-dozen Kafir boys; carrying his own four-bore muzzle-loading rifle, his leather bag of powder, and a pouch with twenty four-ounce bullets; and living on Kafir corn, the meat of what they killed, and water.

He speedily became an expert at this venturesome sport, which taxed one's utmost nerve, fleetness of foot, and endurance—facing the rushes of the great bulls as coolly as the famous George Wood himself, tireless in the wild dashes of running necessary to get

favorable shots at a frightened herd, or to finish some wounded tusker—finding himself fifteen hundred dollars in pocket from the ivory secured on one three-months' expedition.

Let us take one hunt with him in the thorn-jungles of the Dett Valley to see what kind of man it took for this sort of work.

"Dett, as I have said before, is a long valley, running into one of the tributaries of the River Gwai, with a swampy bottom and large beds of reeds, amongst which appear here and there a few open water-holes. Near its upper end, and two or three miles above the first of these pools, it is bounded on one side by dense jungles of wait-a-bit thorn, which extend for many miles in a westerly direction.

"These great thorn jungles are called 'sinangas' by the Kafirs, and it is deemed dangerous work following elephants into their dark recesses, as the beasts seem to consider them their own particular domain, and look upon any intrusion as a personal insult. What constitutes the danger is this: the bush is so dense and thorny that, except where elephants, buffaloes, or rhinoceroses have opened up paths, through which they crash without difficulty, it is in many parts quite impenetrable, and thus one is liable when charged, to get stuck fast, and caught like a fly in a spider's web. The uniform sombre gray of these leafless thorn jungles (for not until the rains fall do the leaves sprout) assimilates, too, so well with the dull leaden color of an elephant's skin, that, though such a large beast, he is invisible except at very close quarters; and often, when following on spoor in such a locality, the first warning I have received of the proximity of a herd of these animals standing asleep has been the rumbling

of their intestines, they themselves being completely invisible within a few yards.

"Elephants, as a rule are more vicious in these sinangas than elsewhere, and there are very few native hunters who will follow spoor far within them.

"Our camp—where I had buried the ivory—was situated at some considerable distance down the valley, and about eight or ten miles from the sinangas I have just mentioned. On the night we reached Dett, whilst sleeping there, we heard elephants drinking at a water-hole not far up the valley, and at the first dawn of day, after having a cup of hot coffee, we went and looked up the spoor.

"The elephants, a fine troop of eight or ten bulls, had been feeding quietly along all night, through the large grassy forests which border Dett, always heading, however, toward the sinangas, where we guessed they were bent upon standing during the heat of the day. It was, however, not until an hour or so past midday (as they had pursued a circuitous course backward and forward) that our conjectures were confirmed, and we entered the thick bush. About an hour later we came up with them, standing some fifty yards away, on our right, under a clump of camel-thorn trees, and in a rather open place compared with the general density of the surrounding jungle. Besides the small troop of bulls we had followed, and which were nearest to us, there was a very large herd of cows standing just beyond, which, as we had not crossed their spoor, had probably drunk at Sikumi—a water-hole not many miles distant—and come to this rendezvous from the other side.

"Taking a hasty gulp of water, we at once walked toward them. As we advanced, the slight rustling of

the bushes must have attracted the attention of one of the bulls, for he raised his trunk high in the air, and made a few steps forward.

"'I'll take him, and do you fire at the one with the long white tusks on the left,' whispered W.

"'Right you are!' was the reply, and the next moment we fired.

"I just had time to see my elephant fall on his knees, when he was hidden by the troop of cows that, awakened from their sleep by the shots, and not knowing exactly where the danger lay, came rushing toward us in a mass, one or two of them trumpeting, and others making a sort of rumbling noise.

"Seizing our second guns and shouting lustily, we again pulled trigger. Our Hottentot boy John, and five of our Kafirs, who still carried guns, also fired; on which the herd turned and went off at right angles, enveloped in a cloud of dust. My gun had only snapped the cap, but my Kafir, to whom I threw it back, thinking in the noise and confusion that it was discharged, reloaded it on the top of the old charge—a fact which I only found out, to my sorrow, later on. The cloud of sand and dust raised by the panic-stricken elephants was at first so thick that we could distinguish nothing; but, running behind them, I soon made out the bull I had wounded, which I recognized by the length and shape of his tusks.

"Seeing how severely he was wounded, I at once went after him, accompanied only by my two gun-carriers, Nuta and Balamoya, W. and the rest of the Kafirs going on after the troop. My bull was going so slowly that I had no difficulty in threading my way through the bushes and getting in front of him, which I did in order to get a broadside shot as he passed me.

One of the four cows that still accompanied him walked along, carrying her head high and her tail straight in the air, and kept constantly turning from side to side.

"'That cow will bother us; shoot her,' said Nuta, and I wish I had taken his advice; but her tusks were so small, and the bull seemed so very far gone, that I thought it would be a waste of ammunition. I therefore waited till he was a little in front of where I stood, and then gave him a bullet at very close quarters, just behind the shoulder, and as I thought, exactly in the right place; but he nevertheless continued his walk as if he had not felt it.

"Reloading the same gun, I ran behind him, holding it before me in both hands, ready to raise at a moment's notice, and, the four cows being some twenty yards in advance, I shouted, hoping he would turn. The sound of my voice had the desired effect; for he at once raised his ears and swung himself round, or rather was in the act of doing so, for immediately his ears went up my gun was at my shoulder, and as soon as he presented his broadside I fired, on which he turned again, and went crashing through the bushes at a trot.

"I thought that it was a last spasmodic rush, and that he would fall before going very far; so, giving the gun back to Nuta to reload, I was running after him, with my eyes fixed on the quivering bushes as they closed behind him, when suddenly the trunk of another elephant was whirled round, almost literally above my head, and a short, sharp scream of rage thrilled through me, making the blood tingle down to the very tips of my fingers. It was one of the wretched old cows, that had thus lain in wait for me behind a dense patch of bush.

"Even had my gun been in my hands, I should

scarcely have had time to fire, so close was she upon me; but, as it was, both my Kafirs were some fifteen yards behind, and the only thing I could do was to run. How I got away I scarcely know. I bounded over and through thorn bushes which, in cold blood, I should have considered impenetrable; but I was urged on by the short piercing screams which, repeated in quick succession, seemed to make the whole air vibrate, and by the fear of finding myself encircled by the trunk or transfixed by the tusk of the enraged animal.

"After a few seconds (for I don't think she pursued me a hundred yards, though it seemed like an age), the screaming ceased. During the chase, the elephant was so close behind me, that looking over my shoulder was impossible, and all that I did was to dash forward, springing from side to side so as to prevent her from getting hold of me, and it was only when the trumpeting suddenly stopped that I knew I was out of her reach.

"I was barelegged—as I always am when hunting on foot—and my only garment before the beast charged was a flannel shirt; but I now stood almost *in puris naturalibus*, for my hat, the leather belt that I wore round my waist, and about three parts of my shirt had been torn off by the bushes, and I doubt if there was a square inch of skin left uninjured anywhere on the front of my body!

"After the cow left me I ran on about fifty yards (for I thought that if she heard my voice close at hand she might come on again), and then shouted out the names of my two gun-carriers, who at once answered and soon came running up, with their guns, which I was afraid they had thrown away.

"'*Amehlo 'mahlope, soree!*' said they—literally, 'White eyes, sir!'—a Kafir idiom for 'What a narrow

escape!' I told them to take up my spoor, so that I might get my hat and then follow up the bull, from which I had been driven away, as I felt sure he had not gone very far after receiving the last shot.

"Just as we were starting, Nuta called out: 'Look at the dust, there they go!' and on doing so, I saw a cloud of dust rising above the bush some two hundred yards away to our right, toward which, thinking it was raised by the four cows, and that the bull might still be with them, we at once ran. On cutting the spoor, however, a glance showed us that the cows were alone —the bull, I now felt sure, having remained behind, too badly wounded to keep up with them any longer. The cows were going at a run, and being probably satisfied with driving me away, had left their wounded lord to his fate.

"Being pretty well fagged with the exertion to which the old cow had put me, and feeling confident that the wounded bull was not very far from where I had last seen him, I sat down at the foot of a camel-thorn tree, while one of my boys climbed up to see if he could see him standing anywhere in the surrounding bush. In about ten minutes he came down, not having been able to make out anything, and we started back, intending first of all to recover my hat—of which I already felt the need, the sun being intensely powerful —and then to take up the spoor of the wounded elephant.

"We had gone perhaps a hundred yards, when our attention was arrested by some one shouting a short distance ahead. We stopped to listen. Shortly after, the shouts were repeated, this time quite close. At the same moment I saw the tops of some bushes in front shaking violently, and then made out the out-

lines of an elephant's back and head coming toward us.

"I at once understood that the shouting came from one of our Kafirs, who was trying to turn the elephant and drive him back toward W., or one of our hunters who carried a gun. Catching up a handful of sand, and throwing it into the air, to see how the wind was, I placed myself in such a position that the elephant, if he held the same course, would have to pass close by me above the wind, thereby offering me a splendid broadside shot. But *l'homme propose, et dieu dispose;* for when he was only about thirty yards off coming steadily along at a quick walk, and just as I saw that he was followed by four quite small calves, the Kafir who was running him about, and who knew nothing of my position, again shouted a little to my right, on which he turned from his course and came straight down to where we stood.

"Seeing this, I shouted as loud as I could, hoping he would turn again and still offer me a broadside shot; but I suppose he was tired of being trotted about in the hot sun, and thought it time to expostulate; for, instead of swerving, he raised his head, spread his huge ears, and came on straight toward us. Feeling sure he would charge directly he made us out, I just waited till his head came through a bush close in front, and then fired into his chest, bringing him to his knees. He was up again in an instant, and crashed away through the bushes to my left, whilst the four calves came straight on, and ran close past us on my right. Seizing my second gun from the hands of Balamoya—for the first time since it had snapped the cap at the commencement of the hunt—I threaded my way through the jungle so as to intercept him; and as he

was badly wounded and had settled into a slow walk, I easily succeeded, and running a little ahead, let him pass me broadside on within thirty yards.

"Taking a good sight for the middle of his shoulder, I pulled the trigger. This time the gun went off—it was a four-bore elephant gun, loaded twice over, and the powder thrown in each time by a Kafir with his hands—and I went off too! I was lifted clean from the ground, and turning round in the air, fell with my face in the sand, whilst the gun was carried yards away over my shoulder.

"At first I was almost stunned with the shock, and I soon found that I could not lift my right arm. Beside this I was covered with blood, which spurted from a deep wound under the right cheek-bone, caused by the stock of the gun as it flew upward from the violence of the recoil. The stock itself—though it had been bound round, as are all elephant guns, with the inside skin of an elephant's ear put on green, which when dry holds it firmly as iron—was shattered to pieces, and the only wonder was that the barrel did not burst. Whether the two bullets hit the elephant or not I cannot say; but I think they must have done so, for he only went a few yards after I fired, and then stood still, raising his trunk every now and then, and dashing water tinged with blood over his chest.

"I went cautiously up to within forty yards or so of him and sat down. Though I could not hold my arm out, I could raise my forearm so as to get hold of the trigger; but the shock had so told on me, that I found I could not keep the sight within a yard of the right place. The elephant remained perfectly still; so I got Nuta to work my arm about gently, in order to restore its power, and hoped that in the meantime the

Kafir, whose shouting had originally brought the elephant to me, would come up and be able to go and fetch W. No doubt, if I had shouted he would have come at once, for he could not have been very far off; but had I done so, the elephant might either have charged or else continued his flight, neither of which alternatives did I desire.

"After a short time, seeing no chance of aid arriving, and my nerves having got a little steadier, I took my favorite gun from Nuta, and resting my elbow on my knee, took a quiet pot shot. I was, however, still very unsteady even in this position, but I do not think the bullet could have struck very far from the right place. The elephant on receiving the shot made a rush forward, crashing through the bushes at a quick walk, so that we had to run at a hard trot to keep him in sight. He now seemed very vicious, for, hearing a dry branch snap, he turned and ran toward us, and then stood with his ears up, feeling about in all directions with his trunk to try and get our wind.

"Nuta, who up to this day had always been a most staunch and plucky gun-bearer, now seemed seized with a panic, and refused to bring me the gun any more, calling out: 'Leave the elephant, sir; this day you're bewitched, and will surely be killed.' However, as the elephant was evidently very severely wounded, I had no idea of giving over the chase as long as I could keep up, and after bestowing a few Anglo-Saxon idioms upon Nuta, I again ran on.

"The bush now became very thick, and, as the elephant was going straight away, I could not get a chance of a shot. About a mile further on, however, we came to one of those large open turf flats which

occur here and there in the midst of the sinangas. It was quite a mile square, and perfectly bare, with the exception of a few large camel-thorn trees, which were scattered about in clumps. On reaching this opening, the elephant, instead of turning back into the bush, as I should have expected, kept his course, making straight for the farther side, and going at that long, swinging walk, to keep up with which a man on foot must run at a fair pace.

"I had now been a long time bare-headed, exposed to the heat of the fierce tropical sun, and the kick I had received from the gun had so much shaken me, that I felt dead beat and could scarcely drag one leg after another. I saw that I should never be able to run up to within shot of the elephant, which was now about one hundred and fifty yards ahead; so, taking the gun from Nuta, I told him to try and run right round him, and by shouting turn him back toward me. Relieved of the weight of the gun, and being a splendid runner, he soon accomplished this, and standing behind the stem of a camel-thorn tree a long way in advance, halloed loudly. Accordingly, I had the satisfaction of seeing the elephant stop, raise his ears, look steadily in the direction of the noise, and then wheel round, and come walking straight back toward the jungle he had just left, taking a line which would bring him past me at a distance of about fifty or sixty yards. I stood perfectly still, with Balamoya kneeling close behind me; for though elephants can see very well in the open, I have always found that if they do not get your wind, and you remain motionless, they seem to take you for a tree or a stump.

"To this I now trusted, and as the elephant came on I had full leisure to examine him. The ground be-

tween us was as bare as a board, except that it was covered with coarse grass about a foot high, and he looked truly a gigantic and formidable beast; his tusks were small for his size, one of them being broken at the point, and I do not think they could have weighed much over thirty pounds apiece. He came steadily on, swinging his trunk backward and forward, until he was about seventy yards from where I stood, when suddenly I was dismayed to see his trunk sharply raised, as if to catch a stray whiff of wind, and the next instant he stopped and faced full toward us, with his head raised, and his enormous ears spread like two sails.

"He took a few steps toward us, raising his feet very slowly, and bringing them down as if afraid of treading on a thorn. It was an anxious moment; he was evidently very suspicious, but did not know what to make of us, and had we remained motionless I believe he would still have turned and walked on again.

"'Stand still!' I whispered between my teeth to Balamoya; but the sight of the advancing monster was too much for him—he jumped up and bolted. The instant he moved, on came the elephant, without trumpeting, and with his trunk straight down.

"Though very shaky just before, the imminence of the danger braced up my nerves, and I think I never held a gun steadier than upon this occasion. As he was coming directly at me, and as he did not raise his trunk, his chest was quite covered; there was therefore nothing left but to fire at his head. He came at an astonishing pace, and I heard only the '*whish, whish*' of the grass as his great feet swept through it.

"He was perhaps twenty yards off when I pulled the trigger. I aimed a little above the root of the trunk

and just between the eyes, and directly I had fired I ran out sideways as fast as I could, though I had not much running left in me. Looking over my shoulder, I saw him standing with his ears still up and his head slightly turned, looking toward me; the blood was pouring down his trunk from a wound exactly where I had aimed, and, as it was inflicted by a four-ounce ball, backed by a heavy charge of powder, I cannot understand why it did not penetrate to his brain; it had half-stunned him, however, and saved my life, for, had he come on again, it would have been utterly impossible for me, fatigued as I was, to have avoided him. After standing still for a short time, swaying himself gently from side to side, he again turned and took across the flat. Nuta, seeing what had happened, instead of trying to turn him again, cleared out of his road, and, making a large circle, came back to me. Perhaps it was as well he did so.

"I now gave up the pursuit, for I was completely fagged out, and laid myself down in the shade of the nearest camel-thorn tree, and after an hour's rest, as the sun was getting low, I started back. At length I rejoined W. and all the Kafirs, at the spot where we had put down the calabashes and axes on first sighting the elephants. Every one looked very glum, and I soon found that W. had been equally unfortunate with myself, so that between the lot of us we had not bagged one single elephant.

"I felt sure, however, that the bull I had first wounded was not very far from where I had last seen him, and so, after drinking a little water, of which I was much in need, we all went to try and ferret him out. After a good deal of trouble we hit off my spoor, and at last found my hat stuck in a thick thorn-bush, which

was further decked with my leather belt and the greater portion of my shirt. We found from the spoor that the cow had pursued me right up to this bush, and then turned back, and I cannot help thinking that it was due to her having smelt the hat that I owed my escape.

"We now looked for the bull's spoor, and soon found it besprinkled with blood; but after following it for a very short distance, it became obliterated by the tracks of a large part of the herd, which had turned back and crossed over it during the hunt.

"All our efforts to get it away were fruitless, and at last, when the sun went down, we were obliged to give it up and made for the nearest water-hole, which we reached after about an hour and a half's walk in the dark. A herd of buffaloes had been there just before us, and trampled and wallowed in the shallow pool, till they had rendered the water quite undrinkable to any one but a thirsty hunter.

"Here we slept. We were without food or blankets, though for my part I did not think this much of a hardship, as I was too fatigued to feel hungry, and the nights were getting warm. The cut on my cheek was about two inches long, and deep, extending up under the cheek-bone. Having neither needles nor thread to sew it up, and it being an impossible place to bandage, there was nothing for it but to leave it to nature. Luckily, being in perfect health, it healed up straight away by first intention, in spite of being left exposed to the sun; and though I still bear a scar, which serves as a souvenir of the most unfortunate and eventful day's elephant-shooting in which I ever took part, I was able to shoot again in about ten days' time. My shoulder was much bruised, and I must

have ruptured some of the fibres of the muscles, for it was more than three months before I could hold my arm straight out at right angles to my body, though I could shoot with it perfectly well all the time."

## CHAPTER XIV

### AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A GALONGWA

One of the most noted modern big-game hunters in Africa, Captain C. H. Stigand, felt the peculiar fascination of elephant-hunting as did Selous and his other predecessors. "Everything else seems little and insignificant by comparison," he declares.

Captain Stigand had at least three narrow escapes from being the game instead of bagging it—once from a lion, once from an elephant, and once from a rhinoceros. He narrates one incident that is worthy of a place beside Selous's touch-and-go adventures.

It was in Nyasaland. Crossing the Chambezi River, they got news of elephant, and one morning Captain Stigand started out with his trackers and Matola, his Bantu orderly and gun-bearer.

"After going two hours we found spoor of the night before. Fortunately there was water quite close, so leaving word for the porters to pitch camp there, we started off.

"The spoor seemed fairly fresh at first, and got older in appearance as we proceeded. This is caused by the difference in the effect of the sun on the spoor. It was perhaps six hours old when we found it, but it had passed those six hours in the shade. As the sun mounts up and gets stronger, spoor of the same age looks much older and drier. Leaves dropped, and grass and shoots crushed down or kicked up, look quite fresh after lying all night in the cool air with the dew on them. A few hours of sun, however, soon shrivels them up.

"Many elephant had been about, and the grass was dry and the ground hard, so it required considerable discernment to hold our track amongst all the others. As usual, Ulaya was very keen for the first hour or so, and worked out the spoor at a rapid pace. After that he grew disheartened and bored, as we seemed to have lost rather than gained, and so for the rest of the day Matola came in for the lion's share of the work.

"At one o'clock the wind came in puffs from different directions with distant thunder, a hopeless state of affairs when after elephant. The track was of three animals, a bull, cow, and young one. As we followed, I noticed at one place that the bull had passed between two trees only a yard apart at their bases, a circumstance from which I did not draw the deduction I should have done.

"At four o'clock the spoor was still old, we had not halted since we had started eight hours before, and we were all rather done and had given up hope. We had just stopped by a tree which had been pulled down, and were feeling the leaves that had been dropped to see how dry they were, and I had half decided to abandon the hunt. At this moment one of the men who had gone forward a little, whistled, and immediately everybody made themselves scarce.

"The elephant were returning along their tracks. A young bull was leading; behind him I could see the ears of another, but not what sort of tusks it had.

"The young bull walked straight toward me, but stopped twenty yards off and began pulling a tree down. I hoped that those behind would come up into view before he had finished, but the one behind him went off to one side and I could not see it clearly because of the branches.

"Presently the small bull commenced coming toward me again; if I crossed to look at the other, I must give him my wind. This I decided to do, and ran across to the other one, hoping to see it and get a shot before the alarm was given. The small bull gave the alarm, and ran back to the second elephant, who pricked up its ears. I then saw it was a female, but it had very big tusks for a female. I took a shot at her, but I was unsteady with my run and the whole day in the sun, and did not knock her over. She crossed, and I fired a couple more shots at her. At the same time a terrific trumpeting was heard from just behind.

"I thought that I was all alone, but at this moment Matola appeared and said: 'Don't go that way, that is father and he is Nyunga (tuskless bull).' He had seen him whilst I had been engaged with the female. Matola had the most wonderful way of vanishing entirely and always appearing again when he was wanted.

"We hurried after the female and the galongwa (young bull), and the other men with me reappeared from behind trees and ant-hills in the most miraculous way. Presently they all fled again. The galongwa was coming back on our wind. Father was screaming in one direction and the female had gone off in another. What made this youngster leave his mother and come straight back up the wind at us I cannot imagine, unless it was pure deviltry.

"I did not want to shoot it, so got behind a tree as it came trotting up. Matola had vanished, as usual, whilst I saw Ulaya and Chimalambe running away for all they were worth. It struck me that it would be intensely amusing to see the galongwa chase them, as he was going in their direction, and was just passing my tree.

*From a photograph copyright by Kermit Roosevelt*

Elephant herd in an open forest of high timber

Taken at a distance of about twenty-five yards

"However, I did not have the satisfaction of witnessing this hunt, as he pulled up sharp ten yards from my tree and turned on me, a contingency I had not expected. The only thing to do was to down him, and so I reluctantly fired at his head and dropped him. I went up in front of him, but he was not dead and commenced to get up again. I put another shot in his forehead, but it did not reach the brain, and the next moment it was I who was being chased, besides being defrauded of the sight I had looked forward to, of seeing fat Ulaya do the hundred at his best pace with the galongwa after him.

"I dodged sharply to my right, thinking that the elephant would pass, and I would get a side shot as he did so, but I tripped over a fallen tree, perhaps one he had pulled down earlier in the day. I went sprawling, dropping my rifle, and just managed to seize it by the muzzle as the elephant was about to tread on it. I then dived head foremost into the branches of the fallen tree.

"I made frantic efforts to crawl through, but a stout branch resisted my progress, and at the same moment the galongwa pushed in after me, and pushed me through the branches to the other side. Two drops of blood from his forehead fell on my shorts, one on the thigh and one on the knee. Instead of pushing me straight through in front of him, though, he kicked me sideways.

"The impetus he gave me bent aside the stubborn branch, and the next moment I found myself crawling out on hands and knees on one side of the tree, with rifle still grasped by the muzzle, whilst the elephant was executing a dance and stamping up the ground the other side, five yards from me, evidently thinking that I was under his feet.

"I quickly changed my rifle round and discharged it into his stern. It was the last cartridge in the rifle. Having fired, the rifle was taken out of my hands, and I found Matola, who had counted the shots, standing beside me, serving me the second rifle as a waiter might offer a dish. By some oversight it had not been loaded, and I had given strict orders that none of my men were ever to load or unload my rifles. Being a good soldier, Matola had not disobeyed this order, even under these extreme circumstances, but had gone the nearest to loading it he could. The breech was open, and he was holding the clip in position with his thumb just over the magazine. All I had to do was to press it down, as I took hold of the rifle, close the bolt, and I was ready to fire. The elephant was turning round, and I shot him in the brain, dropping him dead.

"The story has taken a long time to tell, but of course it all happened in a moment. I think as an example of a combination of pluck, discipline, and presence of mind in a sudden emergency, the behavior of Private Matola would be hard to beat."

## CHAPTER XV

### THREE LIONS IN FOUR SHOTS

THERE have been very diverse opinions expressed as to the amount of nerve it takes to face the African lion. That mighty hunter, Selous, one of whose elephant experiences has just been recorded, left some interesting opinions in relation to this. It should be remembered, too, that he was not armed with a modern repeating rifle, but with an old-fashioned, muzzle-loading weapon.

He was in the Zambesi country.

"Scarcely had we got everything ship-shape, when, just as seated on my bed of dry grass, I was about to commence a supper of fried elephant's heart, washed down with a cup of bitter tea, one of the Kafirs reported that a large herd of buffaloes were coming down the valley to the drinking-place, on which I got up, and went to the edge of the bush to have a look at them. The whole of the open ground was literally covered with their massive dusky forms, which in the dim twilight appeared twice their natural size. . . .

"About an hour later, just as, wrapped in my Kaross, I was falling asleep, a troop of lions commenced to roar not far down the river, and I roused myself to listen to their deep-toned muttering voices. They seemed to be advancing steadily along the river toward our camp, roaring grandly at intervals, and at length reached the place, not thirty yards away, where the buffaloes had drunk. Here they gave tongue in splen-

did style, making the whole forest resound again, and causing me to sit up and clutch my rifle involuntarily. Several times during my three years' wanderings in the far interior of Southern Africa, have I, when camped in a patch of bush, or lying at a shooting-hole on the edge of some lonely pool or river, thus heard a troop of lions roar in my immediate vicinity, so close indeed, sometimes, that I could hear the hiss of their breath after each purr; and though it is now the fashion to depreciate the courage of the lion, the power of his voice, and everything else concerning him, yet it is a fact that, under such circumstances, several of them roaring in unison will make the whole air in their immediate vicinity vibrate and tremble, and I know of nothing in nature more awe-inspiring, or on a dark night more calculated to make a man feel nervous.

"As a matter of fact, however, according to my experience, there is very little to fear from lions when they roar freely, as they only do so after they have satisfied their hunger, whereas, when on the lookout for a meal they are as still as the grave, or only give vent to a low, purring growl, which, though uttered close at hand, seems to come from a long way off. Such at least has been the case on the occasions when they have attacked my oxen at night, or while prowling about trying to do so, but kept off by the dogs. On the present occasion these lions soon passed our camp and continued up the river, their voices growing fainter and fainter, till at length they died away in the distance, and I fell asleep."

There were plenty of times when they did not pass with merely vocal attentions.

"In the dead of night of the very day on which we left the wagons, every one was awakened by the shriek-

ing of Mr. Jameson's pet baboon, 'Susan,' that was fastened just in front of one of the wagons, and at the same time a horse was heard struggling between the wagons. Ruthven and a Bamangwato boy named Buckram rushed forward to see what was the matter, and found old 'Jordan,' one of Mr. Jameson's horses, struggling in the clutches of a lion. Upon their shouting and waving their blankets, the beast left the horse and made good its retreat in the darkness. Jordan, though badly bitten on the back of the neck just behind the head, and scratched about the throat, had not sustained any very material injury, but the wounds would not heal up, and eight months afterward, when I last saw him, they were still sloughing. After this the fires were kept up, and nothing further occurred to disturb the peace.

"The following morning Doctor Crook found the hole in the fence through which the lioness had crept. Here he set two guns with strings tied on their triggers and brought across the gap in the fence in such a way that if the lioness were to return by the same path during the coming night, she would in all probability shoot herself.

"When evening came, Ruthven and two colonial boys (wagon-drivers) did not turn in, but sat up round a fire, hoping to get a shot at the lioness should she return and make an attack from another quarter. It was ten o'clock by the doctor's watch when old Umzobo, a Matabele man, who was in charge of my property whilst I was away hunting, and who was at that moment sitting by a fire alongside of my wagon, said to a young Kafir near him: 'Blow up the fire, I hear something moving outside the fence.'

"The boy was in the act of doing as he had been

told, and the fire was just blazing up, when the lioness suddenly appeared in their midst and seized old Umzobo from in front by the leg, making her teeth meet behind the shin-bones. With great presence of mind, the old fellow forced his hands into her mouth one on each side, when she let go and seized Impewān, another Kafir of mine, by the fleshy part of the buttock, just as he was preparing to make tracks. Feeling an unpleasant sensation behind, he instinctively put his hand there, when the lioness, quitting her first hold, instantly seized it, and was dragging him away into the darkness, the poor fellow all the while shrieking with terror and agony, when Ruthven fired. The shot frightened the lioness, and she released Impewān and disappeared in the darkness. Immediately after Ruthven fired, two other shots fell in quick succession.

"Doctor Crook, awakened by the growling of the lioness, the shrieking of the Kafirs, and the reports of the rifles, jumped out of the wagon and ran to see what had happened. At the fire where Ruthven had been sitting he found Norris, one of the colored drivers, crying over a prostrate figure, which upon turning over he found to be poor young Ruthven with half his head blown off. How this untoward accident happened will never be exactly known, but there is no doubt that it was owing to one or other of the drivers losing their wits at the sudden and alarming nature of the disturbance, and pulling off their guns at random. I think myself that Ruthven must have been sitting down when he fired, and that he then stood up suddenly, bringing his head close to the muzzle of one of their guns. He fell dead, poor fellow, with his head in the fire.

"Having restored some sort of order amongst the

panic-stricken Kafirs, dressed the wounds of those that had been bitten, and covered poor Ruthven's body with a blanket. Doctor Crook again turned in. At twelve o'clock one of the set guns went off, but no other sound broke the stillness of the night. At two A. M. the other gun went off, and the Kafirs all said they heard a low groan at the same time. As may be imagined, no one slept during the remainder of this eventful night.

"At daylight the doctor hearing cries of 'Gwasa! Gwasa!' ('Stab her! Stab her!') went out and found that the lioness, that had thrice returned to the attack, had met her fate at last, and lay dead before the muzzle of the second gun, and just at the gap in the fence through which she had entered the encampment on the first night. The bullet had passed right through her heart. The first gun had not injured her, and could not have been properly set. This lioness was apparently in the prime of life, with a good coat and fine long teeth; she was, however, very thin, and had nothing in her stomach, and no doubt was desperate from hunger. The following day Doctor Crook buried poor Ruthven, and then moved the camp to the Umfule, where we found him.

"About a fortnight after these events had occurred, I myself had a very lucky encounter with a family of lions. . . .

"Mr. Collison and myself were riding along one evening accompanied by a lot of Mashunas, a few miles to the eastward of the Hanyane River, when I espied an ostrich running parallel to our line of march at a distance of several hundred yards to our right. Thinking I might get a shot by cutting across the bird's course, I at once galloped in pursuit, leaving my friend

with the Kafirs. After riding about a mile and a half at a stiff gallop, I eventually tried a long shot, but missed. Shortly after firing I heard another shot, which I subsequently found had been fired by my friend at an eland. I now rode slowly back toward where I had left the Kafirs, and just as I sighted them, also came in sight of a small herd of tsessebe antelopes that were feeding down an open valley.

"As it was now very late in the afternoon, and time to think about making a camp, I thought I had better shoot one of these animals for dinner, as there were both wood and water near at hand. Riding up toward them, I proceeded to carry out my designs. With my first shot I struck one too far back, and thinking to lose him, I fired at another that was standing broadside on about two hundred and fifty yards off. This one I hit fair in the shoulder, and he fell dead after running but a short distance. The one I had first wounded was now standing with its head down and mouth open looking very sick, so I rode toward it, thinking I should be able to secure it as well. When I had approached to within one hundred and fifty yards of it, however, it looked up, and then galloped away as if there was nothing the matter with it. Piqued at such conduct in a beast that I had thought completely in my power, I at once gave chase, but the harder I galloped the faster the wounded tsessebe ran, till at last, in mercy to my horse, that I felt was getting very tired, I pulled in, fairly beaten, and rode slowly back toward where I had left the Kafirs, at least three miles away.

"As I was thus riding listlessly along through rather an open country, dotted all over with patches of forest and bush of a few acres in extent, I saw a lion suddenly emerge from a thicket to my left and canter across the

open, about one hundred and fifty yards in front of me, toward another patch of bush. One glance at his heavy form showed me that he was a very large animal, with a fine flowing black mane. To gather up the reins and, putting spurs to my tired nag, gallop as hard as I could to cut him off from the bush was the work of a second. However, he reached the bush, which was not far distant, about sixty yards in front of me, but instead of entering it, faced round and stood looking at me.

"As I had undone the rimpy that I always have, running from a ring on the bridle to my belt, to check a horse in case he wishes to bolt when I dismount, I did not like to get off, not feeling sure that the horse would stand, but pulling him broadside, fired from the saddle. As the horse was still panting from the effect of the gallop after the tsessebe antelope, I could not get a steady aim, and missed.

"The lion did not budge, but still stood in the same place, eying me attentively. Hastily pushing in another cartridge, I then sprang to the ground, resolving to take my chance as to whether the horse would stand, and make as sure as possible of my shot at the lion; just as I raised my little rifle the grim-looking beast turned his head and glanced over his shoulder, an action which is said by old Dutch hunters to be a certain preliminary to a charge. However, a second later I fired, bringing him onto his head with his tail in the air, roaring tremendously.

"I then reloaded and mounted my good horse, that had stood motionless beside me all this time, unmoved either by the report of the rifle or the hoarse growling of the lion. His race was, however, run, for after pushing himself along the ground for about twenty

yards by a series of kicks from his hind legs, he rolled over on his side, a sure sign with a lion that he is dead or dying.

"Riding alongside of him, I dismounted and admired at my leisure one of the noblest prizes that have as yet fallen to my rifle. In dying, this lion made a most terrific noise. He kept filling his lungs with air, and then emitting roars which might have been heard (and which the Kafirs did hear) miles away. He was an enormous brute—the largest I have yet killed, and had a beautiful sleek coat and a lovely mane, long and flowing, black on the shoulders and bright yellow on the cheeks. The measurements of his skin and carcass I have given in another place." (The skin measured 11 feet 1 inch.)

"I now hallooed for the Kafirs, and at last saw two running toward me. Great was their surprise upon finding me standing over the body of a magnificent lion, instead of, as they had expected, a wretched tsessebe antelope. I was stooping over my prize, toying with the mane, when one of the boys, seizing me by the shoulder, cried excitedly: 'Look, look, sir! Look at the lions!'

"Hastily raising my eyes, and following the direction of his outstretched hand, a sight met my eyes that made my heart jump.

"At a distance of not more than two hundred and fifty yards from where we stood, three great lionesses were stalking slowly across a little open glade, walking in single file, one behind another. At the heels of the hindmost ran three little cubs, not much bigger than cats. As the grass had been burnt off just here, I had a splendid view of their massive, thick-set forms, but wasted no time in looking at them.

"Hastily mounting my horse, I cantered past behind them just as they entered a patch of bush. The sun was now down, so there was no time to lose, there being but a short allowance of twilight in these latitudes. I now walked my horse along within the bush parallel to the lions, which, although they were not sixty yards off, did not appear to notice me. The grass, however, not having been burnt off within the bush, was so long that I could only just see the outline of their backs.

"Soon the foremost lioness walked slowly over the sloping side of an enormous grass-covered ant-heap, exposing her massive shape well to my view. As I hastily dismounted she observed me, and turning her head stood looking at me, but without moving her body. The next moment I fired, and rolled her down the sloping ant-heap with her legs and tail in the air.

"The other two now turned their villainous greeny-yellow eyes upon me, and I was afraid the one with the cubs was coming at me, which would have been awkward, as my rifle was only a single-barrelled one, and I should scarcely have had time to reload. For a few seconds they gazed toward me with lowered heads, then with a loud purr and a sweep of their tails sprang away and trotted off through the grass. By this time I was again in the saddle with my rifle reloaded. I could see the lioness I had just wounded still struggling in the grass, and so rode toward her with every sense on the alert. When I was about twenty yards from her she righted herself, and lying on her outstretched paws, raised her head and looked fixedly at me, on which I put a bullet into the centre of the white patch in her throat, firing from the saddle. Her head dropped at the shot, and I knew she was done for. All this, which has

taken some time to relate, did not occupy many seconds.

"I now galloped through the open bush in the direction taken by the two remaining lionesses, and almost instantly saw one close in front of me. At the same moment she saw me and, facing round, stepped a few paces toward me, holding her head low, and twitching her tail savagely from side to side.

"I felt positive she was on the very point of charging, and so fired at her from the saddle without losing an instant. I this time made a very pretty shot—more by good luck, doubtless, than anything else—striking her in the very centre of the nose, half-way between the eyes and the muzzle. From the position in which she was holding her head, this shot smashed right into the brain, and she fell all of a heap in her tracks. Had I struck her between the eyes, the bullet would in all probability have glanced from her skull.

"There now remained only the lioness with the three cubs, and her I could see nowhere, though I felt certain she was not far off. The light was getting so bad in the shade of the trees that I could scarcely see the sights of my rifle. I was standing at the foot of a large ant-heap on the top of which grew a bush and a tree, so dismounting, I led the horse a little way up it (the ant-heap was at least thirty feet in diameter at the base), and looked all about me through the bush and long grass. I was beginning to feel rather lonely, for the gloom of the evening was fast deepening, and though I knew that two lions lay dead, I did not know exactly how near the mother of the cubs might be.

"Suddenly I heard 'Yap, yap, yap,' behind me, and looking round saw one of the little creatures emerge from the long grass and come trotting toward me. It

came to within a yard of my horse's hind legs and then trotted back again toward the grass, being met halfway by the other two, when all three of the little beasts stood together about ten yards from me.

"From the moment I saw the first cub I had not moved, but stood straining my eyes in the direction from which it had come, to try and get a view of the lioness. My horse too had been standing like a statue. I now thought it time to move, for I reflected that as the cubs were so near, their mother was in all probability not far off.

"I was in the act of mounting, and just swinging my leg over the saddle, when with open, snarling mouth, and giving vent to a succession of grunts, out she came straight at me. She had, of course, been watching me, and interpreted my moving as a demonstration against the cubs.

"To whisk the horse round the side of the ant-heap, and gallop off at right angles to the direction from which the lioness had charged, was a manœuvre which I executed with great despatch. I think she only came as far as the ant-heap, and then retreated into the grass again with her cubs, for though I galloped but a very short distance, and came round to the other side immediately, I did not catch sight of her. Just at this moment Collison came up with a lot of the Kafirs.

"It was now, however, so dusk that it was useless looking further for the lioness in the long yellow grass, and so she escaped. Had there been another hour of daylight, the chances would have been very greatly in favor of my killing her. As it was, however, I was well pleased, for I had bagged three full-grown lions with four shots."

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE WHALE THAT SANK A WHALER

WHAT the elephant is to the land hunter, the whale is to those that go down upon the sea in ships. Especially in the old days, his hunting was a risky occupation.

In the summer of 1819 the whaling-ship *Essex* sailed from Nantucket, prepared for a two-year cruise.

Six months later she was off the coast of Chile. Here the whalers took a thousand barrels of oil, and then cruised westward. On the 16th of November, when close to the equator and twenty-five hundred miles west of South America, they sighted a school of sperm-whales.

The boats were swiftly lowered, and the mate, Owen Chase, presently harpooned a big bull whale; but the creature smashed the boat to bits with one blow of his tail and carried off harpoon and line. The men were all picked up, and the cruise proceeded.

Four days later they came upon another school. Three boats put off when they were within half a mile of the spouting monsters.

Again the mate got the first chance; for, as the three boats waited far apart for the sounded whales to reappear, one heaved up, blowing a column of water, right in front of his boat.

The oarsmen rowed quietly up. The harpooner rose, and drove his weapon with all his might into the gray side just ahead.

As the harpoon sank in, the great creature plunged sideways toward the boat.

"Stern all!" yelled the mate.

But though the oarsmen pulled desperately, they were too close. As the whale thrashed about, the mighty tail stove a hole in the side of the boat; and when the beast dashed off, the boat began to take in so much water that the mate was forced to cut the line.

Stuffing coats into the hole and baling hard, they succeeded in getting back to the ship.

Mr. Chase got the vessel under way and stood toward the other boats, which were still after the rest of the school. His first thought was to get out the one spare boat left and renew the chase in that, but it seemed quicker to patch the damaged one with canvas, so he hurriedly set about the task, fearing all the prizes would escape after all.

He had just begun at this when a monstrous bull sperm-whale, apparently eighty-five feet long, shot out of the water his full length and dropped with a mighty splash, sending a cone-shaped fountain of spray thirty feet into the air.

"See that fellow breach!" cried one of the crew.

The mate watched curiously. It was clearly the same one to which they had just been fast. The whale spouted several times, sounded again, reappeared a short distance off the weather-bow, and plunged toward the ship.

"Up with your helm! Hard up!" shouted the mate to the boy at the wheel, seeing that the maddened cachalot would strike the slow-moving ship.

He dropped his hammer and sprang to the wheel himself. In the gentle breeze, the ship fell off slowly; before she could swing to leeward, the charging levia-

than hit her like a battering-ram beneath the fore-chains.

The vessel stopped as if she had run on a rock. Several men were thrown flat, and they could feel the great body scraping along the keel. The masts bent as if they would snap off.

When he came to his senses, the mate tried the well, and found the ship was leaking badly. Putting the men at the pumps, he hoisted the return signal for the other boats, both of which were fast to their prizes.

Seeing that the vessel was settling fast by the head and that the pumps were not gaining, Chase ordered the spare boat broken out.

"Look!" called one of the men.

There was the same whale, an eighth of a mile away, leaping almost out of the water, dashing himself from one side to another, beating the water with resounding strokes, opening his great jaws and "smiting them together" in a very paroxysm of insane fury.

Their situation was too perilous to waste time in watching even this extraordinary performance. Some worked the pumps, while the others hastened to get the boat ready.

Suddenly a sailor at the bow gave a shout:

"Here he is! He's making for us again."

The monster was dead ahead, charging them at full speed. "His course was marked by a white foam a rod in width, which he made with the continual thrashing of his tail."

Chase jammed the wheel up. The men sprang to the braces. But the water-logged craft had hardly swung one point when the great head dashed against her bow, staving it in completely. Then, as if contented, the whale sped off to windward and disappeared.

It did not take many moments to see that the vessel was now in a critical condition. Not knowing how long she would keep afloat, the mate abandoned the efforts to pump, and the men strove desperately to get the spare boat up before it was too late.

While they were thus engaged, the other boats came alongside, having reluctantly cut loose when they saw the alarming return signal at the masthead.

Captain Pollard was so thunderstruck at sight of the condition of his stanch vessel which he had left so recently, that for some moments he could hardly speak.

"In God's name, what has happened?" he finally managed to gasp out.

"We've been stove in by a whale, sir," replied the mate.

This was a catastrophe almost undreamed of. Whaling was perilous business, and smashed boats and drowned men were commonplaces. Every seaman, too, knew well enough the chances of storm and rocks, so that an ordinary wreck was a contingency which always lurked in the back of the sailorman's mind. But to have one of the sea-monsters they hunted actually destroy the ship itself, in this determined and vindictive manner, was singularly daunting. Such a casualty, almost exactly identical, was to happen to the *Ann Alexander* thirty years later; the *Two Generals* of Charleston was to go in the same way later still, and away down in 1902 the *Kathleen* was to be foundered by a whale, though this was to be an accident, the creature trying to pass under the bark. But to the crew of the *Essex* this startling event seemed portentous, against nature; and there was something in the thought of that irresistible, battering, destroy-

ing monster, charging from the deeps beneath them, that made the blood chill in their veins.

The captain soon recovered himself under the pressure of responsibility. The men were ordered to cut away the masts. Thus lightened, the ship rose sufficiently for them to chop through the decks, get out some provisions and instruments, and secure enough lumber to build up the sides of the three small boats which were now their only reliance.

It was hard work and a gloomy prospect, but Chase probably voiced the feelings of all when he wrote years later:

"The dark ocean and swelling waters were nothing; the fears of being swallowed up by some dreadful tempest or dashed upon hidden rocks, with all the other ordinary subjects of fearful contemplation, seemed scarcely entitled to a moment's thought; the dismal-looking wreck and the horrid aspect and revenge of the whale wholly engrossed my reflections till day again made its appearance."

Indeed, they did not know but that the creature might reappear at any moment and finish his work by annihilating their three remaining boats.

At length, however, the melancholy task of salvage and repairing was completed. They pulled away, and the vitally wounded, mastless *Essex* reared upward on her bow and plunged headlong down beneath the waves. The hapless little company in their frail crafts were alone in the vast Pacific.

The nearest land was the Marquesas Islands, weeks away to the southwest; but the natives of these regions were even more to be dreaded than the present perils. The captain decided, therefore, to attempt the three-thousand-mile trip to the South American coast,

holding south in the hope of striking the westerly trade-winds.

They set out resolutely, each man being put on an allowance of one ship's biscuit and half a pint of water a day.

Four straining weeks of hardships and torturing anxiety followed. A plank started in the mate's boat, and they had to heel it over in the water and patch it. A killer whale attacked another and damaged the bow badly. On December 16, having sighted no sail, the meagre allowance of food was cut in half. Getting over the side one day to cool their parched bodies, they discovered that the boats' bottoms were covered with barnacles; these they scraped off and ate eagerly.

The day before Christmas every heart was thrilled as the cry of "Land, ho!" rang out. For a time they went wild with joy. But Ducie's Island, which they presently reached, proved to be a barren and desolate place for a Christmas celebration—after all their seventeen-hundred-mile progress. They secured a few shell-fish, but it was several days before they could find even a scanty supply of water; and their thorough search of the island resulted in placing before them the ghastly object-lesson of eight human skeletons, all that remained of a party of castaways from another ship wrecked years before.

In spite of this, three of the crew decided to take their chances here (and by a miracle of good luck they were saved by a passing vessel some months later). The remainder, after a rest, set out once more on their forlorn hope, aiming at Easter Island, nearly a thousand miles away.

A violent storm on January 12 separated the boats. The one commanded by the mate pushed on through a

parching sun that forced the luckless men over and over to lie down and cover themselves with the canvas, letting the craft drift whither she would. They got down to a half-ounce of bread a day. Their water gave out. On February 8 one man died—and the half-crazed survivors were reduced to the horrors of cannibalism.

They sighted the island of Massafuera, but there was not a man strong enough to lift an oar and steer the boat toward it. More dead than alive, they drifted at the mercy of the pitiless ocean.

At last, on the 18th, when they had long abandoned hope, and only the indomitable will of the mate seemed to keep them alive at all, they were picked up by the *Indian,* having covered three thousand miles in these three awful months.

They learned afterward that the other boats had fared even worse: one was lost with all on board; the other, after going through unspeakable experiences, was rescued by the whaler *Dauphin* in March with only Captain Pollard and one man remaining.

Chase, the mate, wrote the story on his return in all its ghastly detail. Even the grim annals of the sea contain few tales of such a fight for life.

# PART III

## EXPLORERS OF THE UNKNOWN

*The unknown has always been a challenge to the stout of heart. Children and savages fear it; also many a man who is a daredevil amid familiar conditions. There are plenty of stories such as that of the Irishman who fought magnificently through a bloody war, yet actually died of terror because he fancied he heard a banshee one night.*

*But whenever human knowledge draws a line and notes "Past this we cannot go,"—that is sufficient to make some sturdy spirit devote his life, if need be, to penetrating beyond this Ultima Thule. The quest may be geographical: there surely comes a Columbus for the New West, a Stanley for Darkest Africa, a Peary and a Scott for the Poles. The boundary may be one of thought: Giordano Bruno determines to "open his eyes and see for himself this noble universe unclouded by the mists of authoritative philosophy and church tradition"—even if, after a lifetime of fighting and fleeing, his material reward be burning at the stake. The source of some dreaded disease may have baffled science: Walter Reed and his five soldier volunteers will risk the plague enthusiastically to track the insect criminal responsible.*

*The secret of many of these notable deeds lies, of course, in the absorption of a man's whole being in his work. Thus a famous English scientist, caught by fire-damp in a mine and facing a slow and ghastly death, spent his last moments in writing out a detailed narrative of his symp-*

*toms, for the benefit of his fellow physicians. (It is pleasant to record that instead of perishing he was rescued before the final agony.)*

*A gallant company, these Knights of Knowledge, and a mighty one. Their banner offers a superb "moral equivalent of war"; there is hardship and danger and romance and hard knocks from nature to attract the adventurous; and success means doing good instead of evil to one's fellows.*

*Here are the tales of a little group from a vast list, of whose size the whole world may well feel proud.*

## CHAPTER XVII

### COLUMBUS'S OWN STORY

The journal kept by Christopher Columbus on his first epoch-making voyage into the Unknown West has disappeared. But there is extant an abridgment made by Las Casas, the Spanish historian, the chief glory of whom is that he so warmly championed the luckless Indians against his cruel and bigoted countrymen—whose record in these relations is black, indeed, compared with that of the French Jesuits and officials in the Canadian colonies.

The modern scientific experts, sceptical as they are about many cherished legends of popular acceptance, declare that this version contains many of the original phrases in the exact words of the Great Adventurer who added the West to the world.

Here, then, is the most authentic story possible of the most important happening in history to Americans, also of a courage facing the uttermost terrors of man's fancy.

As every schoolboy knows, after years of heart-breaking failure to interest anybody in his wild notion —he had spent fourteen fruitless years in efforts with the discovery-loving King of Portugal alone—(fruitless except in the important matter of gaining him a wife in the person of a charming Portuguese lady of noble birth;) after being scorned as a visionary and lunatic; after being utterly discredited and rejected by his own people—Columbus had at last enlisted the patronage

of the warm-hearted Queen Isabella of Spain, that country then being on the upward road which presently (and largely through her backing of this unknown adventurer) landed her in the proud position of the mightiest world-power of the earth.

Hoping then to prove his scorned geographical theories correct; hoping to find a water-route to that incredibly rich Cathay to which Marco Polo two centuries before had penetrated after a prodigious journey overland (occupying eight years) from Bokhara to the court of Kublai Khan, the Grand Mogul who ruled over all China and Tartary; eager to justify the faith in him of the fair Queen who had suddenly made his dream of a lifetime come true—Christopher Columbus sped down from the Spanish capital to the port of Palos in May, 1492, bearing with him the royal orders for ships and men to carry out his projected adventure.

He was about fifty-six years old. His personal appearance at this time makes it easy to understand how the beautiful Philippa Moñiz de Perestrelo had years before found him irresistible in spite of her far superior birth—an almost insuperable barrier among the haughty Castilian nobility.

"He was a man of noble and commanding presence, tall and powerfully built, with fair ruddy complexion and keen blue-gray eyes that easily kindled; while his waving white hair was picturesque. His manner was at once courteous and cordial and his conversation charming, so that strangers were quickly won, and in friends who knew him well he inspired strong affection and respect. There was an indefinable air of authority about him, as befitted a man of great heart and lofty thoughts. Out of those kindling eyes looked a grand

and poetic soul, touched with that divine spark of religious enthusiasm which makes true genius."

Besides his treasured authorization, another document had reached him at that dramatic moment when the relenting Queen's swift courier had overtaken him six miles from Granada, disconsolately setting out for France after the broken negotiations. This was a copy of the agreement between him and the Crown. This provided:

"1. That Columbus should have, for himself during his life, and for his heirs and successors forever, the office of admiral in all the islands and continents which he might discover or acquire in that ocean, with similar honors and prerogatives to those enjoyed by the high admiral of Castile in his district.

"2. That he should be viceroy and governor-general over all the said lands and continents; with the privilege of nominating three candidates for the government of each island or province, one of whom should be selected by the sovereign.

"3. That he should be entitled to reserve for himself one-tenth of all pearls, precious stones, gold, silver, spices, and all other articles and merchandises, in whatever manner found, bought, bartered, or gained within his admiralty, the costs being first deducted.

"4. That he, or his lieutenant, should be the sole judge in all causes and disputes arising out of traffic between those countries and Spain, provided the high admiral of Castile had similar jurisdiction in his district.

"5. That he might then, and at all after times, contribute an eighth part of the expense in fitting out vessels to sail on this enterprise, and receive an eighth part of the profits."

It needed all the buoyancy created by this sudden

reversal of fortune's wheel to carry the adventurer through the difficulties that beset him when he eagerly set about using his royal authorization in Palos. For those sailormen, hardy as they were, were struck with blank dismay at the very thought of such a voyage. To face a watery grave was their daily fare: but to brave that Sea of Darkness in the far uncharted West, with its unknown and nameless terrors—that was another story! "Groans and curses" were the response to the proclamation of the contribution, enforced on the town by royalty, of two fully equipped caravels for two months.

But Columbus had not pursued this vision for a quarter of a century to have his first chance snatched from him by timorous doubters. The Pinzon brothers, his staunch backers, ably seconded the official help on which he insisted: "to induce men to enlist, debts were forgiven and civil actions suspended. Criminals were released from jail on condition of serving. Three caravels were impressed into the service of the crown for a time unlimited; and the rent and maintenance of two of these vessels for two months was to be paid by the town."

His determination swept aside all obstacles, though months of weary toil followed. At last all was ready.

Half an hour before sunrise on Friday, the third of August, 1492, the three tiny craft, with ninety men aboard, stood out from Palos harbor. Turning due south, they ran down the wind fifty-two miles by sunset, shifted their course a couple of points to starboard, and stood for the Canaries.

Recent rummaging into old archives has revealed some interesting details as to the cost of the expedition. Columbus himself drew three hundred dollars a month;

the sailors were paid about two dollars and fifty cents a month. The fleet was valued at about three thousand dollars. And while it must be remembered that money was far more valuable then than now, the total cost was set down at the insignificant sum of seven thousand dollars.

Guided by Toscanelli's highly imaginative map, the explorer was aiming to hold straight for the northern end of Japan ("Cipango"), that being on the direct route to Marco Polo's Zaiton (Chang-chow in China); and he believed he had a sea voyage of only twenty-five hundred miles from the Canaries to reach this point. It might have tested even his determination had he known that this distance into the unknown would merely bring him to the eastern edge of a continent three thousand miles wide, and that the mighty Pacific still lay beyond that before one came to Cipango!

The *Pinta's* rudder developed a serious break, and had to be unshipped at the Canaries and repaired there. While this was being done, a volcanic eruption at Teneriffe scared the already nervous sailors almost out of their wits. But on September 6th they got away from Gomera—only to be becalmed, and cover a scant thirty miles in two days.

As the breeze freshened, and the shores of Ferro (the last island of these western outposts of the known world) sank out of sight behind them, the volatile crew wept aloud, bewailed their fate, and called upon all the saints in the calendar to aid them in their extremity.

Concealing the facts from them by providing two daily reckonings, a correct one for himself and a diminished one for officers and crew, Columbus crowded on sail and lulled their fears. For example, two days that put three hundred miles behind them were re-

corded for the faint-hearts as having accounted for only two hundred and fifty-two miles.

At sunset of September 13th, however, the admiral himself was confounded to find his compass pointing to the left of the pole-star, instead of to the right. This alarming reversal of all known laws could not be hidden from any navigator, and it required an ingenious astronomical invention in explanation to allay the crew's alarm at such bewitchment of the guiding needle.

A few days later they came to the Sargasso Sea, and the sight of those strange meadows of floating seaweed, swarming with crabs and fish, and impeding the vessels' progress, was so uncanny that there was a fresh outbreak. Just as a skilled rider soothes a nervous, excited, snorting horse, Columbus calmed and encouraged his followers.

This became more difficult when they presently struck the belt of the trade winds, where a steady breeze drove them westward, westward, day after day. The hopelessness of ever getting back over those twenty-seven hundred miles of ocean, against these persistent head winds, fanned all the quivering terrors into a blaze of mutiny; it was only by the greatest firmness, and by carefully concealing his own fears that they might have run by Cipango, that Columbus got them in hand again. Shifting his course a couple of points to the west-southwest, he held straight ahead, suppressing his intense anxiety.

A reward of ten thousand maravedis (about six hundred dollars) had been promised to the person who should first sight the land of Cipango; and numerous flights of land-birds which passed them had the effect of keeping every man of the ninety on the *qui vive* on October 10th.

Here, at the climax, let us listen to the discoverer's own account, as it has been preserved by Las Casas:

"Wednesday, October 10th.

"He sailed west-southwest, at the rate of ten miles an hour, and occasionally twelve, and at other times seven, running between day and night fifty-nine leagues; he told the men only forty-four. Here the crew could stand it no longer, they complained of the long voyage, but the admiral encouraged them as best he could, giving them hopes of the profits that they might have. And he added that it was useless to murmur because he had come to [in quest of] the Indies, and was going to continue until he found them, with God's help.

"Thursday, October 11th.

"He sailed to the west-southwest, had a high sea, higher than hitherto. They saw pardelas [sparrows] and floating by the vessel a green rush. The men of the *Pinta* saw a reed and a stick, and got a small stick apparently cut or marked with an iron instrument, and a piece of cane, and some other grass which grows on the land, and a small board. Those of the Caravel *Niña* also saw other indications of land and a little stick loaded with dog-roses.

"In view of such signs they breathed more freely and grew cheerful. They ran until sunset of that day twenty-seven leagues.

"After sunset he sailed on his first course to the West; they went about twelve miles an hour, and two hours after midnight they had run about ninety miles, that is twenty-two and a half leagues.

"As the Caravel *Pinta* was a better sailer and had the lead, she made land and showed the signals ordered

by the admiral. The land was first seen by a sailor called Rodrigo de Triana; as the admiral at ten o'clock at night standing on the castle of the poop saw a light, but so indistinct that he did not dare affirm that it was land; yet he called the attention of Pedro Gutierrez, a king's butler, to it, and told him that it seemed to be a light, and told him to look, he did so and saw it; he did the same with Rodrigo Sanchez de Segovia, whom the King and Queen had sent with the fleet as supervisor and purveyor, but he, not being in a good position for seeing it, saw nothing.

"After the admiral said this, it was seen once or twice, and it was like a small wax candle that was being hoisted and raised, which would seem to few to be indication of land. The admiral, however, was quite convinced of the nearness of land.

"In consequence of that when they said the *Salve*, which they used to say and sing it in their way, all the sailors and all being present, the admiral requested and admonished them to keep a sharp lookout at the castle of the bow, and to look well for land, and said that he would give to him who first saw land, a silk doublet, besides the other rewards that the King and Queen had promised, namely an annual pension of ten thousand maravedis to him who should see it first.

"Two hours after midnight the land appeared, about two leagues off. They lowered all the sails, leaving only a storm square-sail, which is the mainsail without bonnets, and lay to until Friday, when they reached a small island of the Lucayos, called *Guanahani* by the natives.

"They soon saw people naked, and the admiral went on shore in the armed boat, also Martin Alonso Pinzon and Vincente Anes, his brother, who was commander of the *Niña*. The admiral took the Royal standard

The landing of Columbus

and the captains with two banners of the Green Cross, which the admiral carried on all the ships as a distinguishing flag having an F and an I, [for *Ferdinand* and *Isabella*]: each letter surmounted by its crown, one at one arm of the cross, and the other at the other arm.

"As soon as they had landed they saw trees of a brilliant green, abundance of water, and fruits of various kinds. The admiral called the two captains and the rest who had come on shore, and Rodrigo Descovedo, the notary of all the fleet, and Rodrigo Sanchez de Segovia, and he called them as witnesses to certify that he, in presence of them all, was taking, as he in fact took possession of said island for the King and Queen his masters, making the declarations that were required as they will be found more fully in the attestations then taken down in writing. Soon after, a large crowd of natives congregated there.

"What follows are the admiral's own words in his book on the first voyage and discovery of these Indies.

"'In order to win the friendship and affection of that people, and because I was convinced that their conversion to our Holy Faith would be better promoted through love than through force; I presented some of them with red caps and some strings of glass beads which they placed around their necks, and with other trifles of insignificant worth that delighted them, and by which we have got a wonderful hold on their affections.

"'They afterward came to the boats of the vessels swimming, bringing us parrots, cotton thread in balls, and spears, and many other things, which they bartered for others we gave them, as glass beads and little bells. Finally they received everything and gave whatever

they had with good will. But I thought them to be a very poor people. . . .

"'I saw but one very young girl, all the rest being young men, none of them being over thirty years of age; their forms being very well proportioned; their bodies graceful and their features handsome; their hair is as coarse as the hair of a horse's tail and cut short; they wear their hair over their eye-brows except a little behind which they wear long, and which they never cut: some of them paint themselves black, and they are of the color of the Canary Islanders, neither black nor white, and some paint themselves white, and some red, and some with whatever they find, and some paint their faces, and some the whole body, and some their eyes only, and some their noses only. They do not carry arms and have no knowledge of them, for when I showed them the swords they took them by the edge, and through ignorance, cut themselves. They have no iron; their spears consist of staffs without iron, some of them having a fish's tooth at the end, and the other's other things.

"'As a body they are of good size, good demeanor, and well formed; I saw some with scars on their bodies, and to my signs asking them what these meant, they answered in the same manner, that people from neighboring islands wanted to capture them, and they had defended themselves; and I did believe, and do believe, that they came from the mainland to take them prisoners.

"'They must be good servants and very intelligent, because I see that they repeat very quickly what I told them, and it is my conviction that they would easily become Christians, for they seem not to have any sect. If it please our Lord, I will take six of them from

here to your Highness on my departure, that they may learn to speak. I have seen here no beasts whatever, but parrots only.'

"All these are the words of the admiral," [clearly his report to Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand.]

"Saturday, October 13th.

"'At dawn many of these men came down to the shore, all are, as already said, youths of good size and very handsome: their hair is not woolly, but loose and coarse like horsehair; they have broader heads and foreheads than I have ever seen in any other race of men, and the eyes very beautiful, not small; none of them are black, but of the complexion of the inhabitants of the Canaries, as it is to be expected, for it is east [and] west with the island of Hierro [Ferro] in the Canaries, in the same line. All without exception have very straight limbs, and no bellies, and very well formed.

"'They came to the ship in canoes, made out of trunks of trees all in one piece, and wonderfully built according to the locality; in some of them forty or forty-five men came, others were smaller, and in some but a single man came. They paddled with a peel [paddle] like that of a baker, and make wonderful speed; and if it capsizes, all begin to swim and set it right again, and bail out the water with calabashes which they carry.

"'They brought balls of spun cotton, parrots, spears, and other little things which it would be tedious to describe, and gave them away for anything that was given to them. I examined them closely and tried to ascertain if there was any gold, and noticed that some carried a small piece of it hanging from a little hole in

their nose; and by signs I was able to understand that by going to the south or going around the island to the southward, there was a king who had large gold vessels, and gold in abundance. I endeavored to persuade them to go there, and I afterward saw that they had no wish to go. I determined to wait until tomorrow evening, and then to sail for the southwest, for many of them told me that there was a land to the south and to the southwest and to the northwest, and that those from the northwest came frequently to fight with them, and so go to the southwest to get gold and precious stones.

"'This island is very large and very level and has very green trees, and abundance of water, and a very large lagoon in the middle, without any mountain, and all is covered with verdure, most pleasing to the eye; the people are remarkably gentle, and from the desire to get some of our things, and thinking that nothing will be given to them unless they give something, and having nothing they take what they can and swim off [to the ship]; but all that they have they give for anything that is offered to them; so that they bought even pieces of crockery, and pieces of broken glass, and I saw sixteen balls of cotton given for three ceotis of Portugal, which is equivalent to a blanca of Castile (a half-maravedi, or equal to one-sixth of a cent), and in them there must have been more than one arroba.*

"'I forbade this, and allowed no one to take any unless I ordered it to be taken for your Highnesses should it be found in abundance. It grows in the island, although on account of the shortness of time I could not assert it positively, and likewise the gold

* An arroba was about 25 pounds in Spain, and 32 in Portugal.

which they carry hanging in their noses is found here; but in order to lose no time I am now going to try if I can find the island of Cipango. At this moment it is dark and all have gone on shore in their canoes.

"Sunday, October 14th.

"'At dawn I ordered the boat of the ship and the boats of the Caravels to be got ready, and went along the island, in a north-northeasterly direction, to see the other side, which was on the other side of the east, and also to see the villages, and soon saw two or three and their inhabitants, coming to the shore calling us and praising God [!]; some brought us water, some eatables; others, when they saw that I did not care to go on shore, plunged into the sea swimming and came, and we understood that they asked us if we had come down from heaven; and one old man got into the boat, while others in a loud voice called both men and women saying:

"'Come and see the men from heaven: bring them food and drink.'

"'A crowd of men and many women came, each bringing something, giving thanks to God, throwing themselves down, and lifting their hands to heaven, and entreating or beseeching us to land there: but I was afraid of a reef or rocks which entirely surrounds that island, although there is within it depth enough and ample harbor for all the vessels of Christendom, but the entrance is very narrow. It is true that the interior of that belt contains some rocks, but the sea is there as still as the water in a well.

"'And in order to see all this I moved this morning, that I might give an account of everything to your Highnesses, and also to see where a fort could be built;

and found a piece of land like an island, although it is not one, with six houses on it, which in two days could be easily cut off and converted into an island; such a work, however, is not necessary in my opinion, because the people are totally unacquainted with arms, as your Highnesses will see by observing the seven which I have caused to be taken in order to carry them to Castile to be taught our language, and to return them unless your Highnesses when they shall send orders may take them all to Castile, or keep them in the same island as captives; for with fifty men all can be kept in subjection, and made to do whatever you desire; and near by the same little island there are orchards of trees the most beautiful that I have seen, with leaves as fresh and green as those of Castile in April and May, and much water.

"'I observed all that harbor, and afterward I returned to the ship and set sail, and saw so many islands that I could not decide to which one I should go first, and the men I had taken told me by signs that they were beyond counting, and named more than one hundred of them.

"'In consequence I looked for the largest one and determined to make for it, and I am so doing, and it is probably distant five leagues from this of *San Salvador*, to others some more, some less; all are very level, without mountains and of great fertility, and all are inhabited, and they make war upon each other, although these are very simple hearted and finely formed men.'"

Trite as the facts of this story have become from school-book repetition, it has a fresh vividness from the words of the man who had this mighty experience. And as so often happens, a poet has taken the oft-

repeated tale and given it new revelations of dramatic intensity:

"*Santa Maria*, well thou tremblest down the wave,
Thy *Pinta* far abow, thy *Niña* nigh astern:
Columbus stands in the night alone, and, passing grave,
Yearns o'er the sea as tones o'er under-silence yearn.
Heartens his heart as friend befriends his friend less brave,
Makes burn the faiths that cool, and cools the doubts that burn:—

I

'Twixt this and dawn, three hours my soul will smite
With prickly seconds, or less tolerably
With dull-blade minutes flatwise slapping me.
Wait, Heart! Time moves.—Thou lithe young Western Night,
Just-crowned King, slow riding to thy right,
Would God that I could manage mutiny
Calm as thou sitt'st yon never-managed sea,
Balkst with his balking, fliest with his flight,
Giv'st supple to his rearings and his falls,
Nor dropp'st one coronal star about thy brow
While ever dayward thou art steadfast drawn!
Yea, would I rode these mad, contentious brawls
No damage taking from their If and How,
Nor no result save galloping to my Dawn!

II

My Dawn? my Dawn? How if it never break?
How if this West by other West is pieced,
And these by vacant Wests on Wests increased—
One Pain of Space, with hollow ache on ache
Throbbing and ceasing not for Christ's own sake?—
Big perilous theorem, hard for King and priest:
*Pursue the West but long enough, 'tis East!*
Oh, if this watery world no turning take!
Oh, if for all my logic, all my dreams,
Provings of that which is by that which seems,

Fears, hopes, chills, heats, hastes, patiences, droughts, tears,
Wife-grievings, slights on love, embezzled years,
  Hates, treaties, scorns, upliftings, loss and gain,—
  This earth, no sphere, be all one sickening plane!

III

Or, haply, how if this contrarious West,
  That me by turns hath starved, by turns hath fed,
  Embraced, disgraced, beat back, solicited,
Have no fixed heart of Law within his breast,
Or with some different rhythm doth e'er contest
  Nature in the East? Why, 'tis but three weeks fled
  I saw my Judas needle shake his head
And flout the Pole that, east, he Lord confessed!
  God! if this West should own some other Pole,
  And with his tangled ways perplex my soul
Until the maze grow mortal and I die
  Where distraught Nature clean hath gone astray,
  On earth some other wit than Time's at play,
Some other God than mine above the sky!

IV

Now speaks my other heart with cheerier seeming:
  *Ho, Admiral! o'er defalking to thy crew*
  *Against thyself, thyself for overfew*
*To front yon multitudes of rebel scheming?*
Come, ye wild twenty years of heavenly dreaming!
  Come, ye wild weeks since first this canvas drew
  Out of vexed Palos ere the dawn was blue,
O'er milky waves about the bows full-creaming!
Come set me round with many faithful spears
  Of confident remembrance—how I crushed
  Cat-lived rebellions, pitfalled treasons, hushed
Scared husbands' heart-break cries on distant wives,
Made cowards blush at whining for their lives,
Watered my parching souls, and dried their tears.

V

Ere we Gomera cleared, a coward cried,
*Turn, turn: here lie three caravels ahead.*
*From Portugal to take us: we are dead!*
*Hold westward, pilot,* calmly I replied.
So when the last land down the horizon died,
*Go back, go back!* they prayed: *our hearts are lead.—*
*Friends, we are bound into the West,* I said.
Then passed the wreck of a mast upon our side.
*See* (so they wept) *God's warning. Admiral, turn!—*
*Steersman,* I said, *hold straight into the West.*
Then down the night we saw the meteor burn.
*So do the very heavens in fire protest:*
*Good Admiral, put about! O Spain, dear Spain!—*
*Hold straight into the West,* I said again.

VI

Next drive we o'er the slimy-weeded sea.
*Lo! here beneath* (another coward cries)
*The cursèd land of sunk Atlantis lies!*
*This slime will suck us down—turn while thou'rt free!—*
*But no!* I said, *Freedom bears West for me!*
Yet when the long-time stagnant winds arise
And day by day the keel to westward flies,
My Good my people's ill doth come to be:
*Ever the winds into the West do blow;*
*Never a ship, once turned, might homeward go;*
*Meanwhile we speed into the lonesome main.*
*For Christ's sake, parley, Admiral! Turn, before*
*We sail outside all bounds of help from pain!—*
*Our help is in the West,* I said once more.

VII

So when there came a mighty cry of *Land!*
And we clomb up and saw, and shouted strong
*Salve Regina!* all the ropes along,

But knew at morn how that a counterfeit band
Of level clouds had oped a silver strand;
So when we heard the orchard-bird's small song,
And all the people cried, *A hellish throng*
*To tempt us onward, by the Devil planned,*
*Yea, all from hell—keen heron, fresh green weeds,*
*Pelican, tunny-fish, fair tapering reeds,*
*Lie-telling lands that ever shine and die*
*In clouds of nothing round the empty sky.*
*Tired Admiral, get thee from this hell, and rest!—*
*Steersman,* I said, *hold straight into the West.*

## VIII

I marvel how mine eye, ranging the Night,
From its big circling ever absently
Returns, thou large low Star, to fix on thee.
*Maria!* Star? No star; a Light, a Light!
Wouldst leap ashore, Heart? Yonder burns—a Light.
Pedro Gutierrez, wake! come up to me.
I prithee stand and gaze about the sea:
What seest? *Admiral, like as land—a Light!*
Well! Sanchez of Segovia, come and try:
What see'st? *Admiral, naught but sea and sky!*
Well! But *I* saw It. Wait! The *Pinta's* gun!
Why, look, 'tis dawn, the land is clear: 'tis done!
Two dawns do break at once from Time's full hand—
God's, East—mine, West: good friends, behold my Land!"

## CHAPTER XVIII

### DOWN THE MOUTH OF A VOLCANO

One exploit performed by a follower of Cortés, during the campaign against Mexico, stands out even in that romantic chronicle. After their memorable retreat from Mexico City, while the Spaniards were making ready at Tlascala to retrieve this disaster, it became necessary to manufacture a fresh supply of powder. They easily got all the ingredients except sulphur, but that was not in use among the Indians. The general studied this problem, till it occurred to him that there was sulphur in plenty at the great volcano of Popocatepetl, if it could only be procured. This famous "mountain that smokes" was a landmark throughout Mexico, "the first object which the morning sun greeted in his rising, the last where his evening rays were seen to linger," and was in constant eruption during the Conquest, thrusting its vast smoky, up-side-down pyramid far up into the sky above the snowy cone that crowned its seventeen thousand feet. The Indians believed it to be the abode of the spirits of wicked rulers, whose struggles and groans produced the terrifying noises; and they stood in such dread of it that they had never even attempted to climb it.

This was difficult enough even for one who did not believe in these fables. Popocatepetl is the second highest mountain on the North American continent and the ascent to-day, when the rude roads are kept open by sulphur gatherers, is far from easy.

But no difficulties could daunt these men. Cortés ordered a party of five led by Francisco de Montaña to make the trial and see if they could get the precious sulphur, without which their cannon and arquebuses were useless. Ordaz had made the attempt two years before in sheer bravado, but had been driven back finally, when almost at the summit, by the blinding smoke and cinders. Nevertheless, Montaña set forth.

The party forced its way through the tangled forest at the base, so thick that they wondered at times if they should ever get to the real ascent. They persisted; they crossed the black plain of ancient lava a mile wide and four miles long; soon the woods became more open; they found themselves among giant pines, pressing under their feet blue lupins, and purple turtlehead, and occasional Alpine flowers; at fourteen thousand feet they were passing among stunted wind-battered trees; then succeeded scattered grass tussocks and a few crouching flowers; next all vegetation ceased, and they came out on a chaotic surface of lava, twisted and broken into fantastic shapes, often sharp as knives under the feet, and causing many detours around great boulders and pinnacles.

When they reached the snow which lies at that height summer and winter, they were all attacked with "mountain sickness." It was intensely hot and blinding to the eyes from the glare of the sun reflected against the dazzling whiteness. The rarefied air gave them severe headaches and made it almost impossible to breathe. Still they pressed upward, crossing icy chasms, working their way cautiously over the treacherous snow, slowly zigzagging this way and that to avoid impassable spots.

By great good luck, they found the volcano was not

in eruption. They finally reached the very edge of the crater, a huge yawning ellipse over a mile long. Peering over, they could see, through the steam, great patches of dull yellow sulphur, some still smouldering, with streaks of ice and snow melting and trickling down to be again turned into steam. A lurid glow was visible far below, contrasting awesomely with the myriad colors struck by the sun from the upper sides of the crater's throat.

All the hardships and dangers of the ascent were as nothing compared to what now lay before them. Which should venture down into that gloomy abyss, into the very steam of the eternal fires? The lot fell on Montaña.

Stepping into the large basket they had brought, the determined Spaniard was lowered by his four companions to a depth of four hundred feet. There was a long silence. Those on top braced themselves and shuddered at the thought of what might be happening to their comrade. Then the rope was shaken three times from below—the signal agreed upon. Pulling desperately, they hauled up Montaña, dripping with sweat and almost blinded, but bringing all the basket would hold of the precious sulphur which he had scraped with his sword from the sides.

Undismayed by the experience, Montaña went down again and again. At length, with all the sulphur they could carry, they started home and returned in triumph to the Spanish camp.

Ordaz had been permitted by the Spanish Emperor to place a burning mountain on his coat of arms in memory of his ascent, unsuccessful though it was. Montaña apparently received no reward. His name is almost forgotten save for the mention of his deed in

Prescott's pages. But his exploit was unique, and in the roll of brave men he has a sure place.

Nearly four centuries later (1914) an American, Frederick Burlingham, descended one thousand two hundred and twelve feet into the central cone of Vesuvius, in order to secure moving pictures of this famous volcano actually "at work." Amid the noise of boiling, bubbling lava, and a roar "like a great blast furnace," and in imminent peril for one terrible twenty minutes from suffocation, this venturesome explorer secured a picture record which enables us stay-at-homes to understand the action of a volcano as never before.

It is interesting, too, to know that to-day patient Indians gather sulphur from this very crater, now inactive, down which the daring Montaña was the first to venture.

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE FIRST AIR VOYAGE

The little Dauphin of France was to have a great treat. This in itself implied some notable event; even at the age of twelve, the son of the King of France and Marie Antoinette would require something far out of the ordinary to arouse his keen anticipation. Child as he was, he had witnessed pageants and balls and hunts and all the lavish gayeties of that brilliant court until the most ingenious diversion failed to give him any very lively new sensations.

But on this November day of 1783 the young prince was as excited as a country boy going to his first circus. There was good reason. His governess, the Duchesse de Polignac, had arranged for his special amusement and instruction a spectacle which no human eye had ever beheld: a man trying to travel through the air.

To be sure, there were misty old legends of such journeys—from Icarus, in Greek myth, with his wings of wax, down to those voyagers who were said to have descended from the clouds in some sort of machine at Lyons, France, in the reign of Charlemagne—to be promptly condemned by the authorities as sorcerers and put to death. And the ever-modest Chinese historians admitted nonchalantly that a balloon ascension had been one of the festival features at the coronation of the Emperor Fo-kien in 1306.

These old tales did not seem so ludicrous in the light of happenings during the last few months. Paris had gone quite delirious over the experiments with "aero-

static machines" made by two sets of rival inventors. The Montgolfier brothers had worked out one method, M. Charles, and the two brothers Robert another. Larger and larger bags filled with the different gases had been constructed; one sent up from the Champ de Mars in August had been seen by a vast concourse of fifty thousand people; a little later a tethered "Montgolfière" succeeded at Versailles in raising a sheep, a duck, and a rooster a quarter of a mile into the air. Since then the two groups of experimenters had been running a race to see which could first produce a "Machine" sufficiently large and perfect to carry aloft some human being so adventurous as to wish to risk his life in the cause of science.

The Montgolfiers had won this contest. Their new "ball" was completed. The Marquis d'Arlandes, an infantry major in favor at court, had enthusiastically volunteered to make the experiment, and had had associated with him a distinguished scientist, M. Pilâtre de Rozier. The effort was to be under royal patronage for the special edification of the Dauphin.

So His Royal Highness and all his court were now assembled in the grounds of the Château de la Muette, eagerly watching the preparations for this audacious attempt. There were many other spectators also, for while no public notice of the experiment had been given, the news had leaked out and spread rapidly among the citizens of Paris, already on the *qui vive* from the previous exhibitions.

Among these onlookers was Benjamin Franklin, whose house at Passy was not far from la Muette, and who was following his usual custom of not missing anything novel, especially if it possessed scientific interest. The treaty of peace had just been signed which acknowl-

edged his struggling country as a nation; the British troops were at that minute evacuating New York; but shrewd old Benjamin's letters show that his mind was even fuller of this new marvel than of the final triumph of America for which he had worked so ably.

Attentively the gorgeous throng watched the great folds of cloth puff out into a sort of conical bag, forty-five feet in diameter and sixty-six high. The trial had been postponed from the previous day because of a storm of wind and rain; there were still gusts from time to time, and the "machine" strained hard at its cords as it took shape and began to rise from the ground. Hardly was it floating clear when there came a sudden squall so violent that the envelope tore apart where the ropes held it. An exclamation burst from the crowd as the whole thing collapsed. Those in charge ran forward, and by quick work prevented it from being consumed in the fire which had supplied its motive power.

There was a babel of chatter, condolences, "I-told-you-so's," witticisms. Some sensationalists rushed off to Paris to report the effort a failure and the balloon destroyed. But the fine ladies of the court were all in sympathy with the tried inventor and the would-be travellers: they came to the rescue so effectively that in an hour and a half the torn places were covered with stout patches sewed on by fair hands, and under M. Montgolfier's direction it was again inflated over the straw-fed fire. The Dauphin decided this was even better sport than he had fancied, and with round eyes beheld the hot air again round out the envelope and raise the whole affair from the ground. It was beautifully decorated, and bore medallions of the King and the royal crossed "L's."

The silence was profound as the Marquis d'Arlandes and M. de Rozier took their places in the narrow wicker car about the open bottom of the balloon. Beside each was a pile of bundles of straw; and it was explained that when they wished to rise they had only to thrust some of these through openings and burn them on the brazier fixed below the balloon, the heated air being only half as heavy as the surrounding atmosphere. The method of M. Charles, on the other hand, made use of "inflammable gas" (hydrogen), produced by the action of acid on iron. This gas was very much lighter but cost many times as much.

Majestically the balloon rose into the air, the occupants gravely saluting as they ascended above the trees. They were now visible to all Paris, which had turned out to see the show, even the towers of Notre Dame being crowded with watchers. A sort of awe filled the minds of the most frivolous in the gardens of la Muette at this spectacle of man conquering the untouched world of the air. It seemed like "a new kind of eclipse" when the balloon passed between one group and the sun. Up, up, it went, until a cross current of air bore it away.

And what were the sensations of these forgotten two who fared forth on the first aerial voyage? The Marquis wrote his narrative a few days after the event. Here it is—a letter to Faujas de Saint-Fond, who recorded these exciting happenings in a forgotten volume:

"You have asked, my dear Faujas, and I comply the more willingly since, because of the questions asked me and because of the fantastic designs attributed to M. Pilâtre and myself, I feel it is essential to clarify the public mind, as to the details of our aerial journey. Some persons seem astonished that having had as my

companion a professor of physics, I do not leave the responsibility of the account to him; but such surprise must cease when they learn that certain exalted personages, considering that a final experiment in which a man should set forth in a free machine would put the seal upon the glory of M. Montgolfier, communicated their ideas to you; that I was commissioned to present M. Montgolfier; that he embraced the idea like a man of wisdom, confident of his own ability; that I did not let the chance escape to claim of his promise to let me make the trial from level ground and freed. He consented. I left for la Muette; I chose the spot; I gathered workmen; and the third day all was ready. It was not only experience nor prudence which directed M. Montgolfier, but with the same modesty which crowns all his success he proposed to give me a companion. He suggested M. Pilâtre de Rozier, and I accepted him with the more satisfaction since having followed all the experiments made at M. Reveillon's, I was well apprised of his capacity, courage, and intelligence. I was then selected by M. Montgolfier to conduct the experiment. It is proper to be proud of this choice, and it can hardly be imagined that I could relinquish to another the right to tell the story. After this preamble, doubtless too long, but apparently necessary, I will describe as well as I am able the first voyage made by men through an element which, up to M. Montgolfier's discovery, seemed so inadequate to support them.

"We left at six minutes to two. The machine was so placed that M. de Rozier was to the west, I to the east. The wind was about from the northwest. The machine, the spectators say, rose majestically; but

apparently few noticed that as it passed the hedge of trees it made a half turn. By this change M. Pilâtre was in the lead, I behind. I should add that from this moment until the time we arrived at the end of the journey, we preserved the same positions relative to our line of flight.

"I was surprised at the silence and lack of movement among the spectators of our departure; I suppose that, astonished and even alarmed by this unheard-of spectacle, they needed reassurance. I saluted with my arms with little response; but having drawn my handkerchief I waved it, and I then perceived a great commotion in the garden of la Muette. It seemed as if all the people dispersed about the enclosure joined into a solid mass, and that by an involuntary movement this followed us toward the wall which it seemed to regard as the only obstacle separating us.

"At this moment M. Pilâtre said to me:

"'You do nothing, and we are scarcely rising?'

"'Pardon,' I answered. . . . I seized a truss of straw and built up the fire a little. Then I turned quickly around. But I could not find la Muette again. Following the line of the river with my eyes, at last I perceived the junction of the Oise. There is Conflans; and naming the other chief bends of the river by the nearest towns, I reflected: Poissy, Saint-Germain, Saint-Denis, Sève; then I am still at Passy or Chaillot. In fact, looking through the centre of the machine, I perceived under me the Visitation of Chaillot.

"M. Pilâtre called to me at this moment:

"'There is the river, and we are dropping.'

"'Well, my friend—some fire;' and we set to work.

"But instead of crossing the river as indicated by our line, which carried us toward the Invalides, we went the length of the Ile des Cygnes, came again to

the principal channel of the river and ascended it to the upper end of the barrier of the Conférence.

"I said to my comrade:

"'That's a river which seems very hard to cross.'

"'I believe it,' he answered. 'You do nothing.'

"'That is because I am not so strong as you—and all goes well.'

"I fed the fire on the brazier with a fresh bundle of straw, which was slow to ignite, apparently because it was too tight. So I lifted it and shook it apart into the midst of the flame.

"The next instant I felt as if I were being lifted up by the armpits and said to my companion:

"'For once we are rising.'

"'Yes, we are,' he replied coming out from the interior, doubtless to make some observations.

"At this instant I heard a noise from the top part of the machine which made me fear it had burst: I looked but could see nothing. As I gazed at the top I felt a sort of shaking, the only one I had noticed. The direction of the movement was from above down.

"'What are you doing?' I called. 'Are you dancing?'

"'I am not stirring.'

"'So much the better,' said I. 'It is a fresh current of air at last, which I trust will take us across the river.'

"In fact, turning to see where we were going, I found myself between the Military School and the Invalides, which we had passed about four hundred toises (nearly half a mile).

"M. Pilâtre said just then: 'We are in the open.'

"'Yes,' I replied. 'We have started on our voyage.'

"'Work,' he cried. 'Work.'

"I heard a new noise in the machine which I thought came from a breaking cord. This new hint made me

examine carefully the interior of our dwelling. I saw that the part which had turned to the south was full of round holes, several of considerable size. So I called out:

"'We must descend.'

"'Why?'

"'Just look,' I answered.

"At the same moment I seized my sponge. I easily extinguished the slight fire which was enlarging some of the holes I was able to reach; but noticing that when I tested it the bottom of the cloth pulled loose very easily from the ring surrounding it, I repeated to my companion:

"'We must descend.'

"He looked down. 'But we are right over Paris.'

"'It doesn't matter,' said I. 'But let us investigate: is there danger on your side? Are you well supported?'

"'Yes.'

"I looked from my side and perceived he had nothing to fear there. Then I tested the principal ropes within my reach by striking them with the sponge. All resisted; only two strands of twine parted.

"'We can cross Paris after all,' I called.

"During this time we were noticeably nearing the roofs. So we made some fire and mounted again with the greatest ease. I looked beneath me and made out clearly the Foreign Missions. It seemed to me we were heading toward the towers of Saint-Sulpice, which I could see to the extent of the diameter of our opening.

"As we rose, a current of air changed this direction and took us to the southward. I beheld to the left a sort of grove which I supposed to be the Luxembourg. We crossed the boulevard and I shouted:

"'To earth!'

"We stopped the fire. The intrepid Pilâtre, who

never lost his head, and who was in front as we were going, judging we would strike among the mills between Little Gentilly and the road, warned me of this. I tossed in a bundle of straw, shaking it loose to make it burn quicker: we rose again and a new current carried us a little to the left.

"'Look out for the mills!' still called de Rozier; but my glance through the diameter of our open bottom enabled me to judge our direction better, and I saw we would miss them. So I said to him:

"'Here we are!'

"The next moment I perceived we were crossing water. I thought it was still the river, but reaching the ground I saw it was the mill-pond by the factory of M. M. Bregnier & Cie. We were upon the Butte-aux-Cailles, between the mill des Merveilles and the Vieux, about a hundred yards from each.

"As we settled upon the ground, I raised myself on the gallery, holding with both hands. I felt the top of the machine press hard on my head, so pushing it off I jumped out of the gallery. Turning toward the machine, which I expected to see full, my astonishment was great to behold it quite empty and deflated.

"Still not seeing M. Pilâtre, I ran to his side to help him free himself from the folds of cloth which covered him; but before rounding the machine I perceived him coming out from beneath it in his shirt, for in preparation for the descent he had removed his redingote and put it in his basket.

"We were alone and not strong enough to turn over the gallery and pull out the straw which was smouldering. We knew we must bestir ourselves to prevent this from setting the whole thing ablaze, and the only way to avoid this disaster seemed to be to rip the material.

"M. Pilâtre grasped one side, I the other; and tear-

ing violently we uncovered the fire-box. The moment this was freed from the cloth that shut off the air, the straw in it blazed up violently. In rescuing one of the panniers, we threw burning fragments upon the one which had held my companion; the straw in it caught on fire; and the crowd which had now collected ran up, seized M. Pilâtre's coat and carried it off.

"La Garde arrived; with his help, in ten minutes our machine was safe, and an hour later it was at M. Reveillon's house where M. Montgolfier had had it built.

"The first person of mark whom I saw on our arrival was M. le comte de Laval. Soon afterward the couriers of the Duke and Duchess de Polignac arrived to get news of us. I was concerned to see M. de Rozier in his shirt-sleeves, and fearing his health would suffer, since we had gotten quite heated in handling the machine, I urged him to go to the nearest house. So the sergeant of the guard escorted him there, opening up a path through the crowd. On the way he met the Duke de Chartres, who must have followed hard on our heels, for I talked with him a moment before our departure.

"At last our carriages arrived; it was growing late; M. Pilâtre having only the shabby coat which had been loaned him, did not wish to come to la Muette. So I left alone, though with keen regret at parting from my brave companion."

Thus did the light-hearted French aristocrat take his place as the pioneer flying-man. He had risen to a height of about two thousand feet, and had travelled nearly five miles from his starting place.

Less than a week later M. Charles repeated the feat

in one of his hydrogen balloons, reaching an elevation of approximately two miles.

Ten years afterward an observation balloon was used with some success by the French Revolutionary army before Mayence, and at the battle of Flanders in June, 1794; but while there were hundreds of ascents during the succeeding decades, the whole subject of aircraft was considered practically negligible for the better part of a century: in the American Civil War the experimental balloons were pronounced not worth the trouble and expense. Not till the many experiments and studies culminated in the Wrights' invention of the aeroplane and Germany's evolution of the Zeppelin did man begin to really turn the air into one of his highways.

## CHAPTER XX

### "WHY NOT?" COTTER

During those summer days of 1864 while General Grant doggedly hammered the Confederate line in the Virginia "Wilderness," a party of scientists was exploring the High Sierras of California. Clarence King, assistant State geologist, had reported sighting, from a mountain near the Mariposa gold mines, a vast pile of very lofty peaks; and his chief, Professor Whitney, had sent the expedition in the hope of finding "the top of California" among these unknown giants of snow and granite, the crests of that stupendous four-hundred-mile mountain wave, whose innumerable precipices, cañons, glaciers, peaks, and ridges form the grandest and most inaccessible region of its size in the United States.

For several weeks they journeyed through the forest belt, where, beside sequoia trees forty feet in diameter, sugar pines shot up to a height of three hundred feet.

Camping in full sight of their goal, which had grown ever more impressive and formidable as they approached, the leaders studied the prospect from the neighboring height. When they returned, they could find no words to describe the terribleness and grandeur of cañons and crags ahead; but they reluctantly concluded that it was utterly impossible to cross the gorge and make the ascent from that side.

King was so exultant at having his discredited report confirmed that he could not give up without a trial.

"Brewer and Hoffman were old climbers," he says, and their verdict of impossible oppressed me as I lay awake thinking of it; but early next morning I had made up my mind, and taking Cotter aside" (the latter was packer and man-of-all-work), "I asked him in an easy manner whether he would like to penetrate the *terra incognita* with me at the risk of our necks, providing Brewer should consent. In a frank, courageous tone he answered after his usual mode, 'Why not?' Stout of limb, stronger yet in heart, of iron endurance, and a quiet, unexcited temperament, and, better yet, deeply devoted to me, I felt that Cotter was the one comrade I would choose to face death with, for I believed there was in his manhood no room for fear or shirk.

"It was a trying moment for Brewer when we found him and volunteered to attempt a campaign for the top of California, because he felt a certain fatherly responsibility over our youth, a natural desire that we should not deposit our triturated remains in some undiscoverable hole among the feldspathic granites; but, like a true disciple of science, this was at last overbalanced by his intense desire to know more of the unexplored region. He freely confessed that he believed the plan madness, and Hoffman, too, told us we might as well attempt to get on a cloud as to try the peak.

"As Brewer gradually yielded his consent, I saw by his conversation that there was a possibility of success; so we spent the rest of the day in making preparations.

"Our walking shoes were in excellent condition, the hobnails firm and new. We laid out a barometer, a compass, a pocket-level, a set of wet and dry thermometers, note-books, with bread, cooked beans and

venison enough to last a week, rolled them all in blankets, making two knapsack-shaped packs strapped firmly together with loops for the arms, which, by Brewer's estimate, weighed forty pounds apiece."

Before sunrise next morning they were off. Cotter had not slept at all.

Their companions accompanied them for several hours, till they reached the crest of the Mount Brewer range. Before them lay a gulf five thousand feet deep; beyond, "the most gigantic" mountain-wall in America, "culminating in a noble pile of Gothic-finished granite and enamel-like snow."

"How grand and inviting looked its white form, its untrodden, unknown crest, so high and pure in the clear strong blue! I looked at it as one contemplating the purpose of his life; and for just one moment I would have rather liked to dodge that purpose, or to have waited, or have found some excellent reason why I might not go. . . .

"I did not wonder that Brewer and Hoffman pronounced our undertaking impossible; but when I looked at Cotter there was such complete bravery in his eye that I asked him if he was ready to start. His old answer, 'Why not?' left the initiative with me."

They bade their moved and apprehensive friends good-bye, shouldered their packs, and set out in quest of a spot where the two-thousand-foot cliff could be descended.

It was a memorable two days that followed. They slept that night, or tried to, at the base of the wall, on a slanting granite shelf, beside a frozen lake, with great masses of rock and ice thundering down from the summits and bouncing off the protecting ledge over their heads; there were places where they were driven

to such desperate expedients as casting up a lasso till it noosed over a projecting knob of rock thirty feet above their narrow ledge, and climbing hand over hand; with their hampering packs they worked painfully up and down cliffs that looked unscalable; over and over there appeared no way to advance or retreat; for hours at a time nearly every step would seem like tempting death.

But at noon of the second day, they grasped hands upon the summit of Mt. Tyndall—discovering there was a still higher peak to the south, Mt. Whitney, which they concluded was the real "top of California."

Late that afternoon they started on their perilous return, quite ready to camp by sunset.

"During the last hour or two of our tramp Cotter had complained of his shoes, which were rapidly going to pieces. Upon examination we found to our dismay that there was not over half a day's wear left in them, a calamity which gave to our difficult homeward climb a new element of danger. The last nail had been worn from my own shoes, and the soles were scratched to the quick."

After a good sleep and a meagre breakfast, they set out again, deciding in their greater confidence to attempt the direct passage of the great King's Cañon. A pair of moccasins was improvised for Cotter, and a consequent slip gave them one of the narrowest escapes yet. They were on the verge of the great chasm, where a dislodged boulder fell sheer for many seconds before striking.

"We descended to within fifty feet of the brink, having as yet no knowledge of the cliffs below, except our general memory of their aspect from the Mt. Brewer wall.

"The rock was so steep that we descended in a sitting posture, clinging with our hands and heels.

"I heard Cotter say, 'I think I must take off these moccasins and try it barefooted, for I don't believe I can make it.' These words were instantly followed by a startled cry, and I looked round to see him slide quickly toward me, struggling and clutching at the smooth granite. As he slid by I made a grab for him with my right hand, catching him by the shirt, and, throwing myself as far in the other direction as I could, seized with my left hand a little pine tuft, which held us. I asked Cotter to edge along a little to the left, where he could get a brace with his feet and relieve me of his weight, which he cautiously did. I then threw a couple of turns with the lasso round the roots of the pine bush, and we were safe, though hardly more than twenty feet from the brink. The pressure of curiosity to get a look over that edge was so strong within me that I lengthened out sufficient lasso to reach the end, and slid slowly to the edge, where, leaning over, I looked down, getting a full view of the wall for miles. Directly beneath, a sheer cliff of three or four hundred feet stretched down to a pile of débris which rose to unequal heights along its face, reaching the very crest not more than a hundred feet south of us. From that point to the bottom of the cañon broken rocks, ridges rising through vast sweeps of débris, tufts of pine and frozen bodies of ice covered the further slope.

"I returned to Cotter, and, having loosened ourselves from the pine bush, we crept inch by inch along the granite until we supposed ourselves to be just over the top of the débris pile, where I found a firm brace for my feet, and lowered Cotter to the edge.

"He sung out, 'All right!' and climbed over on the uppermost débris, his head only remaining in sight of

me; when I lay down upon my back, making knapsack and body do friction duty, and, letting myself move, followed Cotter and reached his side."

Two hours later they were on the rocks above King's River.

"Our right bank was a continued precipice, affording, so far as we could see, no possible descent to the river's margin; and, indeed, had we gotten down, the torrent rushed with such fury that we could not possibly have crossed it. To the south of us, a little way up stream, the river flowed out from a broad oval lake, three quarters of a mile in length, which occupied the bottom of the granite basin. Unable to cross the torrent, we must either swim the lake or climb round its head. Upon our side the walls of the basin curved to the head of the lake in sharp smooth precipices, or broken slopes of débris; while on the opposite side its margin was a beautiful shore of emerald meadows, edged with a continuous grove of coniferous trees. Once upon this other side, we should have completed the severe part of our journey, crossed the gulf, and have left all danger behind us; for the long slope of granite and ice which rose upon the west side of the cañon and the Mt. Brewer wall opposed to us no trials save those of simple fatigue.

"Around the head of the lake were crags and precipices in singularly forbidding arrangement. As we turned thither we saw no possible way of overcoming them. At its head the lake lay in an angle of the vertical wall, sharp and straight like the corner of a room; it was about three hundred feet in height, and for two hundred and fifty feet of this, a pyramidal pile of blue ice rose from the lake, resting against the corner, and reached within forty feet of the top.

"Looking into the deep blue water of the lake, I concluded that in our exhausted state it was madness

to attempt to swim it. The only other alternative was to scale that slender pyramid of ice and find some way to climb the forty feet of smooth wall above it; a plan we chose perforce, and started at once to put into execution, determined that if we were unsuccessful we would fire a dead log which lay near, warm ourselves thoroughly, and attempt the swim.

"At its base the ice mass overhung the lake like a roof, under which the water had melted its way for a distance of not less than a hundred feet, a thin eave overhanging the water. To the very edge of this I cautiously went, and, looking down into the lake, saw through its beryl depths the white granite blocks strewn upon the bottom at least one hundred feet below me. It was exceedingly transparent, and under ordinary circumstances would have been a most tempting place for a dive; but at the end of our long fatigue, and with the still unknown tasks ahead, I shrank from a swim in such a chilly temperature.

"We found the ice-angle difficultly steep, but made our way successfully along its edge, clambering up the crevices melted between its body and the smooth granite to a point not far from the top, where the ice had considerably narrowed, and rocks overhanging it encroached so closely that we were obliged to leave the edge and make our way with cut steps out upon its front. Streams of water, dropping from the overhanging rock-eaves at many points, had worn circular shafts into the ice, three feet in diameter and twenty in depth. Their edges offered us our only foothold, and we climbed from one to another, equally careful of slipping upon the slope itself, or falling into the wells.

"Upon the top of the ice we found a narrow, level platform, upon which we stood together, resting our backs in the granite corner, and looked down the awful

pathway of King's Cañon, until the rest nerved us up enough to turn our eyes upward at the forty feet of smooth granite which lay between us and safety.

"Here and there were small projections from its surface, little protruding knobs of feldspar, and crevices riven into its face for a few inches.

"As we tied ourselves together, I told Cotter to hold himself in readiness to jump down into one of these in case I fell, and started to climb up the wall, succeeding quite well for about twenty feet. Two feet above my hands was a crack, which, if my arms had been long enough to reach, would probably have led me to the very top; but I judged it beyond my powers, and with great care, descended again to the side of Cotter, who believed that his superior length of arm would enable him to make the reach.

"I planted myself against the rock, and he started cautiously up the wall. Looking down the glare front of ice, it was not pleasant to consider at what velocity a slip would send me to the bottom, or at what angle, and to what probable depth, I should be projected into the ice-water.

"Indeed, the idea of such a sudden bath was so annoying that I lifted my eyes toward my companion.

"He reached my farthest point without great difficulty, and made a bold spring for the crack, reaching it without an inch to spare, and holding on wholly by his fingers. He thus worked himself slowly along the crack toward the top, at last getting his arms over the brink, and gradually drawing his body up and out of sight. It was the most splendid piece of slow gymnastics I ever witnessed.

"For a moment he said nothing; but when I asked if he was all right, cheerfully repeated, 'All right.'

"It was only a moment's work to send up the two

knapsacks and barometer, and receive again my end of the lasso. As I tied it round my breast, Cotter said to me, in an easy confident tone: 'Don't be afraid to bear your weight.'

"I made up my mind, however, to make that climb without his aid, and husbanded my strength as I climbed from crack to crack.

"I got up without difficulty to my former point, rested there a moment, hanging solely by my hands, gathered every pound of strength and atom of will for the reach, then jerked myself upward with a swing, just getting the tips of my fingers into the crack. In an instant I had grasped it with my right hand also.

"I felt the sinews of my fingers relax a little, but the picture of the slope of ice and the blue lake affected me so strongly that I redoubled my grip, and climbed slowly along the crack until I reached the angle and got one arm over the edge as Cotter had done.

"As I rested my body upon the edge and looked up at Cotter, I saw that, instead of a level top, he was sitting upon a smooth roof-like slope, where the least pull would have dragged him over the brink!

"He had no brace for his feet nor hold for his hands, but had seated himself calmly, with the rope tied around his breast, knowing that my only safety lay in being able to make the climb entirely unaided; certain that the least waver in his tone would have disheartened me, and perhaps made it impossible.

"The shock I received on seeing this affected me for a moment, but not enough to throw me off my guard, and I climbed quickly over the edge. When we had walked back out of danger we sat down on the granite for a rest.

"In all my experience of mountaineering I have

never known an act of such real, profound courage as this of Cotter's. It is one thing, in a moment of excitement, to make a gallant leap, or hold one's nerves in the iron grasp of will, but to coolly seat oneself in the door of death and silently listen for the fatal summons, and this all for a friend—for he might easily have cast loose the lasso and saved himself—requires as sublime a type of courage as I know."

The adventurous pair had passed their dangers. By evening of the following day they came in sight of the valley where their party must be.

"At last, faintly curling above the sea of green treetops, a few clouds of smoke wafted upward into the air. We saw them with a burst of strong emotion, and ran down the steep flank of the moraine at the top of our speed. Our shouts were instantly answered by the three voices of our friends, who welcomed us to their camp-fire with tremendous hugs.

"After we had outlined for them the experience of our days, and as we lay outstretched at our ease, warm in the blaze of the glorious camp-fire, Brewer said to me:

"'King, you have relieved me of a dreadful task. For the last three days I have been composing a letter to your family, but somehow I did not get beyond, 'It becomes my painful duty to inform you——'"

## CHAPTER XXI

### A SOLDIER IN THE ARCTIC

Lieutenant Greely, of the United States Army, made some memorable records on the polar expedition he led from 1881 to 1884. By the summer of 1883 he had wrested from England, for the first time in three centuries, the honor of the "Farthest North"; the party had spent two years of unequalled cold and darkness above 81° and had covered three thousand miles of sledge trips, exploring and mapping the northern end of Greenland and the interior of Grinnell Land, besides making valuable scientific collections and observations.

The carefully planned relief steamers had not arrived. It was impossible to face a third winter in the headquarters at Lady Franklin Bay. Early in August the twenty-five men started southward, in a launch and three boats. It was well for them they did not know that the succoring expedition they hoped to meet was a failure: One steamer was at the bottom of the sea; the commander of the other, convinced that "this frozen region is not to be trifled with," was turning about and steaming safely back to Upernivik, with the ample stores on which the lives of Greely's party depended.

Fifty-one days later Greely reached Cape Sabine, at the head of Smith Sound. It had been a harrowing trip. Four hundred miles by boats, and a hundred on foot, dragging sledges and one boat; in imminent

peril from ice and storms and splitting floes; frozen into the pack and drifted first east and west by gales; amid blinding snows that kept men and sleeping-bags saturated with chilling dampness; through hardships and dangers sufficient to crush most resolves again and again, they finally made good this part of their retreat, and established themselves on land just back of Leconte Island.

Here they could see from the bare crags the opposite shore, where there should be a relief party. No signal broke the blankness. It was impossible to cross either with boat or sledge, because of the ever-forming ice, thrown into chaos by ten-foot tides and gales. Food was running low. What to attempt was a puzzle.

Two men got to Cape Sabine and brought back a record left there, giving news of the loss of the *Proteus* in July. Relying upon the assurance that "everything in the power of man" would be done to reach them, Greely moved to Cape Sabine, got together all the cached stores, laboriously built a winter hut of stone, snow, sand, and gravel, and settled down to wait.

On October 26th already weakened by tremendous labors, on meals a quarter as large as hunger demanded, they entered upon the gloomy hundred-day night. The only remaining cache within five hundred miles of them on this western coast was one of one hundred and forty-four pounds of beef at Cape Isabella, forty miles to the south.

Nearly every man in the party met the terrible experiences which followed with that amazing fortitude so often displayed by Arctic explorers. One in particular made what seems like a "farthest north" of human courage.

This was Julius R. Frederick, a private soldier of the United States Army. Any army might be proud to claim him. Few of the battle exploits which are the proud traditions of famous regiments can compare with what this straightforward fellow did as a part of the "day's work."

Frederick had been from the start one of the most useful and reliable members of the expedition. He mended anything from clothing to machinery, took the place of a drunken engineer in running the launch, performed the objectionable duties of cook—anything that came up.

At the beginning of November, when a further reduction of their scanty ration emphasized the peril ahead, he was one of a party of four sent to bring in the beef from Cape Isabella. In the situation even this meagre supply might mean the difference between life and death.

They got the cache after an exhausting five days' trip, and started back. Elison, one of the party, reached the temporary camp that night with frozen hands and feet, after a struggle over the rough ice lasting fourteen hours.

"Our sleeping-bag," says Frederick, "was no more nor less than a sheet of ice. I placed one of Elison's hands between my thighs and Rice took the other, and in this way we drew the frost from his poor, frozen limbs. The poor fellow cried all night from pain. This was one of the worst nights I ever spent in the Arctic."

Cold and half-starved, they set out next day, dragging their sledge. Elison could hardly travel.

"I took the poor fellow on my arm, and had almost to carry him, for his legs became as stiff as cord-wood,

and he was unable to handle them. This is the closest I have ever been hitched in my life. If there is anything that will try the mettle of men, it is to put them in deep, soft snow and hummocky ice, with a 'rue-raddie' over their shoulders; but, nevertheless, we stood it like men, and I never heard a murmur of discontent."

Though they spent themselves from ten to nineteen hours a day, things got worse. Elison could not stand at all. He could not even gnaw the frozen meat. They were forced to halt in a piercing gale twenty-five miles from the main camp. Rice and Frederick froze their fingers trying in vain to light a fire. At length Rice set out alone for aid. The others lay shivering and helpless, torn by their companion's sufferings, their sleeping-bag frozen so hard they actually could not turn over for eighteen hours.

At midnight Greely was wakened by staggering footsteps.

"Who's there?" he asked anxiously.

"Elison is dying in Rosse Bay," finally came from the frozen lips of Rice, who had pushed along for sixteen hours to bring this dreadful news.

A relief party set out. Weakened as they all were, they made an unparalleled march through the darkness, over the rough ice, with the temperature 30° below zero. In two days they got back with the exhausted three, but the one hundred and forty-four pounds of beef had to be left behind. Poor Elison begged for death at first, but recovered his nerve and became bright and cheery despite his unbearable pain.

Through the ghastly months that followed Frederick was a tower of strength. The agonies of slow starvation made some suspect him of dividing the

rations unfairly; but tremendous as the temptation must have been to one cooking the food, he seems to have never once given way. He was promoted to be a sergeant.

In January came the first funeral. Every one realized it would not be the last. Tempers gave way and bitter quarrels were added to their other torments. After an indescribable experience the returning sun brought momentary cheer toward the end of March.

On April 5th one of the Eskimos died, clearly from prolonged lack of sufficient food.

Another man died next day. That night Frederick and Rice set out on an attempt to bring back the meat, abandoned the previous November to save Elison's life. They had urged the idea upon Greely three weeks earlier, but he thought the chances against them were so great that he would not consent.

Now they pleaded successfully the desperate state of affairs, and their own willingness to take the risk. Both insisted they should make the effort on the ration allowed to all—four ounces of bread and four of meat each day. Greely could resist no longer after the object-lesson of the Eskimo just gone. It seemed like a last, slim chance.

Their companions hauled their sledge to the crest of the island, to give them a fair start. Rice, lacking any other place, crept in beside his comrade who had just passed away, and slept a few hours. They started, while the haggard group raised a feeble cheer.

Lieutenant Greely's tragic record tells of this forlorn hope:

"Their outfit, though our best, was simple: a rough, common sledge (the one brought back by the rescuing squadron), a two-man sleeping-bag, a rifle, an axe, an

alcohol lamp, and a small cooking-pot. No tent was available; nor had there been, would their enfeebled condition have permitted them to haul it. For food, very much against their inclination, I increased the daily ration to six ounces of bread and six of pemmican, with a small allowance of tea. A cooking ration of five ounces daily of alcohol was granted, and for medicinal purposes, if needed, a small quantity of rum and spirits of ammonia and a few pills were added.

"The temperature was –8° when they started. On reaching the summit of the island, where the sledge awaited them, a heavy gale was experienced. The descent into Rosse Bay was made through much deep snow, and the weakened men frequently pitched headlong into a drift, from which they always emerged breathless and exhausted.

"At last the ice in the bay was reached; but, contrary to their hopes, the wind increased and drifting snow filled the air. Struggling on as long as they could, they were finally compelled, about 8 A. M. of the 7th, to camp.

"The high wind and blinding snow rendered the lighting of the lamp for tea impossible, and so, without drink of any kind, they stretched their sleeping-bag on the ice, and, taking a few ounces of frozen pemmican, crawled into it for rest. They were confined to the bag for twenty-two hours by a violent storm, which buried them completely with snow.

"About 6 A. M. of the 8th they got out of their bag, but were too cold to cook until they had travelled an hour. A warm meal with tea refreshed them very much, as they had been nearly thirty-six hours without drink. About seven that evening dark and blustering weather drove them to camp. Their sledge was drawn

up between a large iceberg and the face of Alfred Newton glacier.

"The morning of April 9th broke calm and clear, and an hour's travel brought them to our old camp at Eskimo Point. Being within six miles of the place where the meat had been cached, they decided to drop their sleeping-bag and a portion of their rations, expecting, with their lightened sledge, to reach the meat and return in one march.

"Frequently open pools of water around the grounded icebergs caused long détours. At times the tidal overflow wet their feet, and their foot-gear froze solid the instant they touched dry ice.

"To add to their misfortunes, about 11 A. M. a strong northwest gale sprang up, with drifting snow, which tended to chill and exhaust them. In a short time they were unable to see any considerable distance.

"Struggling on, by 3 P. M. they had reached the place where the meat had been abandoned; but notwithstanding a very careful and extended search, they were unable to find any traces of it.

"No signs of their old sledge-tracks could be seen, and from the appearance of the place they inclined to the conclusion that the ice had broken up and moved out since their last trip the preceding autumn.

"Frederick at this juncture proposed that they return to their sleeping-bag, and resume the search on the morrow. Rice favored remaining, hoping it would soon clear and the meat would be found.

"About 4 P. M. Frederick noticed indications of weakness in Rice, and reminded him of their mutual agreement to give timely warning of approaching exhaustion so as to avert disaster. Rice said that if they travelled a little slowly he would soon be rested, but

in a short time he showed such signs of exhaustion that Frederick called a halt, and gave him a quantity of spirits of ammonia in rum until some tea could be cooked. After warm food and drink, Frederick in vain urged him to start to avoid freezing. His condition had now become alarming. He was too weak to stand up, and his mind continually reverted to home, relatives, and friends, and to the pleasures of the table in which he intended to indulge on his return. At the same time he appeared to realize his critical condition, and gave detailed instructions regarding his manuscripts and personal effects.

"In the meanwhile Frederick did all possible for him. Although a driving storm of wind and snow, with a temperature of 2°, prevailed, he stripped himself of his jumper, in which to wrap poor Rice's feet. In his shirt-sleeves, sitting on the sledge, he held his dying comrade in his arms until a quarter of eight, when Rice passed away.

"Save the last half-hour, this time was enlivened, as far as it could be, by cheerful jocoseness and lively remarks, in which Rice and Frederick had always indulged. It must not be thought a mockery, for death had been looked so long in the face that he had no terror for most of the party, and killing the present by distracting the mind had become a second nature to many of us.

"Frederick's condition can be more readily imagined than described. Starved by slow degrees for months, weakened by his severe and exhausting labors, chilled nearly to numbness, he was alone on an extended ice-field with his dead comrade. His sleeping-bag was miles from him, and to reach it he must struggle against a cutting blast filled with drifting snow. Such a

march might well daunt the strong and hearty, but to that weak, starving man it must have seemed torture and destruction.

"For a moment, he said, he thought he must lie down and die; it was the easiest thing to do. But then came to him the recollection of his starving comrades, who awaited his return with eagerness and hope. If he came not, some of those behind, he well knew, would venture forth and risk their lives to learn tidings or bring succor. Thus thinking he turned away from the dead to return to us, the living.

"He reached Eskimo Point and his sleeping-bag too weak to open it until he had lain down a while and revived himself by a mixture of ammonia and rum. Recovering strength and vitality by sleep and a little food, he was unwilling to return to us until he had buried Rice, and to cover his comrade with snow and ice he walked ten or twelve miles over the floe.

"Frederick's return to us was a marvel of forethought, energy, and endurance. Dragging his sledge as far each march as his feebleness would permit, he took a little food, and, getting into his bag, drank a spoonful of ammonia and rum, which enabled him to sleep. As soon as he awoke, benumbed and stiff, he immediately got out of his bag, travelled on till he was thoroughly warmed up, then prepared tea and food, and marched on as far as possible.

"In this way he managed to bring back to us everything hauled out; and, astonishing to say, *he turned in Rice's rations, having done this work on the food allotted.*"

That last is surely the final "turn of the screw." How many men, under such circumstances, could have kept on a plane which forbade their using this longed-

for food whose owner was no more! It was a Man who did that thing.

One man after another dropped off. To darken the tragedy still more, one poor creature was found to be endangering the lives of all by persistent stealing of food. Through his horrible treachery he was stronger than any two of those remaining. It was a choice between him and the whole party, and the commander's duty was plain. After repeated warnings, on his own confession he was shot. Every effort failed to get more food.

By the morning of June 22d the seven survivors were almost at the last gasp. For forty-two hours they had tasted nothing save a few square inches of soaked seal-skin, with a little water secured through the energy and devotion of Frederick and Brainard.

About midnight Greely thought he heard a steamship whistle.

Two men staggered to the brow of the hill. One returned, reporting that nothing was to be seen.

All resigned themselves to what seemed now but a matter of hours, or even minutes.

At this crisis strange voices were heard calling to Greely. And over the hill came the rescuing party, brought by Captain Schley in the *Thetis*.

The pitiful remnant of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition was snatched back to life from the very jaws of the grave.

And few men ever earned more thoroughly the official Medal of Honor of the United States than did Julius R. Frederick.

## CHAPTER XXII

### THE MAN WHO CONQUERED THE NORTH POLE

A TALL figure stood amid a waste of snow and ice The fur hood that covered the head and most of the face, the shaggy deerskin coat, fur mittens, trousers of polar-bear fur, and sealskin boots gave him the aspect of some wild Arctic creature. But the snow-shoes and the ice lance in his hand proclaimed him master of the beasts.

The temperature was 50° below zero. A fierce east wind howled past him, making him bend sideways as he turned to catch a last glimpse of the high bluff which reared itself behind him, a dim blot in the blankness of driving snow.

It was the first of March, 1909. The six months' polar night had gradually receded into a twilight that began by 9 A. M.

Ahead, to the north, there was a long procession of nineteen sledges, twenty-three men (seventeen of them Eskimos), and a hundred and thirty dogs, the first pioneer division of which had started twenty-four hours earlier. But even the nearest sledge, only a few rods in advance of him, was invisible through the snow-filled haze. The only sound was the savage scream of the gale ever hurling frozen crystals against the resisting figure.

The man was Commander Robert E. Peary, U. S. N. For the eighth time he was attempting a task which had baffled the hardiest explorers of all nations for nearly four hundred years. After twenty-three years

of Arctic work, after repeated failure, at an age considered too great for such terrific hardships*, he was setting out on his final, supreme effort to reach the North Pole. "It was win this time or be forever defeated."

The hill was the extremity of Cape Columbia, the uppermost point of Grant Land. Over four hundred miles northward, across the frozen ocean, lay the well-guarded Pole. The dash had started.

It was one of those moments when a man's whole life seems to lie stretched out before his mind's eye, like a landscape flashed upon the sight by lightning.

Behind lay "everything that a man personally loves —family, friends, home, and all those human associations which linked me with my kind. Ahead of me lay—my dream, the goal of that irresistible impulse which had driven me for twenty-three years to measure myself, time after time, against the frigid *No* of the Great North."

For, each time that he had come eagerly home from these frozen spaces, a few months of serenity had brought on restlessness again; the lure of the North had reasserted its spell. "Civilization began to lose its zest. I began to long for the great white desolation, the battles with the ice and the gales, the long, long Arctic night, the long, long Arctic day, the handful of odd but faithful Eskimos who had been my friends for years, the silence and the vastness of the great, white, lonely North."

So here he was for a final bout with fate, knowing only too well that "in the Arctic the chances are always against the explorer," but facing the mystery

* He was 53, and with the one exception of Sir John Franklin, no man had ever attempted to prosecute Arctic work at this age.

with a confidence that would not down, though this easterly gale was unprecedented in all his experience and shrilled predictions of trouble ahead, causing the superstitious Eskimos to whisper that Tornarsuk was abroad.

This campaign had been planned with all the skill and care drawn from a quarter of a century's experience and the stern lessons of his repeated defeats.

His ship, the *Roosevelt*, lay frozen in ninety miles back, having ripped her way through the ice to Cape Sheridan the preceding September. During the months of the Great Dark ample supplies had been sledged to the jumping-off place at Cape Columbia, including an abundance of fresh meat—caribou, musk-ox, and polar bear. There were enough picked dogs to allow for a loss of more than half, and among these magnificent animals were some that weighed from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five pounds. The Eskimos were experts at their work, many of them proven in former expeditions. His six civilized assistants were men in whom he could place implicit reliance. There were sledges of improved pattern, twelve feet long, with steel runners; a new type of alcohol lamp made boiling water from snow, for the essential floods of scalding tea, in ten minutes, saving a precious hour and a half each day; there was harness of webbing, that famished dogs might not eat the usual seal-skin thongs. Details of food, fuel, equipment, packing, travelling, caches had been painstakingly worked out from hard-won knowledge. Finally, the party was a unit in enthusiastic co-operation, cheerfully obeying the leader.

No single-track railway ever had a time-table figured out with more care.

A pioneer division under Bartlett led the way. An advance supporting party was to hasten back and forth with fresh supplies as long as practicable. As the food lessened, one supporting division after another was to drop out and go back, to save provisions and keep the return trail open. Always the leader of the reduced force that pushed on was to have the freshest dogs. If successful, he was to return by the beaten trail, using the igloos already constructed. The whole complicated schedule of marchings and countermarchings over nine hundred frozen miles was worked out to a nicety. Every imaginable contingency was provided against. For those which must arise but could not be foreseen, there was a reserve margin of safety.

Going over it all for the thousandth time, the leader felt he had done what could be done in advance. Now came the test. Certain factors, like the dreaded "leads" of open water, were on the knees of the gods. These depended on blind, freaky, incalculable forces of nature, which had checkmated him before and almost brought death when victory was within his grasp. They must be encountered as they developed.

He turned and followed the sledge tracks that led northward into the gray, wind-scourged void.

Catching up with his own division, they pressed rapidly on along the trail beaten by the others.

An hour after leaving "Crane City" they dropped off the edge of the glacial fringe, finding rough going among the pressure ridges beyond. In spite of the pickaxe work done by the pioneers, the sledges suffered constant damage, for even heart of oak becomes brittle when the thermometer is sulking in the minus fifties; moreover, bumping over jagged hummocks and slathering up and down forty-foot ridges of ice-blocks with

a 500-pound load, tests any material. The new "Peary" sledges stood up much better than the old ones; yet the party had not gone far when they met two of the Eskimos returning with sledges completely smashed, and there were frequent stops for necessary repairs.

Altogether, there was not a man or dog in the party who was not rejoiced when the last glimmer of the twelve-hour twilight found them approaching the first camp left by Captain Bartlett. They had done ten miles, which under the circumstances was a good record for a first day, with the routine still new and all not yet hardened.

Peary himself had been suffering from his leg, which he had broken in Greenland eighteen years before. He was more than ready to rest. Taking one of the two igloos, he closed the door with a block of ice, removed his sealskin boots, and stretched himself out luxuriously while waiting for Matt Henson (the negro who had been his companion on all but one of his Arctic trips) to make the tea. Only one who has driven his protesting body through the bitter exposure and fatigue of an Arctic "dash" can appreciate what tea means at the end of the day's work. It is one of the few necessities—the only available stimulant, and a quick source of vital heat. (If I remember correctly, Commander Peary told me that a man required between one and two *gallons* a day, as hot as he could swallow it.)

He thought with much satisfaction of the new alcohol stove, which meant only ten minutes' wait for boiling water instead of an hour. But he had hardly settled himself on his skin rug on the floor, when he heard a voice calling outside:

"Commander, Commander, come out quick."

He leaped up, pulled on his skin boots, shoved the door block aside, and was out in a jiffy. For the tone proclaimed that something was very wrong.

It was one of the Eskimos, blue with fright. "Commander," he gasped, "the stove won't light."

This seemed impossible, for the apparatus had been a brilliant success when tested on the steamer. Peary strode over to Henson's igloo.

The little stove was on a block of ice in front of the dark figures. Matt was just striking another match, which he held close to the open reservoir that held the alcohol. The usual answering burst of flame was absent.

"I've used up a whole box of them, sir," said he, in perplexed apology, as he moved aside for the leader.

Peary tried another. The light showed Matt to have turned as near white as he could—a livid gray. Negro good-humor was not proof against this shock. Consternation was open on the faces of the natives. The match burned slowly out. Nothing happened.

"Bring another container," commanded the leader, thinking that water must have somehow gotten into the fuel.

Matt fetched a fresh tin, while the Eskimos muttered in awed voices.

Throwing out the contents of the shallow reservoir, Peary again lighted a match. He confessed afterward that his fingers trembled as he pushed it toward the liquid. The others bent forward eagerly. The little piece of wood turned gradually to black ash. The surface of the fuel remained cold and placid. The match went out.

At this the thoroughly demoralized Eskimos broke out into excited jabbering. Tornarsuk was in camp—the devil of the frozen spaces. He was bent upon

their destruction. There was but one faint chance left: they implored the Commander to start back for land on the instant, late as it was. Otherwise——

Bidding them be quiet, Peary sat down on a cake of ice. This thing was serious, indeed. If the stoves gave out, the expedition was already wrecked. But there must be some explanation. And he was the one who must solve the mystery. Above all, he must show no outward doubt, or the men's panic would become uncontrollable. His head between his hands, he concentrated his whole mind upon the problem. The others, accustomed to obey, stood watching him, uncertain, alarmed, yet looking to him from habit for a way out. Trifling as the incident might seem, success or failure hinged right here. And they hung upon one man. The leader is ever he who dominates the obstacles that his followers cannot overcome.

As he thought "*hard*," in a flash the answer came to him.

Taking a piece of tissue-paper, he dropped it in the alcohol, lighted the edge of that, and instantly the surface broke into the familiar blue flames.

The cold was so intense as to prevent the usual vaporization; that had been the whole trouble. It was laughably simple.

Not to the Eskimos, however; they merely knew that the wonderful white man had circumvented Tornarsuk. Anyhow, they were safe, as there was more thin paper.

Though this first day had left the expedition short of one Eskimo and two sledges, though there were more than fifty days of danger and toil ahead, all slept soundly that night.

Next morning the dogs were harnessed fanshape,

five to a sledge. All was ready by the first dim light. The day was cloudy. The wind howled with unabated violence. But the eighteen-foot whips cracked in the raw air as the Eskimos straightened out their teams; the cry of *Huk*, *huk*, *huk* resounded cheerfully while the dogs strained against the webbing and sash cord. They were off again on the quest.

The trail was still rough, yet the exasperating accidents and delays seemed trivial when, after three-quarters of the allotted march, a dark cloud began to loom up to the north. For this meant open water, the constant apprehension, the one obstacle that might prove fatal to the plan.

Sure enough, against the heavy fog that resembled the smoke of a prairie fire, the snow was dotted with confused groups of black spots. The other four divisions were halted by a lane of water, quarter of a mile wide, which the gale had opened since Bartlett and Borup had passed the day before.

They camped perforce; made soundings, getting a depth of ninety-six fathoms, and tried to derive some comfort from the reflection that they were past the British mark of 83° 20′ set by Markham in 1876.

Before dawn the loud crashing and grinding of the ice announced that the gap was closing. Pounding the ice floor of his igloo with a hatchet, Peary gave the signal to hasten breakfast for departure.

The sledges were hurried across the moving, heaving rafts of ice. A couple of hours of stiff, dangerous work put them on safe footing once more. Bartlett's trail was picked up far to the west, and it was found that Borup had already gone by on his first return to Cape Columbia. Many of the alcohol and petroleum tins had begun to leak from the tremendous banging

about, so a sledge was emptied without halting, and Marvin and an Eskimo started back with it to assist Borup in bringing fresh supplies.

With heads bent and eyes half closed they pushed on while the wind beat against them hour after hour. There was cause for fresh courage and high hearts, despite the evidences of leads in every direction; behind them to the south, above the still visible mountains of Grant Land, a superb blade of yellow light flamed half-way to the zenith. It was the spear of the sun piercing the polar dark; after five months of gloom, lightened only by the occasional moon and that spectral starlight which but "made darkness visible," they knew that another day or two would bring once more the unspeakable pleasure of direct sunlight.

They reached the third camp in high spirits.

March 4th was cloudy, with snow squalls. The wind shifted to the west, and the temperature rose to $-9°$, uncomfortably warm after the former frigidity. The leads increased, and every mile brought nearer an ominous blackness directly in their path. They were beneath the edge of this fog when they came to the pioneers' igloo, with a note stating that Bartlett was camped a mile further on, stopped by water.

Pushing on, they reached the spot. "There I found the familiar unwelcome sight which I had so often before me on the expedition of 1905–6—the white expanse of ice cut by a river of inky black water, throwing off dense clouds of vapor which gathered in a sullen canopy overhead, at times swinging lower with the wind and obscuring the opposite shore of this malevolent Styx."

Five days of heart-breaking suspense followed. There was nothing to do but wait and chafe and hope,

while repairing sledges and sending back to hurry Marvin and Borup. "Bartlett and I did not talk much to each other during those days. It was a time when silence seemed more expressive than any words."

The harrowing inaction got on the Eskimos' nerves. The eagerly expected yellow ball of the sun on the southern horizon brought small comfort. Even the older, tried men feigned sickness. Two were momentarily overcome by alcohol fumes in the close air of an igloo, which increased the demoralization. But for Macmillan's quiet shrewdness in keeping them amused by all sorts of games and athletic contests, they might have deserted then and there.

Meanwhile the young ice was forming, though with sickening slowness and uncertainty. "I paced the floe in front of the igloos most of the time, climbing every little while to the top of the ice-pinnacle to strain my eyes through the dim light to the south, sleeping through a few hours out of each twenty-four, with one ear open for the slightest noise, rising repeatedly to listen more intently for the sound of incoming dogs—all this punctuated, in spite of my utmost efforts at self-control, with memories of the effect of the delay at the 'Big Lead' on my prospects in the previous expedition. Altogether, I think that more of mental wear and tear was crowded into those days than into all the rest of the fifteen months we were absent from civilization."

By the night of the 10th the lead was almost closed. Marvin and Borup had still not arrived. Peary dared not wait longer. If the worst came he resolved to use the sledges piecemeal for fuel when oil and alcohol were gone.

Leaving a letter with instructions to rush forward

these vital replenishments of fuel, they crossed the lead next morning and passed seven others in a twelve-mile march. Another broken-up twelve miles was put behind them the following day. If the wind should rise a few hours of moving ice would obliterate their trail and make it well-nigh impossible for the fuel party to find them.

In this depressing uncertainty they pushed on through a temperature ranging from 53° to 59° below zero. The brandy froze solid, the oil was like white glue, the dogs moved in white clouds of their own breath.

The frozen blocks had been hacked out with the saw knives, and the igloos were ready for tired bodies, when an Eskimo gave a shout from the hummock beside the camp:

"Kling-mik-sue!" (Dogs are coming.)

Far back on the trail a bank of silver mist became visible. Before long a light sledge dashed in behind eight dogs. On it were one of Borup's Eskimos with the exhilarating news that the precious oil and alcohol were across the Big Lead and would probably catch them next day. The relief was unspeakable. When Marvin swung in, "men and dogs steaming like a squadron of battleships," he got a royal welcome. "Many times in the past had I been glad to see the true eyes of Ross Marvin, but never more glad than this time."

Doctor Goodsell, who was needed at the ship, was started back with two Eskimos and twelve dogs. Macmillan, too, who had concealed a disabling frosted heel for several days, had to be parted with.

With a dozen standard sledge-loads, a hundred dogs, and sixteen men, the expedition held on.

By the night of the 19th they were camped at 85° 23′. A third of the venturesome journey lay behind.

The time had come for Borup to drop out. Accompanied by three Eskimos and sixteen dogs, this fine young athlete, who had more than once saved sledges from disaster by his strength and dash, reluctantly took the back trail.

Four divisions were left, each reduced to three men. The advance party now marched, camped, and turned in. The main body waited twelve hours, followed till they reached the igloos ready for them—when the pioneers again set out for another stage.

This plan ensured communication every twenty-four hours, and minimized the danger of separation by a suddenly opening lead. It worked smoothly. Moreover, the first observations of the sun confirmed the calculations that they were gaining an average of eleven and one-half minutes of latitude on each march —which could probably be bettered in the future. The campaign was progressing as per schedule. They pressed forward, ferrying leads on ice-rafts cut out with pick-axes, lifting heavy sledges bodily over obstructions, mending sledges, cutting down sleep to give time for shifts and repairs—while the frost made their eyelashes solid blocks and froze mustaches to beards.

It was "a dog's life but a man's work."

Fresh impetus to speed came as they crossed Nansen's "Farthest North" of 86° 13′ 6″, their date being fifteen days ahead. Fifteen, and then twenty, miles a day put them past the Italian record, established by the Duke of the Abruzzi in 1901. Only Peary's own mark of 1906 remained.

Just short of this Marvin's turn came. The only

white man except Peary and Bartlett who had stood beyond 86° 34′, he faced south on the clear, crisp morning of the 26th, loaded with orders and letters, his mind full of the plans for soundings and explorations north of Cape Jesup.

"Be careful of the leads, my boy," called Peary, though he had really little anxiety after their weeks of toughening experience.

Neither dreamed it was the last time they should see each other on earth.

Bartlett, in the lead, was bending all his energies to the job of reaching 88° before the hour when he must turn back. But sharp, broken ice that cut right through sealskin *kamiks* and hareskin stockings, deep snow over rubble ice, and detours due to leads cut down the rate of advance.

The end of March 28th found the whole expedition camped together, facing a wide lead, six miles further north than man had been before. Strangely enough, fox tracks had been seen in the snow, in this remote sea of ice, two hundred and forty miles from land.

"I was just dropping off to sleep when I heard the ice creaking and groaning close by the igloo, but as the commotion was not excessive, nor of long duration, I attributed it to the pressure from the closing of the lead just ahead; and after satisfying myself that my mittens were where I could get them instantly in an emergency, I rolled over on my bed of deerskins and settled myself to sleep. I was just drowsing again when I heard some one yelling excitedly outside.

"Leaping to my feet and looking through the peephole of our igloo, I was startled to see a broad lead of black water between our two igloos and Bartlett's, the nearer edge being close to our entrance; and on

the opposite side of this lead stood one of Bartlett's men, yelling and gesticulating with all the abandon of an excited and thoroughly frightened Eskimo.

"Awakening my men, I kicked our snow door into fragments and was outside in a moment. The break in the ice had occurred within a foot of the fastening of one of my dog teams, the team escaping by those few inches from being dragged into the water. Another team had just escaped being buried under a pressure ridge, the movement of the ice having providentially stopped after burying the bight which held their traces to the ice. Bartlett's igloo was moving east on the ice-raft which had broken off, and beyond it, as far as the belching fog from the lead would let us see, there was nothing but black water. It looked as if the ice raft which carried Bartlett's division would impinge against our side a little farther on, so I shouted to his men to break camp and hitch up their dogs in a hurry, in readiness to rush across to us should the opportunity present itself.

"Then I turned to consider our own position. Our two igloos, Henson's and mine, were on a small piece of old floe, separated by a crack and a low-pressure ridge, a few yards away, from a large floe lying to the west of us. It was clear that it would take very little strain or pressure to detach us and set us afloat also, like Bartlett's division.

"I routed Henson and his men out of their igloo, gave orders to everybody to pack and hitch up immediately, and while this was being done levelled a path across the crack to the big floe at the west of us. This was done with a pickaxe, levelling the ice down into the crack, so as to make a continuous surface over which the sledges could pass. As soon as the loads

were across and we were safe on the floe, we all went back to the edge of the lead and stood ready to assist Bartlett's men in rushing their sledges across the moment their ice raft should touch our side.

"Slowly the raft drifted nearer and nearer, until the side of it crunched against the floe. The two edges being fairly even, the raft lay alongside as a boat lies against a wharf, and we had no trouble in getting Bartlett's men and sledges across and onto the floe with us.

"Though there is always a possibility that a lead may open directly across a floe as large as this one, we could not waste our sleeping hours in sitting up to watch for it. Our former igloos being lost to us, there was nothing to do but to build another set and turn in immediately. It goes without saying that this extra work was not particularly agreeable. That night we slept with our mittens on, ready at a moment's notice for anything that might happen. Had a new lead formed directly across the sleeping platform of our igloo, precipitating us into the icy water, we should not have been surprised after the first shock of the cold bath, but should have clambered out, scraping the water off our fur garments, and made ready for the next move on the part of our treacherous antagonist —the ice."

It was a depressing introduction to the unknown latitudes. Nor was it cheerful next day to gaze upon the smoking water confronting them which for any evidence of their eyes might be the mythical open polar sea. Soundings showed one thousand two hundred and sixty fathoms and no bottom.

The ice closed next day with roars and groans, crackings and explosions. They sped across with the young

ice buckling under them for six or seven miles. In two forced marches they put another forty miles to their credit.

Still a few miles south of his 88°, Bartlett, the staunch Newfoundland captain, was forced by the programme to face about and leave.

There remained Peary and Henson, with two Eskimos apiece, five sledges, forty dogs—the pick of the lot and hard as iron—and food for forty days. Still one hundred and thirty-three nautical miles lay between them and the Pole.

The leader planned five marches of twenty-five miles each, the last to end by noon of the fifth day for the sake of observations. If necessary the final spurt could be made by one or two men with light sledge and double team. He had kept men who had been proved time and again. Oohqueah, a boy of twenty, was on his first trip; but he was aflame with eagerness, for he was thinking of the treasures promised each man who went to the end—whale-boat, rifle, shotgun, knives and so on—which were to win his wife for him, the pretty daughter of old Ilkwa of Cape York. None of these would fail. It was now supremely "up to" Peary himself: if he played out, "they would stop like a car with a punctured tire."

They started on this final dash.

"As I climbed the pressure ridge back of our igloo I took up another hole in my belt, the third since I left the land—thirty-two days before. Every man and dog was as lean and flat-bellied as a board, and as hard."

It was the 2d of April, clear and sunlit. They were in the region of perpetual daylight, where the sun never set, and camping time was indicated by watch

or fatigue only. The patches of sapphire blue ice showed the pools of the preceding summer. Elated by their success thus far, excited over the prospect, they thought little of fifty-foot pressure ridges, of involuntary plunges into overflow water, of passages where men and urged dogs leaped from one floating ice-cake to another, each balancing his clumsy craft that it might not tilt the sledge overboard.

They saw the pallid moon circle round the heavens facing the sun, "a disk of silver opposite a disk of gold," and knew that this friend of the long night months was now an enemy whose waxing force would rouse the sleeping tides to dreaded breaking-up of ice-fields.

Travelling for ten hours straight, and taking up another hole in his belt, Peary held on.

They took hair-raising chances crossing new ice; for "a man who should wait for the ice to be really safe would stand small chance of getting far in these latitudes." Their faces cracked open before the wind; for the first time the Eskimos complained of the cold on their noses; the air was "keen and bitter as frozen steel"; they knew that even if successful they might well find an end in this Polar void and the world be none the wiser for their exploit.

But drawn irresistibly by their nearing goal, they pressed forward so swiftly that they averaged twenty-six miles on those last five marches.

At ten o'clock on April 6th observations showed their camp to be at 89° 57′.

"Yet with the Pole actually in sight, I was too weary to take the last few steps. The accumulated weariness of all those days and nights of forced marches and insufficient sleep, constant peril and anxiety,

seemed to roll across me all at once. I was actually too exhausted to realize at the moment that my life's purpose had been achieved."

They ate and slept. A few hours later Peary went forward ten miles. At "midnight" he took fresh observations.

He found that in these few hours he had passed from the western to the eastern hemisphere! Travelling straight ahead, north had turned to south! The Pole lay behind.

A careful series of thirteen observations determined the location of the long-sought 90°, as accurately as might be (probably within from one to five miles)—and he crossed and recrossed a ten-mile area to make his achievement secure.

He stood here at last, a fitting symbol of man's undaunted conquest of the most jealously guarded secrets of nature.

On this spot there was no more north or east or west. The world lay south. All winds, however bitter, were south winds. One day and one night here made up a year—a hundred such a century. Never did humanity approach so close to that ineffable figure of the Psalmist: "A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday, seeing that is past as a watch in the night."

Here beneath Polaris in the zenith they heaped a pile of snow-blocks, and planted the Stars and Stripes—a silk flag carried by the explorer for fifteen years—along with the colors of his college fraternity, the ensign of Liberty and Peace, and the flags of the Navy League and Red Cross.

Here he wrote a post-card to his wife, which finally reached her at Sydney, Nova Scotia.

Here he deposited in a bottle a record of his deed and the following notice:

"90° N. Lat., North Pole, April 6, 1909.

"I have to-day hoisted the national ensign of the United States of America at this place, which my observations indicate to be the North Polar axis of the earth, and have formally taken possession of the entire region, and adjacent, for and in the name of the President of the United States of America.

"I leave this record and the United States flag in possession.

"Robert E. Peary, *United States Navy.*"

The deed was done, after four hundred years.

Done by an American officer, in a ship of American timber from an American shipyard, with even supplies of American manufacture. Captain and crew were Newfoundlanders, and they as well as the Eskimo might well stand as first cousins, at least.

The man who had done it had for years ceased to think of himself save as an instrument for this special purpose. Defeated time and again, he had wrested the earth's greatest mystery from its icy grip. The last of the great adventure stories was told.

That thirty hours at the Pole was well worth the quarter-century of hardships to Robert E. Peary. No wonder that his mental exaltation made rest impossible after the first desperate fatigue had been drowned in a few hours' sleep.

For his dream had become a reality.

The long four-hundred-mile trip back still lay between the adventurers and safety. They tarried at

the nearest spot where they could chop through the ice to take soundings—getting one thousand five hundred fathoms without reaching bottom.

Then they set out to retrace their dangerous route. It seemed as if the defeated polar powers of darkness had given up the fight; for while the journey up had taken thirty-seven days, it was only sixteen after leaving 90° North when they were hoisting the sledges over the almost vertical edge of the glacial fringe, with Cape Columbia only an hour away.

The Eskimos went wild, yelling and calling and dancing about till they fell in the snow from sheer exhaustion.

As sturdy Ootah, oldest of the four, sank down on his sledge, he voiced their relief:

"The ice devil is asleep or having trouble with his wife, or we should never have come back so easily."

They reached the *Roosevelt*, to hear the sad news that Professor Marvin had been lost in a treacherous lead on his return trip. Sailing as soon as conditions permitted, they hacked their way through the ice, and on September 5th reached Indian Harbor, from which brief cablegrams announcing success electrified the world.

Honors and medals poured in upon the gallant explorer from every civilized nation.

But I fancy no experience of his life could ever equal those first moments when he stood at the "top of the world," and could look nowhere but south.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### SCOUTING AGAINST AN INVISIBLE ENEMY

Five men sat in a tent in an open field beneath the tropical Cuban sun. A couple of stunted trees outside were the only break in the exposed stretch of land, dotted with tufts of grass. Each member of the group was dressed in the uniform of the Medical Corps of the United States Army, one wearing the gold leaves of a major.

Their faces were very serious, for they were planning the details of an enterprise more hazardous and more daunting to the imagination than a night wire-cutting expedition into shell-swept No Man's Land.

During the closing weeks of the nineteenth century these army surgeons had been campaigning against one of humanity's most dreaded enemies—the minute organism producing the scourge of yellow fever. For three centuries this disease had ravaged the central portions of America; there had been an outbreak in our Southern States every year, except two, from 1800 to 1879; in 1793 it had wiped out a tenth of the population of Philadelphia; in 1853 it killed over eight thousand men, women, and children in New Orleans; in Memphis, during the 1878 epidemic, there were 17,600 cases and 5,150 deaths—a fearsome proportion of the city's residents; in less than a hundred years its virulent attacks had slain over one hundred thousand Americans and caused the loss of hundreds of millions of dollars.

In fact, one of the leading State health officials of

the South vehemently opposed the annexation of Cuba in 1898, declaring from his intimate knowledge of the elaborate and expensive quarantine work (then considered the only protection) that "a single wide-spread epidemic of yellow fever would cost the United States more in money, to say nothing of the grief and misery which it would entail, than the purchase of Cuba."

As if in confirmation of his fears, and as a final audacious challenge, the invisible foe attacked our little army of occupation in Havana, and, despite the utmost precautions, it gripped one thousand five hundred and seventy-five in a year and a half, with fatal results in two hundred and thirty-one cases.

It was high time to declare war upon this bold aggressor. Four army surgeons—Walter Reed, James Carroll, Jesse W. Lazear, and Aristides Agramonte—were sent to the scene of the outbreak to take what measures were possible in this new and baffling warfare.

Of course, the first step was to find out what they were to fight! For years the scientists had been vainly seeking to discover the minute organism producing yellow fever. Very recently an Italian scientist had announced his success in this, in the form of what he called *bacillus icteroides;* but Reed and Carroll, after careful and hopeful investigation, had shown that this organism was really a variety of the hog-cholera bacillus and was certainly not the specific cause of yellow fever.

So, upon their arrival in hostile territory in the summer of 1900, they had earnestly set to work in what was a veritable reconnaissance, patiently examining through microscopes the bacterial flora and cultures obtained from yellow-fever patients, and

exhausting the resources of science in the effort to identify the elusive enemy.

At the same time, they were studying its method of attack. Nearly twenty years before, an English doctor, Sir Patrick Manson, had begun to place on a scientific basis the part played by insects in transmitting disease; and Major Ronald Ross, of the British Army, after years of labor in the fever-ridden districts of India, had made a brilliant demonstration of Manson's theory in proving conclusively that malaria was carried solely by one species of mosquito of the genus *anopheles*.

As far back as 1848 Doctor J. C. Nott, of Mobile, had suggested that the hotly debated matter of the disease's spread (by contagion, by "fomites," and so on) was best explained on the theory that mosquitoes were responsible; and Doctor Carlos J. Finlay had in 1881 developed this idea into a plausible hypothesis which seemed to fit all the observed facts.

In the light of the malaria discovery and these conjectures Doctor Reed had been greatly impressed, too, by a case at Pinar del Rio, soon after his arrival in Cuba: one soldier alone, out of nine in a cell, contracted the disease, though he had been exposed to no conceivable infection different from the other eight—except that possible chance of some casual insect bite.

This mere supposition had led him to a systematic attempt to test the accuracy of Finlay's hypothesis, and there had been speedy and tragic evidence in confirmation. Only one sort of proof could be final: men protected in every other way must be bitten by mosquitoes and contract yellow fever.

"The line of work being finally determined, there at once arose the tremendous responsibility involved

in the use of human beings for experimental purposes. After careful consideration the Commission reached the conclusion that the results, if positive, would be of sufficient service to humanity to justify the procedure, provided, of course, that each individual subjected to experiment was fully informed of the risks he ran, and gave his free consent.

*"The members of the Commission, however, agreed that it was their duty to run the risk involved themselves, before submitting any one else to it."*

In accordance with this quietly heroic resolve, Doctor Lazear had applied a number of infected mosquitoes obtained from Doctor Finlay to himself and several others—without result. On a second attempt, Doctor Carroll was bitten by a mosquito which had been caused to feed on four cases; a few days later he was taken sick; the symptoms became pronounced; he was removed to the yellow-fever isolation camp; for several days his life was despaired of.

As soon as Carroll was taken sick, Doctor Lazear had used the same mosquitoes on another case, and obtained confirmatory results, thus giving two positive and nine negative cases in these preliminary experiments. On the day when Doctor Carroll was convalescent and was permitted to leave his bed, Lazear was working in the Las Animas Hospital, when a mosquito happened to light on his right hand. It seemed to him one of the "ordinary brown variety," and not the suspected *stegomyia fasciatus*, but the identity of the criminal was still so uncertain that he accepted the chance experiment and allowed the insect to drink its fill. In five days he was stricken. In another five he was delirious and the characteristic "black vomit" had appeared. On September 18th he died.

So there was no tendency, on this December day, among those five men in Camp Lazear to underrate the risks that confronted them. It was grim death in one of its most horrible forms that faced the scientific scouts who were thus "drawing the enemy's fire" to locate his whereabouts.

Reed had established this experimental station in an uncultivated field a mile from the town of Quemados, with most careful provision for complete control over the men subjected to insect inoculation, so that every possible source of infection except this could be excluded. The partial evidence already gathered was to be confirmed beyond question. One of the five doctors in the rigorously guarded camp had had the disease and was immune; so was the steward, one of the nine privates, and one ambulance driver. The rest were all subject to infection, and each had passed in this isolation the full period of incubation of the disease. There was a well-ventilated "infected mosquito building," an "infected clothing building" constructed so as to preclude good ventilation. The three tests were to consist of: bites by mosquitoes; injections of blood from patients; exposure to contact with the "fomites" which had been accepted as carrying the scourge in clothing, bedding, and the like.

The conferring doctors went over every detail of the arrangements and the tests which could be considered conclusive, striving to foresee and eliminate every chance for doubt. It was finally agreed that the members of the little force in Camp Lazear should be given an opportunity to volunteer for this dangerous service, with a money reward to compensate them.

Hardly had the knowledge spread of what was needed, when two private soldiers came to Doctor

Reed. Both were young Ohio men, John R. Kissinger and John J. Moran. Kissinger announced that they were ready to offer themselves as subjects for the experiment, "solely in the interest of humanity and the cause of science."

Reed explained to them in detail the danger involved. Doctor Lazear's death was a sufficiently vivid illustration of the chance of a fatal result; and even if they escaped this, success meant the certainty of extreme suffering.

Kissinger listened to it all quietly, and then replied that he and his companion had considered everything, after seeing actual examples of what they must expect to go through, and had made up their minds to do the thing.

Much affected by their spirit, Major Reed informed them that it had been decided to offer a certain amount of money to each volunteer, with a larger sum in case he contracted the disease.

At once both of the young men declined to accept this. They made only one stipulation, they declared: that they should be paid nothing for the service they were offering.

These were not trained scientists, remember, with that avid desire for knowledge which drives a man so powerfully that he often loses all thought of consequences through his flaming absorption in an idea he is following. They were enlisted soldiers, drawing fifteen dollars a month, and the sum offered to those who developed yellow fever was more than a year's wages. Moreover, in times of peace there is hardly any reason for a man to join the army except the money he gets,—the actual making a living, with a little over for his pleasures. And the quality of these two men stands

out in all the brighter relief when one reads that though there were always plenty of volunteers at Camp Lazear, a little later the investigators were considerably hampered by soldiers and others who would offer themselves, swearing that they had never had yellow fever, for the sake of the seventy-five dollars paid anyhow—whereas they knew themselves to be immune by reason of a former attack.

Doctor Reed recognized and accepted these two obscure privates as equals in spirit of himself and his devoted colleagues. He involuntarily touched his cap.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I salute you."

And in his published report of his work in Cuba he declares: "In my opinion, this exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the army of the United States."

On December 5th Kissinger allowed himself to be bitten by five mosquitoes which had been in contact with yellow fever patients from two weeks to three weeks before. He had then been under the strictest kind of quarantine for two weeks, so that there was no possibility of infection reaching him from any other source.

At midnight of the third day he was taken with a chill. In a few hours his temperature rose to 102.5°, severe headache and backache came on, and all the symptoms of the disease appeared.

Doctor Reed sent for the three members of the Havana Board of Experts. Without knowing how the attack had been produced, they pronounced it a well-marked case of yellow fever; and this was confirmed by other experienced physicians, including William C. Gorgas, then chief sanitary officer of Havana, who afterwards applied with such wonderful results the knowledge thus won.

To the joy of all, Kissinger's case proved to be a light one; it was kept under control, and he was soon on the road to recovery. Meanwhile, four other indisputable attacks of the disease were brought on in a similar fashion, putting the matter beyond question even by the most sceptical.

Whatever the minute and elusive organism might be which caused "*el vomito negro*"—it was transmitted to man by the *stegomyia* mosquito.

It was laughable to see the transformation of the Cubans' attitude toward these insects, amongst which they had lived so unconcernedly. They had poked fun at the notions of the American doctors, declaring that the mosquitoes were as harmless as "the little flies that buzzed about the tables." Now, seeing four cases of "*el vomito negro*" produced in a week among a group of twelve men, the truth came home to them so forcefully that they one and all ran away from Camp Lazear and its winged death.

On the other hand, the three American volunteers who were subjecting themselves to the "fomites" test were quite differently affected. Fomites are simply "any substances that absorb and transmit contagion" —in other words, in this case a verbal cloak for ignorance. It was almost as important to demonstrate that yellow fever was *not* carried in this accepted way —to guard against which the whole intricate and troublesome system of quarantine and disinfection had been constructed—as to show that it was conveyed by stegomyia. These three soldiers were therefore to be exposed to the extreme limits of contact with such clothing and bedding as that against which the health authorities in every port directed their utmost vigilance.

In a room 14 x 20 feet, with two tiny windows, even

these having heavy shutters over the glass, everything being carefully screened against mosquitoes, these men (Doctor Robert P. Cooke and Privates Folk and Jernigan) had been wearing the clothes and sleeping in the bedding of yellow-fever patients from the Las Animas Hospital.

For two weeks they had gone through the disgusting routine of unpacking these filthy articles in the gloomy close apartment, shaking them, making their beds with them, hanging them about, repacking them —in short, of doing all the things which popular belief and medical science up to then considered certain to cause infection with the dreaded disease.

They had done it all with the grim faces of men taking a desperate chance in a cause they were ready to die for. But when they learned of the four successive cases of mosquito infection, they "suddenly took on the glad expression of schoolboys let out for a holiday, and from this time their contempt for 'fomites' could not find sufficient expression."

A week longer they stuck to their loathsome job— twenty days in all, of the most exaggerated exposure to such infection. All remained in perfect health. The "fomites" myth was exploded forever. It was absolutely certain thenceforth that the stegomyia mosquito was the only source of danger.

At 11.50 P. M. of December 31, 1900, Doctor Reed was able to write to his wife:

"Columbia Barracks, Quemadas, Cuba.

"Only ten minutes of the old century remain. Here have I been sitting reading that most wonderful book, 'La Roche on Yellow Fever,' written in 1853. Forty-seven years later it has been permitted to me and my

assistants to lift the impenetrable veil that has surrounded the causation of this most wonderful, dreadful pest of humanity and to put it on a rational and scientific basis. I thank God that this has been accomplished during the latter days of the old century. May its cure be wrought out in the early days of the new! The prayer that has been mine for twenty years, that I might be permitted in some way or at some time to do something to alleviate human suffering, has been granted! A thousand Happy New Years. . . . Hark, there go the twenty-four buglers in concert, all sounding 'Taps' for the old year."

Reed was not to live to see the discovery of the minute organism for which he had searched so laboriously. (He died of appendicitis in November, 1902.) But he had the satisfaction of seeing the world apprised of the value of his work in immediate and dramatic fashion.

General Leonard Wood was then military governor of Havana. He had aided the Commission in the most sympathetic way, and he saw at once the possibilities of the discovery.

"By his direction the theory was subjected to a practical test in the city of Havana, in which city yellow fever had not failed to make its yearly appearance during the past one hundred and forty years.

"Under the efficient management of the chief officer, Surgeon-Major William Gorgas, U. S. A., the sanitary regulations were so far modified as to require that every patient having yellow fever should not only be quarantined, but that his room should be promptly protected with wire screens, so as to prevent the possibility of mosquitoes becoming infected by sucking the

blood of the patient. As a second important measure, a systematic destruction of all mosquitoes in other rooms of the patient's house, as well as in adjoining houses, was at once begun, the fumes of pyrethrum being relied upon to stupefy the insects, after which they were carefully swept up and burned. In other words, Surgeon-Major Gorgas, relying upon the well-known slow progress of yellow fever, sought to destroy all mosquitoes, infected or non-infected, within a given radius of each case, while at the same time he effectually excluded all mosquitoes from access to the sick. If a secondary case occurred, the same hygienic measures were vigorously enforced along the lines indicated."

The result was startling. In ninety days Havana was free from yellow fever. Not a case occurred in 1902. After a century and a half of the scourge, during the last third of which alone nearly thirty-six thousand people had died of this disease, it was at one stroke placed under control.

One can appreciate better what this means after reading the records of the terrible epidemic in Philadelphia in 1793, especially the gruesome description in Charles Brockden Brown's novel, "Arthur Mervyn." After realizing that thirty years previous even Nantucket had been decimated by a similar visitation, and that towns as far north as Portsmouth, New Hampshire, had known the ghastly panic that followed these outbreaks; and many people now living recall those black months in Memphis in 1878 when all civilization and human nature itself seemed to go to pieces before the appalling ravages of this scourge.

Yet to-day yellow fever is removed from the list of possible wide-spread epidemics, provided use is made of

the knowledge which this little group of men risked their lives to gain. And, thanks to them, the way is clear, through international effort or the financing of some great private fund, actually to eliminate the disease from the whole earth. To do so would be a fitting monument to these fine spirits.

# PART IV

## IN SPITE OF FEAR

*"There's no sense of analyzing bravery," declared one downright man impatiently, "because when you do, you find that the very bravest person is a 'pill'—some nervous woman, afraid of all sorts of real and imaginary things, who forces herself to do something which in proportion to her fears is prodigious."*

*Exaggerated as the statement may be, there's a fact here which is often ignored. The measure of the amount of bravery involved in any act seems to be the obstacles it overcomes—just as one measures a force by the work it does. These obstacles, difficulties, or dangers which one sees ahead are generally actualities exaggerated by the imagination. Often the greater part of the difficulty is in one's mind, and at times there is no real danger at all —facts have been distorted by fancy so as to create an obstacle which vanishes upon approach.*

*That is part of the answer: the nervously apprehensive person who faces these fancied dangers soon begins to ignore them. He or she acquires a habit of looking upon each new matter with the sane, normal common-sense judgment of the mass of healthy-minded folk, who put down the known facts and calmly consider the chances under given conditions. Fear breeds new fears. Courage gives birth to a habit of fortitude. When one has conquered one's own mind, there is a surprisingly small number of external matters that can cause alarm.*

*Of course, too, there is a quality measure of bravery.*

*The impulse of saving one's own life is certainly far lower than that of devoting one's existence to the well-being and happiness of others. So it is fair to say that courage grades up in proportion to the real obstacles overcome and the motives that make one face them.*

*Since it is the unknown that is filled with terrors of the fancy, it seems as if it were chiefly among women that one finds in its perfection the bravery that drives one on in spite of fear. (Though the sheltered, home-enclosed woman is hardly the rule any longer nowadays!) To be sure, they have no monopoly of it. Most soldiers find their nerves on edge, their hearts beating faster, while waiting for the word to "go over the top." Some one tells of a famous general who looked down at his shaking legs and remarked: "If you knew where I'm going to take you in a moment you'd shake right off, confound you!"*

*General Custer was the personification of the dashing cavalry leader. One of his aides was by his side in a battle of the Civil War when the general remarked: "Those fellows over there need bracing up; they're giving way." It was a bad outlook; the aide had a vacant feeling in the pit of his stomach as he contemplated the prospect. He looked at Custer—the latter was white as a sheet—and he consoled himself by thinking he had a right to be afraid if Custer himself was nervous. Just then a rifle bullet cut off a lock of the general's long hair; he put up his hand, jerked away the hair, and threw it from him. "Come on, boys! Let's give them hell!" And he charged into the midst of the destruction.*

*And practically every non-professional soldier who has testified about the Great War declares that he and all his comrades were "scared stiff" just before they went over the top. They went, though. And then it was another story.*

*There have been in all ages women warriors who felt this same battle-thrill overcoming all tremors, from the Amazons of myth down to the Moro women in the Philippines, and the Russian "Death Battalions" who shamed their men at Soveja in the Great War. Semiramis, Zenobia, Thalestris, Boadicea, Libussa of Bohemia, Joan of Arc, Alfhild of the North, Manette Dupont, Jeanne Hochette, Mary Ambree, and many another woman of history led soldiers to bloody victory.*

*But the half-dozen tales which follow show women, for the most part, facing dangers in which there was not this sustaining sense of attack that drives out all other ideas. It was the love of some one belonging to them which inspired Cratesiclea, Madame de Godin, the Marquise de Lafayette, and the half-breed mother of the Northwest, Mrs. Dorion. And it would be a mighty library which gathered together all the acts of heroism performed by women under the influence of that emotion!*

## CHAPTER XXIV

### A SPARTAN MOTHER AND HER BROOD

Two hundred and thirty-six years before the Star shone over Bethlehem in Judæa, a young king, Cleomenes the Third, took his place on the dual throne of Sparta.

Mighty Babylon had just fallen to the armies of Ptolemy the Benefactor, who wore the diadem of Egypt that had been allotted his grandfather as his share in the division of the world between Alexander's generals after the conqueror's death.

The Jews were beginning that vast exodus which was to make them a nation scattered among all nations. High in favor with the Egyptian ruler, their scribes and scholars at Alexandria had just finished translating the Old Testament into Greek and were developing that Hebrew-Greek literature which was to make this city a world centre of learning.

The barbarian Gauls had pierced Greece at that Thermopylæ where Leonidas checked the Persian millions, had penetrated to the heart of Hellas, despoiled sacred Delphi of its treasures, hurled off one band of ten thousand into Asia Minor to wrest for themselves a permanent home in Galatia and exact tribute for quarter of a century from all the surrounding countries.

Rome was drawing a few years' breath after the first Carthaginian War, but preparing for the second

and the renewal of that inexorable march in all directions which was to place her a century later as mistress of the earth.

Greece herself had gone half-way into those two twilight centuries between her far-flung supremacy under the great Macedonian and her dismal subjection, centuries lighted mainly by such fitful gleams of ancient vigor and liberty as produced the Ætolian and Achæan Leagues. Her art was descending from the supreme heights of the Hermes, the Discobolus hurler, the Winged Victory, to tortured monstrosities like the Laocoön, or placid inanities like the reclining figure of Father Nile. There were no successors to Homer, Æschylus, and Sophocles, any more than to Socrates the wise. And while the Greeks of Greece had not yet acquired that reputation for over-astuteness that has been well-earned by those of Asia and Egypt, their character and institutions, as well as their art and literature, were in process of decay.

Nowhere was the contrast with the golden age more marked than in Sparta. Seven hundred years earlier that mighty leader, Lycurgus, had shaped his Lacedæmonian fellows into a people of simplicity, of hardihood, of disciplined union for a common aim, such as history has not recorded before or since. But for three centuries the old ideals had been lost. The Judges, or Ephors, were tyrants. Forgotten were the days when riches and luxury were a disgrace, when each man held just that amount of land from which he could raise his family's support; while they kept the letter of the law that all must support equally and meet in groups at common tables—fining even King Agis because on his return from war he wished to sup at home with his wife,—covetousness of gold and

gluttony in eating were corroding their ancient strength like a cancer.

The overbearing Ephors, spurred on by Cleomenes' fellow-ruler, Leonidas, who held by the party of rich oligarchs, had even slain their most virtuous king in three centuries, that fine Agis who strove to stem this engulfing tide of softness and corrupting inequality, and who dreamed of restoring the ancient honor and true dignity of Sparta.

Cleomenes was son to Leonidas in body but not in spirit. He seems to have drawn his masculine qualities from that earlier Lion of Thermopylæ. Besides, his mother was of the true fibre of Lacedæmon. Listen for a few moments to the tale of this forgotten Spartan matron.

Cratesiclea was her name. Doubtless as a girl she had hardened her body with exercises of running, wrestling, throwing the bar, and casting the dart—for with all their lapses from simplicity the Lacedæmonians still held to Lycurgus's rigid training of their youths and maidens. Doubtless her young, kingly husband had forcibly carried her off by night, after the strict custom.

She had experienced all that vigorous upbringing which justified the proud boast of the Spartan Queen when a woman of another land said scornfully: "There be no women in the world that command their men but you wives of Lacedæmon."

Whereto Queen Gorgo replied straitly: "So be there no women but we which bring forth men."

Like every mother of the land she had resigned her new-born son to the state. Carried by his father to Lesché, the infant had been inspected by the elders of his kindred to determine whether he were suffi-

ciently fair and strong and well-proportioned of limb to rear as one of Sparta's sons—or if he should be cast into the pit of Apothetas as unworthy of life.

She had known the mother-pang of watching a public nurse care for her babe, public masters apply to his tender boyhood the harsh rigors of the national system, testing his fortitude by scourging before the altar of Diana.

She had witnessed the staunch spirit of her daughter, Chelonis, who stoutly interceded for her husband with her incensed father King Leonidas, and in the face of his commands and entreaties accompanied this husband into the exile inflicted upon him.

Leonidas had been a potent influence in deforming the ancient Laconian life. Brought up in princes' houses, and spending his impressionable years at the dazzling Babylonian court of Seleucus, he had brought back the pride, luxury, and Oriental despotism of this Macedonian-Asian emperor to his own land, "where law and reason ruleth."

This extravagant eastern pomp and autocratic rule were utterly alien to Cratesiclea. She was a true countrywoman of Agesistrata, mother of her husband's fellow-king, Agis. Amphares, the Ephor, had cast Agis into prison.

"Amphares then going out of the prison into the street found Agesistrata there, King Agis's mother, who straight fell down at his feet; but he taking her up again, in old familiar manner, as being her very friend, told her that they should do King Agis no hurt, and that she might if she would go and see him. Then she prayed that they would also let her mother (Archidamia) in with her. Amphares said, 'With a good will,' and so put them both into the prison-

house, and made the doors be shut after them. But when they were within he first gave Archidamia unto the sergeants to be put to death, who was a marvellous old woman, and had lived more honorably unto that age than any lady or matron beside her in the city. She being executed, he commanded Agesistrata, also, to come in. Who when she saw the body of her dead son laid on the ground, and her mother also hanging on the gallows, she did herself help the hangman to pluck her down, and laid her body by her son's. Then having covered her in decent manner, she laid her down on the ground by the corpse of her son, Agis, and kissing his cheek said: 'But alas, my son, thy great modesty, goodness, and clemency brought thee and us unto this death.' Then Amphares, peeping in at the door to see what was done, hearing what she said, came in withal in a great rage, and said: 'I perceive that thou hast also been of council with thy son, and sithence it is so, thou shalt also follow him.' Then she rising also to be strangled said: 'The gods grant yet that this may profit Sparta.'"

It was with this example of her friend and fellow-princess, whose tragedy presently brought her own son to the throne, that Cratesiclea saw her haughty husband die and her Cleomenes assume in his single youthful person the double throne of Lacedæmon, and wed the widow of the slain monarch Agis.

Who, "finding that the citizens of Sparta at that time were very dissolute, that the rich men followed their pleasure and profit, taking no care for the commonwealth, that the poor men, also, for very want and need, went with no good life and courage to the wars, neither cared for the bringing up of their children, and that he himself had but the name of a king,

and the Ephori the absolute authority to do what they listed, at his first coming to the kingdom he determined to alter the whole state and government of the commonwealth."

One may be sure that his patriotic mother counselled the young socialist monarch wisely in his audacious plan of turning back his people to their pristine glory of simplicity and hardihood. Surely she followed with absorbed affection his bold abolition of the Ephors, his cancellation of debts, his redistribution of land after the laws of Lycurgus, his dashing wars through which he sought to restore the nation's vigor.

The kind of woman she proved herself to be must have thrilled to see her countrymen returning, behind the banner of the son of her loins, to that vaunted state of mind when they feared nothing in the world save to incur shame; when it could be said that "the Lacedæmonians never inquired what number their enemies were, but where they were"; to watch this child she had held at the breast, like some reincarnation of his fabled ancestor, Hercules, purging the Augean stables of their centuries'-long accumulations of "pleasures, pastimes, money, debts, usuries, poverty, and riches," by turning through it the cleansing river of his fresh and ardent enthusiasm for old ideals.

Nor did she watch and counsel and encourage merely; early in his campaign Cleomenes "so fed the Ephors with money that he brought them to be contented he should make war. He had also won many other citizens by the means of his mother, Cratesiclea, who furnished him with money, that he lacked not to honor him withal; and, further, married, as it is reported

(being otherwise not minded to marry) for her son's sake, unto one of the wealthiest men of all the city."

In the early years it looked as if the brilliant young reformer were destined to success. He showed himself the first great statesman of Greece since the death of Alexander the Great. Applying for membership for Sparta in the Achæan League, which seemed to hold the germ of a united, glorious Greece, he was rejected by Aratus, builder and head of that confederacy which had spread over every state except Lacedæmon—because, statesman and idealist though Aratus was, he could not but fear his personal influence and commanding position would be effaced by the admission of this dashing young leader, who was moreover infected with these wild notions about letting the masses rule the wealthy and cultured.

Cleomenes' retort was to attack the League with such vigor and success that Aratus was forced to call in the Macedonian army to assist his confederacy.

In the ten or twelve years of the struggle, Cleomenes had added nearly all the Peloponnesus to the southern tip of Sparta's own territories, while restoring all the ancient Laconian discipline at home. He had divided up all the lands, beginning first with his own, then his father-in-law's, and next his intimate friends'; he had offered citizenship to outsiders proved worthy, "and ordained every banished man a part, whom he himself had exiled (as against the profit and wealth of Lacedæmon), promising that he would receive them again into the city, when he had established all things. So when he had replenished the number of the citizens of Sparta with the choicest honest men their neighbors, he made four thousand footmen well-armed, and taught them to use their pikes with both hands, in-

stead of their darts with one hand, and to carry their targets with a good strong handle, and not buckled with a leather thong."

The citizens of Sparta, who had grown so "weak and out of heart" that an Ætolian army had entered the land and carried away fifty thousand slaves, proved that they needed only wise discipline and leadership to regain the tough fibre of their days of glory. "They showed themselves very valiant, and obedient also unto their magistrates, whereby they recovered again the commandment of all Greece, and the country also of the Peloponnesus."

Launching these improved and tempered cohorts at the direction of his military genius, he had even taken that Argos which had baffled Pyrrhus and the greatest Spartan kings, and had made it evident to all that without outside aid the states of the Achæan League, which had rejected him as partner, must presently own him as master.

Bitter as it was for Aratus in his age to bring back into Greece those Macedonians whom he himself in his patriotic youth had driven out, it was a choice between Macedon and the Spartan socialist. Anything was better than the latter. He chose Macedon. Antigonus led down the famous phalanxes.

Despite fierce revolts of many cities that hated the Macedonians, the alliance accomplished his aim.

At first, to be sure, the skill of Cleomenes triumphed even over the coalition. He determined not to try to hold the narrow isthmus joining the Peloponnesus to the mainland, but to block the enemy from all the mountain passes of Oniens near Corinth, and make time fight for him against these formidable warriors of the north, superior in numbers, with generations of discipline and victory behind their onslaughts.

The Macedonian general was checkmated; he had not provided sufficient food for lengthy operations, and it was out of the question to force these strong passes which Cleomenes had fortified and guarded with his army. Making a surprise stroke at Lechæum, Antigonus was stoutly repulsed with heavy losses—"whereupon Cleomenes and his men, being courageous for this victory, went quietly to supper."

Despairing of the whole campaign, Antigonus and Aratus had just resolved to abandon it, transport their force by sea to Sicyon, and prepare a fresh attempt elsewhere, involving long delay. But that very night word came that the city of Argos was ripe for a rebellion against Sparta. Aratus hastened thither with fifteen hundred Macedonians to take advantage of this unexpected chance. The revolt broke out before he arrived, the Argives rising and besieging the garrison in the castle.

Cleomenes, too, got word of the outbreak "about the second watch of the night." He sent in haste for his father-in-law, Megistonus, who had reassured his suspicions as to the fidelity of the Argives, and angrily commanded him to take two thousand soldiers and discover this loyalty he had guaranteed. Meanwhile he, himself, minimized the revolt to his alarmed Corinthian allies, assuring them it was a slight matter, easily put down.

But disastrous tidings presently gave the lie to this optimism. Breathless messengers succeeded each other before his tent, bearing urgent prayers for immediate aid from the besieged garrison; Megistonus was slain in battle by the very folk he had vouched for; the Lacedæmonians were surrounded in great distress, unable to hold the castle without reinforcements.

Fearing that the enemy, greatly superior in forces,

would capture Argos, cut off his return, and pounce upon unprotected Sparta, Cleomenes was reluctantly forced to withdraw from Corinth. Antigonus at once took possession of it, garrisoned it, and pursued the Spartan army toward Argos.

"When Cleomenes came before the city of Argos, he scaled the walls, and breaking the vaults and arches of the place called Aspis, entered into the city, and joined with his garrison there, which yet resisted the Achaians; and taking other parts of the same also, assaulted the walls, and cleared the streets in such sort, that not an enemy durst be seen, for fear of the archers of the Cretans.

"In the meantime, when he saw Antigonus afar off, coming down the hills into the valley with his footmen, and that his horsemen also came upon the spur into the city; despairing then that he could any longer keep it, he gathered all his men together, and safely going down by the walls, retired without the loss of any man. So, when in short time he had conquered much, and had almost won all within Peloponnesus, in shorter space, also, he lost all again. For, of the confederates that were in his camp, some did presently forsake him; others also immediately after surrendered up the towns to Antigonus."

Retiring to Tegea, a messenger came in the night with worse tidings than all these tumblings-down of his hopes and labors: his wife, Agiatis, "whom he loved so dearly that in the midst of his chiefest prosperity and victories, he made often journeys to Sparta," had died.

Crushed as his heart was, he gave no outward sign. With his customary voice, apparel, and countenance he met his captains, gave them orders, took precau-

tions for the safety of the Tegeans, and at daybreak hastened back to Sparta.

"After he had privately lamented the sorrow of his wife's death with his mother and children, he presently bent his mind again to public causes.

"Now Cleomenes had sent unto Ptolemy, king of Egypt, who had promised him aid, but upon demand to have his mother and children in pledge. So he was a long time before he would for shame make his mother privy unto it, and went oftentimes of purpose to let her understand it; but when he came had not the heart to break it to her.

"She first suspecting a thing, asked Cleomenes' friends if her son had not somewhat to say unto her, that he durst not utter. Whereupon, in fine he gave her the venture, and broke the matter to her.

"When she heard it, she fell a-laughing, and told him:

"'Why, how cometh it to pass that thou hast kept it thus long, and wouldest not tell me? Come, come, put me straight into a ship, and send me whither thou wilt, that this body of mine may do some good unto my country, before crooked age consume my life without profit.'

"Then, all things being prepared for their journey, they went by land, accompanied with the army, unto the head of Tænarus. Where Cratesiclea being ready to embark, she took Cleomenes aside into the temple of Neptune, and embracing and kissing him, perceiving that his heart yearned for sorrow of her departure, she said unto him:

"'O King of Lacedæmon, let no man see for shame when we come out of the temple that we have wept and dishonored Sparta. For that only is in our power; as for the rest, as it pleaseth the gods so let it be.'

"When she had spoken these words and fashioned her countenance again, she went then to take her ship with a little son of Cleomenes, and commanded the master of the ship to hoist sail.

"Now when she was arrived in Egypt and understood that King Ptolemy received ambassadors from Antigonus, and were in talk to make peace with him: and hearing also that Cleomenes being requested by the Achaians to make peace with them, durst not hearken to it and end that war without King Ptolemy's consent, and because of his mother, she wrote unto him that he should not spare to do anything that should be expedient for the honor of Sparta, without fear of displeasing Ptolemy, or for regard of an old woman and a young boy.

"Such was the noble mind of this worthy lady in her son Cleomenes' adversity."

This adversity increased. Forced back by the Macedonian power to the very borders of his own Laconia, he was not content with mere defense, but by a sudden march took the great city of Megalopolis, as large as Sparta itself; he ravaged the country all about Argos and defied Antigonus within the walls to give battle; and everywhere men marvelled at his valor and leadership.

But money, that "sinew of all things," was lacking to pay his army, the freed Helots he had armed, and the mercenaries enlisted. At a time when a delay of only two days would have rid him of his Macedonian foes, Antigonus being summoned home to repel an invasion of the Illyrians, he was forced by this money pressure to join in battle at Selasia, having but twenty thousand men against the enemy's thirty thousand.

Against these odds, with treason of one of his offi-

cers added, his utmost bravery and generalship were vain. His brother was slain, his army was almost annihilated. Of six thousand Spartans who followed him into the fight, there were left but two hundred alive.

The luckless King and the survivors fled back to Sparta. Cleomenes advised the citizens to submit to Antigonus and trust to his generosity. As for himself, "if either alive or dead, he could do anything for the honor or benefit of Sparta, he would willingly do it."

Then, leaving the exhausted fugitives to the care of the women, who brought them drink and removed their battered armor, he went to his own house.

"A maid of the house, which he had taken in the city of Megalopolis, came unto him as her manner was, to refresh him coming hot from the battle: howbeit he would not drink, though he was extreme dry, nor sit, being very weary, but, armed as he was, laid his arm across upon a pillar, and leaning his head upon it reposed himself a little. Casting about in his mind all the ways that were to be thought of, he took his friends with him, and went to the haven of Gythium, and there having his ships which he had appointed for the purpose, he hoisted sail, and departed his way."

Passing from the island of Cythera toward Cyrene, one of his friends, Therycion, a boaster, attacked his plan in a long oration, urging that they could die with more honor at home, and were just as likely to find good usage at the hands of Antigonus as Ptolemy. Better make an end of it all than voyage shamefaced thither.

"Can we say that we go into Egypt in respect to see your mother there? A joyful sight, no doubt, when she shall show King Ptolemy's wives her son,

that before was a King, a prisoner and fugitive now. Were it not better far as that having yet Laconia our country in sight, and our swords besides in our own hands, to deliver us from this great misery, and so doing to excuse ourselves unto them that are slain at Selasia for defense of Sparta: than cowardly losing our time in Egypt, to inquire whom Antigonus left his lieutenant and governor in Sparta."

"Dost thou think it a glory," replied Cleomenes, "for thee to seek death, which is the easiest matter and the presentest unto any man that can be; and yet, wretch that thou art, thou fliest now more cowardly and shamefully than from the battle? For divers valiant men, and far better than ourselves, have often yielded themselves unto their enemies, either by some misfortune, or compelled by greater number and multitude of men: but he, say I, that submitteth himself unto pain and misery, reproach and praise of men, he cannot but confess that he is overcome by his own unhappiness.

"For when a man will willingly kill himself, he must not do it to be rid of pains and labor, but it must have an honorable respect and action. For, to live or die for his own respect, that cannot but be dishonorable: the which thou now persuadest me unto, to make me fly this present misery we are in, without any honor or profit in our death.

"And, therefore, I am of opinion that we should not yet cast off the hope we have to serve our country in time to come: but when all hope faileth us, then we may easily make ourselves away when we list."

Therycion made no answer. But at the first opportunity he slipped away alone to the seashore and killed himself.

"Cleomenes hoisting sail from the Isle of Aegiolia,

went into Africk, and was brought by the king's servants unto the city of Alexandria.

"King Ptolemy at his first coming gave Cleomenes no special good, but indifferent entertainment: but after that he had showed himself to be of great wisdom and judgment, and that Ptolemy saw in the simplicity of his Laconian life he had also a noble disposition and courage, nothing degenerating from the princely race and blood of Hercules, and that he yielded not to his adversity: he took more delight in his company than in all the company of his flatterers and hangers on him: and then repented him greatly that he had made no more account of him before, but had suffered him to be overthrown by Antigonus, who through the victory of him had marvellously enlarged his honor and power.

"Then he began to comfort Cleomenes, and doing him as great honor as could be, promised that he would send him with ships and money into Greece, and put him again into his kingdom: and, further, gave him an annual pension in the meantime of four-and-twenty talents, with the which he simply and soberly entertained himself and the men about him: and bestowed all the rest upon his countrymen that came out of Greece into Egypt.

"But now, old Ptolemy deceasing before he could perform the promise he made unto Cleomenes, to send him into Greece: the realm falling then into great lasciviousness, drunkenness, and into the government of women, his case and misery was clean forgotten. For the young king his son was so given over to women and wine, that when he was most sober, and in his best wits, he most disposed himself to make feasts and sacrifices, and to have the tabor playing in his Court, to gather people together, like a stage-player or jug-

gler, whilst one Agathoclea, his lemman, and her mother, and Oenanthes a bawd, did rule all the affairs of the state.

"But when he came to be king, it appeared he had need of Cleomenes: because he was afraid of his brother Magas, who by his mother's means was very well esteemed of among the soldiers. Wherefore he called Cleomenes to him, and made him of his privy-council, where he devised by practice which way to kill his brother.

"All other his friends that were of counsel with him did counsel him to do it: but Cleomenes only vehemently dissuaded him from it, and told him that if it were possible rather more brethren should be begotten unto the king for the safety of his person, and for the dividing of the affairs of the kingdom between them.

"Amongst the king's familiars that was chiefest about him there was one Sosibius, that said unto Cleomenes: So long as his brother Magas lived, the soldiers that be strangers, whom the king entertained, would never be true to him.

"Cleomenes answered him, For that matter there was no danger: for, saith he, of those hired strangers there are three thousand Peloponnesians, which he knew at the twinkling of an eye would be at his commandment, to come with their armour and weapons where he would appoint them.

"These words of Cleomenes at that time shewed his faith and good-will he bare unto the king, and the force he was of besides. But afterwards Ptolemy's fearfulness increasing his mistrust: (as it commonly happeneth, that they that lack wit think it the best safety to be fearful of every wagging of a straw and to mistrust every man) the remembrance of Cleomenes'

words made him much suspected of the courtiers, understanding that he could do so much with the soldiers that were strangers: insomuch as some of them said, 'See' (meaning Cleomenes), 'there is a lion among sheep.' Indeed, considering his fashions and behaviour, they might well say so of him: for he would look through his fingers as though he saw nothing, and yet saw all what they did.

"In fine, he required an army and ships of the king: and understanding also that Antigonus was dead, and that the Achaians and Ætolian were at great wars together, and that the affairs of his country did call him home, all Peloponnesus being in arms and uproar, he prayed that they would license him to depart with his friends. But never a man would give ear unto him, and the king also heard nothing of it, because he was continually entertained among ladies, with bouquets, dancing, and masques.

"But Sosibius, that ruled all the realm, thought that to keep Cleomenes against his will were a hard thing, and also dangerous: and to let him go also, knowing that he was a valiant man, and of a stirring mind, and one that knew the vices and imperfections of their government: he thought that also no safe way, sith no gifts nor presents that could be offered him would soften him. For as the holy bull (which they call in Egypt Apis) that is full fed in goodly pasture, doth yet desire to follow his natural course and liberty, to run and leap at his pleasure, and plainly sheweth that it is a grief to him to be kept still by the priest: even so the courtly pleasures did nothing delight Cleomenes, but as Homer writeth of Achilles:

"'It irked his noble heart to sit at home in slothful rest
When martial matters were in hand, the which he liked best.'

"Now Cleomenes standing in these terms, there arrived in Alexandria one Nicagoras, a Messenian, who maliced Cleomenes in his heart, but yet shewed as though he loved him. This Nicagoras on a time had sold Cleomenes certain land, but was not paid for it, either because he had no present money, or else by occasion of the wars which gave him no leisure to make payment.

"Cleomenes one day by chance walking upon the sands, he saw Nicagoras landing out of his ship, being newly arrived, and knowing him, he courteously welcomed him, and asked what wind had brought him into Egypt.

"Nicagoras, gently saluting him again, told him that he had brought the king excellent horse of service.

"Cleomenes, smiling, told him, 'Thou hadst been better have brought him some courtesans and dancers, for they would have pleased the king better.'

"Nicagoras faintly laughed at his answer, but within few days after he did put him in remembrance of the land he sold him, and prayed him then that he would help him to money, telling him that he would not have pressed him for it, but that he had sustained loss by merchandise.

"Cleomenes answered him, that all his pension was spent he had of the king.

"Nicagoras, being offended with this answer, he went and told Sosibius of the mock Cleomenes gave the king. Sosibius was glad of this occasion, but yet desiring further matter to make the king offended with Cleomenes, he persuaded Nicagoras to write a letter to the king against Cleomenes, as though he had conspired to take the city of Cyrené, if the king had given him ships, money, and men of war. When Nica-

goras had written this letter, he took ship, and hoisted sail.

"Four days after his departure, Sosibius brought his letter to the king, as though he had but newly received it. The king upon sight of it was so offended with Cleomenes, that he gave present order he should be shut up in a great house, where he should have his ordinary diet allowed him, howbeit that he should keep his house.

"This grieved Cleomenes much, but yet he was worse afraid of that which was to come, by this occasion: Ptolemy, the son of Chrysermus, one of the king's familiars, who had oftentimes before been very conversant and familiar with Cleomenes, and did frankly talk together in all matters: Cleomenes one day sent for him, to pray him to come unto him.

"Ptolemy came at his request, and familiarly discoursing together, went about to dissuade him from all the suspicions he had, and excused the king also for that he had done unto him: so taking his leave he left him, not thinking that Cleomenes followed him (as he did) to the gate, where he sharply took up the soldiers, saying, That they were very negligent and careless in looking to such a fearful beast as he was, and so ill to be taken if he once escaped their hands.

"Cleomenes heard what he said, and went into his lodgings again, Ptolemy knowing nothing that he was behind him: and reported the words again unto his friends.

"Then all the Spartans converting their good hope into anger, determined to be revenged of the injury Ptolemy had done them, and to die like noble Spartans, not tarrying till they should be brought to the shambles like fat wethers, to be sold and killed. For

it would be a great shame and dishonor unto Cleomenes, having refused to make peace with Antigonus, a noble prince and warrior: to tarry the king's pleasure till he had left his drunkenness and dancing, and then to come and put him to death.

"They being fully resolved hereof, as you have heard: King Ptolemy by chance went unto the city of Canobus, and first they gave out in Alexandria that the king minded to set Cleomenes at liberty. Then Cleomenes' friends, observing the custom of the Kings of Egypt when they meant to set a prisoner at liberty (which was to send the prisoners meat and presents before to their supper), did send unto him such manner of presents, and so deceived the soldiers that had the keeping of him, saying, That they brought those presents from the king. For Cleomenes himself did sacrifice unto the gods, and sent unto the soldiers that kept him part of those presents, and, supping with his friends that night, made merry with them, every man being crowned with garlands. . . .

"Cleomenes, about noon perceiving the soldiers were taken in their cups, and that they were asleep: he put on his coat, and unripping it on the right shoulder, went out of the house with his sword drawn in his hand, accompanied with his friends, following him in that sort, which were thirty in all.

"Amongst them there was one called Hippotas, who being lame, went very lively out with them at the first: but when he saw they went fair and softly because of him, he prayed them to kill him, because they should not hinder their enterprise for a lame man, that could do them no service. Notwithstanding, by chance they met with a townsman a-horseback, that came hard by their door, whom they pluckt from his horse, and cast Hippotas upon him: and then ran

through the city, and cried to the people, 'Liberty, liberty.'

"Now the people had no other courage in them, but only commended Cleomenes, and wondered at his valiantness: but otherwise to follow him, or to further his enterprise, not a man of them had any heart in them.

"Thus running up and down the town, they met with Ptolemy (the same whom we said before was the son of Chrysermus) as he came out of the court: whereupon three of them setting on him, slew him presently. There was also another Ptolemy, that was governor and lieutenant of the city of Alexandria: who, hearing a rumor of this stir, came unto them in his chariot. They went and met him, and first having driven away his guard and soldiers, that went before him, they pluckt him out of his chariot, and slew him also.

"After that they went towards the castle, with intent to set all the prisoners there at liberty to take their part. Howbeit, the jailers that kept them had so strongly locked up the prison doors that Cleomenes was repulsed and put by his purpose. Thus wandering up and down the city, no man either came to join with him nor to resist him, for every man fled for fear of him.

"Wherefore at length being weary with going up and down, he turned to his friends and said unto them: 'It is no marvel though women command such a cowardly people, that fly in this sort from their liberty.'

"Thereupon he prayed them all to die like men, and like those that were brought up with him, and that were worthy of the fame of his so noble deeds. Then the first man that made himself be slain was Hippotas, who died of a wound one of the young men of his company gave him with a sword at his request.

"After him every man slew himself, one after an-

other, without any fear at all, saving Panteas, who was the first man that entered the city of Megalopolis. He was a fair young man, and had been very well brought up in the Laconian discipline, and better than any man of his years. Cleomenes did love him dearly, and commanded him that when he should see he were dead, and all the rest also, that then he should kill himself last of all.

"Now they all being laid on the ground, he searched them one after another with the point of his sword, to see if there were any of them yet left alive: and when he had pricked Cleomenes on the heel amongst others, and saw that he did yet knit his brows, he kissed him, and sat down by him. Then, perceiving that he had yielded up the ghost, embracing him when he was dead, he also slew himself, and fell upon him.

"Thus Cleomenes, having reigned King of Sparta sixteen years, being the manner of man we have described him to be: he ended his days in this sort that ye hear.

"Now, his death being presently bruited through the city, Cratesiclea his mother, though otherwise she had a noble mind, did notwithstanding a little forget her greatness, through the extreme sorrow she felt for the death of her son: and so embracing Cleomenes' sons, she fell to bitter lamentation. But the eldest of his sons (no man mistrusting any such matters) found means to get out of her hands, and running up to the top of the house, cast himself headlong down to the ground, that his head was all broken and splitted, yet died not, but was taken up crying and angry with them that they would not suffer him to die.

"This news being brought to King Ptolemy, he commanded they should first flay Cleomenes, and then

hang up his body, and also that they should put his children, his mother, and all her women waiting on her, to death: among the which was Panteas' wife, one of the fairest and curteousest women in her time. They had not been long married before, when these mischiefs lighted upon them, at what time their love was then in greatest force. Her parents then would not let her depart and embark with her husband, but had locked her up, and kept her at home by force. Howbeit, shortly after she found the means to get her a horse and some money, and stole away in the night, and galloped towards the haven of Tænarus, where finding a ship ready bound for Egypt, she embarked and went to seek her husband, with whom she gladly and lovingly led her life, forsaking her own country to live in a strange realm.

"Now when the sergeants came to take Cratesiclea to put her to death, Panteas' wife led her by the arm, carrying up her robe, and did comfort her, although Cratesiclea otherwise was not afraid to die, but only asked this favor, that she might die before her little grandchildren.

"This notwithstanding, when they came to the place of execution, the hangman first slew her children before her eyes, and then herself afterwards, who in such great grief and sorrow, said no more but this:

"'Alas, my poor children, what is become of you?'

"And Panteas' wife, also, being a mighty tall woman, girding her clothes to her, took up the slain bodies one after another, and wrapped them up in such things as she could get, speaking never a word, nor showing any sign or token of grief. And in fine, having prepared herself to die, and plucked off her attire herself, not suffering any other to come near her or to see her but

the executioner that was appointed to strike off her head; in this sort she died, as constantly as the stoutest man living could have done, and had so covered her body that no man needed after her death to touch her: so careful was she to the end to keep her honesty which she had always kept in her life, and in her death was mindful of her honor, wherewith she decked her body in her lifetime.

"Thus these Lacedæmonian ladies, playing their parts in this pitiful tragedy, contending at the time of their death, even with the courage of the slain Spartans their countrymen, which of them should die most constantly: left a manifest proof and testimony, that fortune hath no power over fortitude and courage."

Such were the women of Sparta: and such the sons they bred.

## CHAPTER XXV

### A FRENCHWOMAN IN THE AMAZON WILDERNESS

At precisely the time when Daniel Boone was having his first taste of the delights of buffalo-hunting, among the swarming herds of the wild Kentucky prairies and cane-brakes, and the equally exciting but less pleasant experience of captivity among the Indians, a lady of the French nobility was going through adventures infinitely more hazardous in the unknown regions of South America, where the mighty Amazon River, in a vast system of waterways three thousand miles long and almost as wide, cuts the continent in two, save for the rock backbone of the Andes, close to the Equator.

Louis XV of France, with the characteristic magnificence of the "Well Beloved," did not permit the endless bloody wars of his reign—with Austria over the successor to the Polish crown, with Frederick the Great of Prussia over the vast and enticing imperial inheritance left to young Maria Theresa—to interfere with any achievements of French science that could add lustre to his royal splendor.

Ten years after his majority (he came to the throne at five, and was declared of age when only thirteen), at the very moment when he was facing the combined armed might of Russia, Prussia, and Austria because of his defiant backing of Stanislas Leczinski, the choice as King of Poland of the electing nobles—he despatched astronomers of the French Academy to the

wild regions of the Arctic Circle and the Equator, to measure the degrees of the earth, and thus prove whether the globe were flattened or elongated at the Poles.

One party of these savants spent nine years in the meridianal regions of South America, making observations in Peru and elsewhere which conclusively showed that our sphere flattens out at each Pole. They spent months in the *terra incognita* of interior Brazil (still unknown, as witness Mr. Roosevelt's recent charting of the River of Doubt), voyaging a thousand leagues down the almost unexplored Amazon, from the head of navigation to its much-divided junction with the Atlantic Ocean, losing their head doctor and anatomist in a riot of the Peruvians against them at a bull-fight in Cuenca, and opening new light in a hundred ways upon the darkness of this great continent.

The leader of this scientific expedition was M. de la Condamine, of the Academy, and one of his confreres was a certain M. Godin des Odonais, who was accompanied by his wife. When Condamine, during our Revolutionary War, published a new edition of his story, he supplemented it with an account by M. Godin of the remarkable experiences of this lady.

It well deserves to be rescued from its century and a half of oblivion.

"Saint Amand, Berry,
"July 28, 1773.

"Sir,

"You ask of me the story of my wife's voyage down the Amazon River, by the same route which I took, following yourself. The vague reports that have reached you of the dangers to which she was exposed have excited your curiosity. I had resolved never to

speak of it, so distressing is the recollection; but the title of your old travelling comrade which you give me, a title of which I am proud, the part you yourself played in the matter, and the evidences of friendship you have rendered me, do not permit me to decline to satisfy you.

"We landed at Rochelle on June 26th, 1773, after sixty-five days of travel, having sailed from Cayenne April 21st. Upon our arrival I at once sought information of you; and I learned with regret that you had not been there for four or five months. My wife and I wept over your absence, but dried our tears with the happy reflection that at Rochelle people read the journals of trade rather than literary papers or the bulletins of the Academy. Pray accept, sir, our felicitations to yourself as well as to Mme. de la Condamine, to whom we beg you to render our regards.

"You will remember that when I last had the honor of seeing you, in 1742, as you were leaving Quito, I told you I intended to follow the same route which you were to take, that of the Amazon River; partly because of my desire to explore this route, partly to give my wife the easiest road for a woman, by sparing her a long land journey through a mountainous region, where mules are the only means of transport. You were so thoughtful in the course of your trip as to notify the Spanish and Portuguese missions along the shores of the river that one of your comrades was to follow; and they had not forgotten this fact several years after your passage. My wife greatly longed to go to France; but the births of her children made it out of the question during the first years to expose her to the hardships of so long a voyage. About the end of 1748 I received news of my father's death, and see-

ing that it was necessary for me to put my family affairs in order, I resolved to descend the river and return to Cayenne alone, and to arrange matters so as to ease the same trip for my wife later on.

"I set out from the province of Quito in March, 1749, leaving Mme. Godin in expectation of another child shortly. I reached Cayenne in April of the next year. Immediately I wrote M. Rouillé, then Minister of Marine, begging him to obtain for me passports and recommendations from the Portuguese Court, permitting me to reascend the Amazon in order to join my family and bring them back by the same route. Any one but you, Sir, would be surprised that I should undertake so lightly a voyage of forty-five hundred miles, merely to prepare for another; but you know that in that country such journeys require less equipment than in Europe. Those I made during a period of twelve years while exploring the region in the meridian of Quito, locating the highest mountains, going to and from Carthagena, had hardened me. I took advantage of this chance to send several natural history specimens to the garden of the King's summer-house, among others the seed of the sarsaparilla, the *butua** in its five species, and a grammar printed at Lima of the language of the Incas, which I presented to M. Buffon, from whom I have never received any acknowledgment.

"Through M. Rouillé I was informed that His Majesty was pleased to command the Governor and the Intendant of Cayenne to recommend me to the government of Para. I had already written you, Sir, and you were so good as to apply for my passports.

* A plant of the moonseed family, furnishing a valuable drug, the true "pareira brava."

You sent me, also, letters to Commander de la Cerda, the Portuguese minister to France, to the Governor of Para, and to M. l'Abbé de la Ville, who notified you that my passports had been secured at Lisbon and forwarded to Para. When I asked the Governor of that place about these, he told me he had no knowledge of the matter. I wrote again to M. Rouillé, who was no longer in the ministry. During this time I tried four, five, and six times each year to get the passports, but always without result. Several of my letters were lost or intercepted because of the war. I could not doubt that you no longer received my epistles, but I continued to write you.

"At length, having understood that the Count of Hérouville had the ear of the Duc de Choiseul, I wrote the former in 1765, though I had not the honor of his acquaintance. I made clear to him in a few words who I was, and prayed him to intercede for me with M. de Choiseul in the matter of my passports. I can only attribute to God's mercy the success of this application, since ten months after despatching my letter to Count d'Hérouville I saw a decked galiot arrive at Cayenne, equipped at Para by order of the King of Portugal, with a crew of thirty rowers, and commanded by a captain of the Para garrison, charged to conduct me thither, to take me back up the river to the first Spanish settlement, and there to await my return in order to carry me and my family to Cayenne—all at the charge of His Very Faithful Majesty: a generosity truly royal and scarcely common even among sovereigns.

"We left Cayenne the end of November, 1765, to collect my effects at Oyapok (the fort thirty leagues south of the city of Cayenne) where I was living. I

fell sick, dangerously so. M. de Rebello, Chevalier of the Order of Christ and commander of the galiot, was obliging enough to wait six weeks for me. Seeing at length that I was in no condition to embark, and fearing to abuse this officer's patience, I begged him to set forth, permitting me to send a messenger on board, who would carry my letters and take my place in caring for my family on the return trip. For this purpose I picked out Tristan d'Oreasaval, whom I had known a long time and who seemed a suitable person to carry out my plans. The packet entrusted to him contained orders of the Father Superior of the Jesuits, to the Provincial of Quito and to the Superior of the Maïnas Missions, to furnish the canoes and outfits necessary for my wife's voyage. My commission to Tristan was solely to deliver these letters to the Superior at Laguna, headquarters of the Spanish missions of Maïnas, and I asked to have my letters forwarded to Riobamba, that my wife might be apprized of the escort provided by the King of Portugal, through the King of France's recommendation, to conduct her to Cayenne. Tristan had nothing to do but to wait at Laguna for the answer from Riobamba.

"He left Oyapok on the Portuguese boat January 24th, 1766. He reached Loréto, the first Spanish settlement on the upper river, in July or August of the same year. Loréto is a recently established mission, below that of Pévas, which did not exist when you came down the river in 1743, nor even when I followed in 1749, no more than the Tavatinga mission which the Portuguese have since started below San Pablo, which was their last post going up. To understand this, one should have before him the map you made of the course of the Amazon, or that of the

province of Quito in your historic Journal of the expedition to the Equator.

"The Portuguese officer, M. de Rebello, after having landed Tristan at Loréto returned to Tavatinga, in accordance with his orders to await the arrival of Mme. Godin; and Tristan, instead of going to Laguna, the headquarters of the Spanish missions, and delivering my letters to the Superior there, having met at Loréto a Spanish Jesuit missionary named Father Yesquen, who was returning to Quito, by an unpardonable blunder, which has the appearance of ill-will, gave him the messages. The packet was addressed to Laguna, but a few days' distance from where Tristan was: he sent it five hundred leagues further, across the Cordilleras, and he remained at the Portuguese missions to trade.

"Remember that besides various goods which I had commissioned him to sell for me, I had given him funds more than sufficient to cover the expense of the trip to the Spanish missions.

"In spite of this sad mismanagement, a vague rumor travelled through the province of Quito and came to Mme. Godin's ears—that not only had letters for her come in care of a Jesuit Father, but that there had arrived at the uppermost Portuguese missions a bark sent by His Portuguese Majesty to carry her to Cayenne.

"Her brother, a friar of Saint-Augustin, together with Father Térol earnestly solicited the Jesuit Provincial to recover these letters. The Jesuit, when summoned, declared he had delivered them to another; that one exculpated himself with the same excuse; that he had entrusted the packet to a third; but in spite of every effort the packet never came to light. I

leave you to imagine the distress in which my wife found herself, not knowing what was expected of her. People differed radically as to this escort; some believed it was there, others doubted it. To determine to take so long a journey, to make the necessary arrangements of her domestic affairs, to sell the furnishings of her house, all without any certainty of the reason—it was to put everything to the hazard of chance.

"Finally, that she might have something on which she could rely, Mme. Godin resolved to despatch to the missions a negro of tested fidelity. He left, in company with some Indians; and after having covered a portion of the road, he was stopped and forced to return to his mistress's home, whereupon she sent him out a second time, with fresh instructions and greater precautions. The negro went back, surmounted all obstacles, saw Tristan and talked with him; he returned with the news that the Portuguese escort was a fact, and that Tristan was at Loréto.

"Mme. Godin decided at once to take the trip; she sold what she could of her furniture, leaving the rest to her brother-in-law, besides her house at Riobamba and the garden and estates at Guaslen, as well as the property between Gualté and Maguazo. One can imagine the long stretch of time elapsing after September, 1766, through the period required for the journey of the Jesuit to Quito, the investigations after the packet passed from hand to hand, the running-down of the rumors spreading through the province, and finally reaching Madame Godin, her uncertainties, the two journeys of the negro to Loréto, his return to Riobamba, the sale of the furnishings of a house, and the preparations for such a lengthy voyage; the result

was that she could not get away from Riobamba, forty leagues south of Quito till the first of October, 1769.

"The report of the Portuguese escort had penetrated as far as Guayaquil and the shores of the Sea of the South, when Lord R., a former French surgeon, returning from upper Peru and bound for Panama or Porto-Bello to seek passage to Saint-Dominique or Martinique, or at least to Havana, and thence to Europe, having touched at Sainte-Hélene in the gulf of Guayaquil, was informed that a lady of Riobamba was getting ready to go down the Amazon and embark on a vessel sent by the King of Portugal to take her to Cayenne. He suddenly changed his plan, went up the Guayaquil River, and came to Riobamba to ask Madame Godin if she would take him along with her, representing that he would look out for her health and take care of her in all sorts of ways. She told him at first that she had no right to make free with the vessel sent for her to this extent. Lord R. then appealed to her two brothers, who were so urgent in representing to their sister how valuable the presence of a physician would be on the long journey, that she consented to admit him into her party. These two brothers, who were starting for Europe, did not hesitate to join the expedition themselves, in order to arrive sooner, one at Rome where affairs of his Order summoned him, the other in Spain on private business. The latter brought along his son of nine or ten years, whom he wished to have educated in France.

"M. de Grandmaison, my father-in-law, had already been beforehand in arranging everything for his daughter en route, up to the point of embarkation beyond the Grand Cordilleras. He met with difficulties at first from the President and Captain-general

of Quito province. You know, Sir, that the Amazon road is closed by the King of Spain; but these obstacles were overcome. I had brought on my return from Carthagena, where I had been sent in 1740 on affairs of our expedition, a passport from the Viceroy of Santa-Fé, Don Sebastien de Elslava, which permitted us to take whatever route seemed most advisable; moreover, the Spanish Governor of Maïnas and d'Omagnas, notified of my wife's arrival, had the courtesy to send to meet her a canoe loaded with refreshments, such as fruit, milk-foods, and the like, which met her a short distance from the d'Omagnas colony; but what mishaps, what horrors were to precede that happy moment!

"She left Riobamba, her home, with her party, the first of October, 1769; they reached Canélos, the place of embarkation on the little river of Bobonaza, which flows into the Pastasa, and that into the Amazon. M. de Grandmaison, who had gone on ahead of them a month earlier, had found the village of Canélos full of its inhabitants, and had immediately embarked to cover her route and provide what was needful for his daughter at each of her stopping-places. Knowing she was amply guarded by her brothers, a physician, by her negro, and three mulatto or Indian maids, he pushed right on to the Portuguese missions. Meanwhile there had broken out an epidemic of small-pox, a malady brought to America by the Europeans and more fatal to the Indians than the plague (which is unknown) is to the Levant; and this had made all the natives desert the village of Canélos, they seeing all those first attacked die of this pestilence; those who were left scattered far into the forest, where each one had a clearing that served him as a country residence.

"My wife had started with an escort of thirty-one Indians to carry her and her baggage. You know this road which Don Pedro Maldonado took, on leaving Riobamba to go to Laguna, where you had appointed a rendezvous; this road, I say, is only practicable for mules. Some men in good marching condition cover it on foot, others are carried. The Indians whom Madame Godin had brought, and who had been paid in advance (according to that bad custom of the land which the distrust of these luckless people, sometimes well-founded, has brought about) had scarcely arrived at Canélos when, either dreading infection or fearing that they who never saw even a canoe close by would be forced to embark, they all turned back. One need not seek for reasons for their desertion; you know, Sir, how many times they abandoned us in the mountains, without any pretext whatsoever, during our work.

"What could my wife do under these circumstances? Even had it been possible to retrace their steps, her desire to push on to this bark placed at her disposal by two Sovereigns, and to see her spouse after twenty years' separation, impelled her to brave every obstacle in this extremity to which she was reduced.

"There were but two Indians in the village who had escaped the contagion; they had no canoe. They promised, however, to build one and take her from there to the mission of Andoas, about twelve days' journey down the Bobonaza River, a distance of perhaps a hundred and forty or a hundred and fifty leagues; she paid them in advance; the canoe was made, they all left Canélos; they floated down for two days; they camped to pass the night.

"Next morning the two Indians had disappeared; the unfortunate embarked again without any guide,

and the first day passed without accident. The following day, towards noon, they came upon a canoe halted in a little bay beside a *carbet* *; here they found one Indian, convalescent from the small-pox, who agreed to go with them and to take charge of the craft.

"The third day, while trying to pick up Lord R.'s hat, which had fallen into the water, the Indian fell overboard himself; he had not strength enough to reach the shore, and was drowned. There was the canoe with no steersman, handled by people ignorant of the very rudiments of paddling; it was soon swamped; they were forced to put ashore and build a *carbet*. They were then only five or six days' run from Andoas.

"Lord R. offered to push on thither, and left, with another Frenchman, his travelling companion, and Madame Godin's trusty negro, whom she sent to aid them; Lord R. was much concerned about carrying his effects. I have since then reproached my wife for not having sent one of her brothers also with Lord R. to seek aid from Andoas; but she answered that neither of them was willing to get into the canoe again after the accident which had occurred to them.

"Lord R., on leaving, promised Madame Godin and her brothers that in less than fifteen days they should receive a canoe and Indian paddlers. Instead of fifteen they waited twenty-five, when, having lost all hope in this respect, they constructed a raft, on which they placed themselves with a few provisions and belongings.

"This raft, badly handled, also, struck on a submerged tree and tipped over: result, the baggage lost and everybody aboard in the water. Madame Godin was saved by her brothers after she had sunk twice.

* A hut of branches used by the savages and by travellers.

Reduced to a situation even more distressing than before, they determined to follow the river-bank down on foot.

"What an undertaking! You know, Sir, that the banks of these rivers are covered with a jungle of dense grass, undergrowth and vines, through which one can only force a passage machête in hand, losing much time. They returned to their carbet, took the provisions they had left, and set out on foot.

"They saw that the windings of the river greatly lengthened their road; so they struck into the forest to cut straight across these bends, and a few days later found that they were lost. Fatigued by many marches through the tangles of a jungle so difficult even for those accustomed to it, their feet wounded by rocks and thorns, their provisions gone, tormented by thirst, they had no resource save seeds, wild fruits, and palm cabbages.

"At last, exhausted by hunger, forced halts, and weariness, their powers failed them, they gave up and dropped to the earth, unable to rise. There they awaited the end; in three or four days they expired, one after another.

"Madame Godin, stretched beside her brothers and these other corpses, remained for twice twenty-four hours, dazed, light-headed, crushed, and now tortured by burning thirst.

"Finally, that Providence which wished to preserve her gave her courage and strength to drag herself along toward the safety which awaited her. She found herself without shoes, half-naked: two mantillas and a chemise in tatters from the thorns barely covered her; she cut her dead brothers' shoes and tied the soles to her feet.

"It was somewhere from the 25th to the 30th of

December, 1769, that this unfortunate party perished, seven in all. So I conclude from the later verified dates; and the sole victim who cheated death told me it was nine days after the time when she saw her brothers and servants draw their last breaths that she came to the bank of the Bobonaza. It is quite probable that this period seemed to her longer than it really was.

"How could a delicately nurtured woman in this state of exhaustion and lack of food and clothing keep alive even four days? Yet she assures me she was alone in the forest ten days, of which two were spent beside the dead bodies of her brothers, expecting each moment to be her own last; and the other eight in crawling, wandering back and forth.

"The recollection of this long-drawn-out and frightful spectacle which she had witnessed, the horror of solitude and night in the wilderness, the fear of death ever before her eyes, a fear that each moment seemed to redouble, had such an effect upon her that her hair turned white.

"The second day of her progress, which was necessarily insignificant, she discovered water, and on the following days she found a few wild fruits and some green eggs, which she did not know but which I recognized from her description as those of a species of partridge. She was hardly able to swallow, since her throat was constricted by starvation. These chance foods she stumbled upon were sufficient to nourish her skeleton body. It was time that the succor reserved for her should appear.

"If you were to read in a romance that a delicate woman, accustomed to enjoy all the conveniences of life, plunged into a river and drawn out half-drowned,

last of a party of eight, breaks down in the trackless forest, wanders there for weeks, becomes lost; suffers hunger, thirst, and fatigue up to the very verge of exhaustion, sees her much more robust brothers die, besides a nephew hardly emerged from infancy, her own three maids, and a young servant of the doctor who had gone on ahead; should you read that she survives this catastrophe; that having lain alone for two days and nights amid these corpses, in a region where tigers* and very dangerous snakes abound, without seeing a single one of these creatures; that she drags herself up, starts out clad in rags, and wanders aimlessly through the jungle for eight days, when she comes to her senses on the banks of the Bobonaza; you would surely accuse the author of this piece of fiction of outraging all possibilities; but a historian owes his reader merely the plain facts. These are attested by the various letters in my possession from several of the Amazon missionaries who played parts in this sorrowful adventure, of which, moreover, I have but too many proofs, as you will see from the remainder of this narrative. None of these misfortunes would have come upon us had Tristan not been so faithless a messenger; if, instead of stopping at Loréto, he had carried my letters to the Superior at Laguna, my wife would have found, as did her father, the village of Canélos full of Indians and a canoe ready to carry her forward.

"It was then, according to Madame Godin's count, the eighth or ninth day after she quitted the scene of

* "I have seen in this section leopards, a sort of black tiger which is most ferocious; and there are snakes of the most venomous species, such as the snake of the warning" (the rattlesnake), "that which the Spaniards term the Coral, and the famous *Balalao*, which they call in Cayenne, *serpent grage*."

the tragedy, that she arrived at the shore of the Bobonaza. At daybreak she heard a noise apparently a couple of hundred feet away. Involuntary terror made her at first plunge into the forest again; but reflecting that nothing which could come upon her could make her actual state worse, and that consequently she had nothing to fear, she came back to the river bank, and saw two Indians pushing a canoe into the water.

"It is their habit when landing for the night, to partly or entirely beach the canoes, to guard against accidents to them; indeed, if they were left in the water through the night, and the moorings were to part they would drift away with the current; and then what would become of those sleeping tranquilly on shore?

"The Indians on their part saw Madame Godin, and came to her. She implored them to carry her to Andoas. The savages, who had left Canélos long before fleeing from the small-pox, were en route for this very settlement from a clearing of theirs far away.

"They received my wife with every evidence of kindness, cared for her and paddled her down to the village. She could have stopped here some days to recuperate, and one may imagine that she was in sufficient need of it; but, indignant at the behavior of the missionary to whose hospitality she found herself indebted, and from whom she was in consequence forced to conceal her real feelings, she was unwilling to prolong her stay at Andoas, and would not even have passed the night there, had the decision remained with herself.

"There is going on a great revolution in the Spanish

She drags herself up, starts out clad in rags and wanders aimlessly through the jungle

missions of America dependent on Lima, Quito, Charcas, and Paraguay, served and founded by Jesuits for a hundred and two hundred years. An unexpected order of the Court of Madrid expelled them from all their colleges and missions. They were all taken into custody and sent to the Papal States. This happening caused no more trouble than would have arisen from a change of vicars in a village. The Jesuits were replaced by secular priests. Such was he who performed the functions of missionary at Andoas, and whose name I strive to forget.

"Madame Godin, stripped of everything, and not knowing how to recompense the Indians who had saved her life, bethought herself that she had on a necklace, after the fashion of the country, consisting of two gold chains weighing about four ounces; she gave one to each of the Indians, who thought the heavens had opened to shower down wealth upon them; but the missionary, before her very eyes, took possession of these chains, giving the savages in place of them, three or four ells of that coarse, light cotton cloth which you know is woven in that country, and which is termed *tucuyo*. My wife was so outraged at this inhuman proceeding that she demanded at once to be given a canoe and an outfit, and left next day for Laguna. An Indian woman of Andoas made her a cotton petticoat, for which she sent back payment when she reached Laguna and which she carefully preserved, with those soles of her brothers' shoes that she had turned into sandals; sad mementoes which have become as precious to me as to her.

"While she was wandering in the forest her faithful negro was reascending the river with the Andoas Indians whom he was leading to her assistance. Lord

R., more occupied with his personal affairs than with expediting this effort to save the lives of his benefactors, had scarcely reached Andoas when he pressed on with his companion and his baggage, and had reached Omaguas.

"The negro came to the *carbet* where he had left his mistress and her brothers, followed their tracks through the forest with the canoe Indians, and came upon the dead bodies, already unrecognizable. Upon seeing this, convinced that none had escaped death, they recovered their canoe from the *carbet*, gathered up everything left there, and returned to Andoas before my wife arrived there. The negro, who no longer doubted that his mistress had perished, went to Omaguas and delivered to Lord R. all the effects in his possession. The latter knew perfectly that M. de Grandmaison, having reached Loréto, was anxiously awaiting his children there. A letter of Tristan's which lies before me even shows that my father-in-law, hearing of the negro Joachim's arrival, suggested that Tristan should look him up and bring him there; but neither Tristan nor Lord R. considered it worth while to satisfy him; on the contrary milord on his own responsibility sent the negro back to Quito and retained the belongings delivered to him.

"You know, Sir, that Laguna is not on the shore of the Amazon, but some leagues up the Guallaga, one of the rivers which swell the waters of this stream. Joachim, dismissed by Lord R., naturally did not turn off to Laguna to seek the mistress whom he believed dead. He returned direct to Quito; so this negro was lost to my wife and to myself. You could not conceive of the reason since advanced to me by Lord R. to excuse himself for having sent off this faithful servant, who was so essential to us.

"'I feared,' said he to me, 'he might assassinate me.'

"'What could give you,' I replied, 'such a suspicion of a man whose zeal and fidelity you well knew, and who had journeyed down the river with you so long? If you feared he bore you ill-will, and that he considered you responsible for his mistress's fate, why did you not send him to M. de Grandmaison, who was begging for him and who was but a short distance away? Could you not at least have had him put in fetters? You were staying with the Governor of Omaguas, who would surely have taken action at your request.'

"I have an affidavit as to all this made by M. d'Albanel, commandant at Oyapok, in whose presence I addressed these reproaches to Lord R., and this affidavit is certified by the Judge of Cayenne.

"Meanwhile Madame Godin, with her Indians and canoe, had arrived at Laguna, where she was received with all possible hospitality by Doctor Roméro, the new Superior, who in his kindly care for her during the six weeks she stayed there omitted nothing that might serve to restore her sorely injured health and to distract her thoughts from her misfortunes. Doctor Roméro's first care was to despatch a message to the Governor of Omaguas, to advise him of her arrival, and the state of languor in which she then was. Upon these tidings he who had promised her so many attentions, did not trouble himself to go thither, but sent her four silver plates, a tankard, a velvet petticoat, another of Persian silk and one of taffeta, and some linen and clothing belonging to herself and her brothers —declaring that everything else had been lost.

"He forgot that the gold bracelets, the snuff-boxes, the golden reliquaries, and the emerald ear-rings had not been lost, any more than the other effects of the same sort, in the same case.

"'If you had sent my slave to me,' Madame Godin sent back word, 'I should know what he has done with the belongings he found at the *carbet*. From whom do you wish me to demand an account of them? Indeed, Sir, it is not possible for me to forget that you are the cause of all my misfortunes and losses; take your road: I cannot longer have you in my company.'

"My wife's attitude was only too well-founded; but the urgency of M. de Roméro, to whom she could refuse nothing, and who represented to her that if she abandoned Lord R. he did not know what would become of him, triumphed over her repugnance, and she finally consented to permit milord to follow her.

"When Madame Godin's strength was a little re-established, M. Roméro wrote to M. de Grandmaison that she was out of danger, and that he had sent Tristan to conduct her to the Portuguese vessel. He wrote also to the Governor that he had made it clear to Madame Godin, whose courage and piety he eulogized, she was merely at the beginning of a long and arduous voyage, though she had already covered four hundred leagues and more, since there remained four or five times as much before reaching Cayenne; that, having barely escaped death, she was about to expose herself to new perils; that he had offered to have her conducted in complete safety back to her dwelling at Riobamba; but that she had merely answered she was astonished at his making such a suggestion; that God had preserved her alone from perils amid which all those belonging to her had perished; that she had but the one desire, to join her husband; that she had undertaken the journey only for this, and that she would consider it flying in the face of Providence and

rendering of no avail the help she had received from her two dear Indians and their wives, as well as the assistance of which he himself had been so lavish; that she owed life itself to them all, and that God alone could recompense them.

"My wife has ever been dear to me; but such sentiments have added deep respect to my tenderness.

"Tristan not arriving, M. Roméro, after waiting in vain, equipped a canoe, and gave orders to have Madame Godin taken to the Portuguese bark, without any delay whatsoever. It was then that the Governor of Omaguas, knowing that in her descent of the river she would not land anywhere, sent the canoe to meet her with those refreshments.

"The Portuguese commandant, M. de Rebello, being notified, sent an armed pirogue under command of two of his soldiers, and loaded with food, with orders to precede her. They joined her at the village of Pevas. This officer, to fulfil the King's orders more exactly, doubled his oarsmen and with great difficulty forced the galiot upstream as far as Loréto, where he received her on board. She assures me that from this moment till the hour when they reached Oyapok, while travelling a distance of about a thousand leagues, there was not the slightest lack of the most delicate attentions or the most choice accommodations, to which she could not always look forward, probably unexampled in such a voyage—a store of wines and liqueurs for her, which she did not touch, and an abundance of game and fish, furnished by the two canoes ahead of the galiot. The Governor of Para had despatched orders to most of the posts and rare refreshments were awaiting her.

"I must not forget to say that my wife's physical

sufferings were not over; for the thumb of one hand was in a serious condition. The thorns which had pierced it in the forest, and which they had yet been unable to extract, had produced an abscess; the tendon and bone were also injured. They even talked of amputation. Now by bandagings and dressings she was relieved from the pain of the operation by which at San Pablo they removed these imbedded splinters, and also managed to restore the lost circulation in the thumb.

"The galiot continued its voyage to the fort of Curupa, which you know, sixty leagues above Para. M. de Martel, Chevalier of the Order of Christ, Major of the Para garrison, arrived there next day by the Governor's orders, to take over the command of the vessel, and to escort Madame Godin to the fort at Oyapok. A little below the mouth of the stream, in a spot where the currents are extremely violent,* he lost one of his anchors; and as it would have been imprudent to chance it with only one, he sent his launch to Oyapok to bring another, which was immediately forwarded.

"Upon getting this news, I left Oyapok on a galiot belonging to me, with which I cruised along the shore to meet the bark which I encountered on the fourth day, abreast of Mayacaré; and it was at the edge of this place that, after twenty years of absence, of anxieties, of mutual thwartings and unhappinesses, I rejoined a cherished spouse, whom I had hardly dared to hope ever to see again.

"I forgot in her embrace the loss of those fruits of our union, even felicitating myself that premature

* At the mouth of the river named the Indien, altered to Cayenne, and corrupted to Carapa.

death preserved them from the stern fate which awaited them, along with their uncles in the forest of Canelós before the eyes of their mother, who would surely not have survived such a spectacle.*

"We anchored at Cayenne July 22nd, 1770. I found in M. de Martel an officer as distinguished by his knowledge as by his external appearance. He knew nearly all European languages, Latin most thoroughly, and was fitted to shine upon a larger theatre than Para. He was originally French, of the illustrious family whose name he bears. I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with him during fifteen days at Oyapok, whither M. de Fiedmond, Governor of Cayenne, whom the Governor of Oyapok advised of our arrival by an express, immediately despatched a boat with refreshments.

"They put a keel on the Portuguese galiot, with a set of sails to enable her to make head against the current. The Commandant at Oyapok gave M. de Martel a coast pilot to accompany him to the frontier. I proposed to accompany him thither in my own galiot, but he would not permit me to go further than Cape Orange. I parted from him with all the lively sentiments inspired in me and my wife by the noble actions and fine courtesies which we had both experienced from this officer and his generous nation. I had been prepared for it by my former voyage.

"I should have mentioned to you sooner that, while descending the Amazon in 1749, without any other recommendation to the Portuguese officials except the

* My youngest daughter died of small-pox eighteen months before her mother's departure from Riobamba, at the age of eighteen or nineteen. She was born three months after I left Quito, and it was through one of your letters from Paris that I received the news at Cayenne, in 1752.

news which you spread abroad on your passage in 1743, that a companion of yours would come along by the same route, I was received in all the stations of Portugal, by missionaries and all the commandants of the forts, with every possible courtesy. I had secured a canoe on the passage to San Pablo, in which I went down the river to Curupa, whence I wrote to the Governor of Great Para, M. Francois Mendoza Gorjaô, to apprise him of my arrival, and to ask his permission to pass from Curupa to Cayenne, whither I trusted to journey directly. He honored me with so polite a reply, that I did not hesitate to abandon my route and to make a very long détour in order to thank him, and to pay him my respects. He received me with open arms, lodged me, would permit me to have no table but his, kept me there eight days, and would not let me leave till he himself set out for Saint-Louis de Maranao, where he was going on a tour of inspection. After his departure I returned to Curupa in my canoe, escorted by another larger one that this Commandant had presented to me, in order to descend to Para, which, as you have noted, is on a large river mistakenly supposed to be the right branch of the Amazon, connected with the Para river by a natural canal scoured out by the tides, that they call Tagipuru.

"I found waiting for me at Curupa a great pirogue, equipped by the Governor's order, and commanded by a sergeant of the garrison, furnished with fourteen rowers, who conveyed me to Macapa, coasting the left shore of the Amazon to its mouth, without going around the great Isle de Joanes or Marajo as you had to do. After such treatment without any particular recommendation, what could I not expect when S. M. T. F. ('His Majesty Most Faithful') had

deigned to give precise orders to despatch a vessel to the borders of his colonies to receive my family for the journey to Cayenne.

"I return to my recital. After having said farewell to M. de Martel off Cape Orange, with all the demonstrations customary between sailors under such circumstances, I returned to Oyapok, whence I went to Cayenne.

"There was only wanting a lawsuit, which I won quite fruitlessly. Tristan demanded the salary of sixty livres a month which I had promised him. I offered to pay him for eighteen months, which was the longest time his voyage could have lasted had he executed his commission. A judgment of the Superior Council of Cayenne of the 7th of last January sentenced him to account to me for seven or eight thousand francs' worth of goods which I had entrusted to him, deducting the one thousand and eighty livres that I had offered him for eighteen months of the agreed salary. But this miserable creature, after having abused my confidence, after having caused the death of eight people, counting the drowned Indian, and all my wife's miseries, after having squandered the proceeds of the goods placed in his charge, went into bankruptcy; and I did not consider I ought to increase my losses by supporting him in prison.

"I believe, Sir, I have satisfied your desire. The details into which I enter have cost me severely in their recalling of dolorous memories. The proceedings against Tristan, and my wife's maladies since her arrival at Cayenne, which were but the result of what she had suffered, did not permit me before this year to expose her to a long sea-voyage. She is now with her father in the bosom of my family, where she has

been tenderly received. M. de Grandmaison had no idea of coming to France; he wished only to see his daughter safely aboard the Portuguese bark; but finding himself at an advanced age, his sons gone, penetrated with the most afflicting sorrow, he abandoned everything and embarked with her, charging his other son-in-law, Lord Savala, also resident at Riobamba, with the property he had left behind.

"Whatever pains one takes to cheer my wife's spirits, she remains ever sad; her griefs are ever present to her. What has it not cost me to draw from her the explanations I have needed, to make matters clear to the Judges in the course of my lawsuit! I even believe that she has from delicacy kept from me some details of which she desires to blot out the recollection, and which would only afflict me. She is not even willing that I should punish Tristan further, still giving rein to her compassion, and following the promptings of her piety toward a wretch so dishonest and unfair."

## CHAPTER XXVI

### THE COURAGE OF A MARQUISE

To have suggested in April, 1774, that young Adrienne de Noailles might need rare courage to face the life ahead of her, would have seemed something like bidding a Maine boy summon his fortitude to confront a plate of hot doughnuts.

She was not yet fifteen. Her family vied with the de Rohans in claiming for centuries a first place among the princely houses of France. Her memories were of an adoring but wise mother, who was parent, teacher, and friend; of the stately beauties of the famous *Hôtel de Noailles* under the shadow of the Tuileries; of visits and picnics at the magnificent but delightful country chateaux of her relatives; of happy play and expanding, innocent mind.

And now had come a lover.. She learned that the husband selected for her, in the approved French fashion, was the one who had for a year made her heart beat wildly by his presence—a handsome, impetuous young soldier and courtier, with a vast fortune, who was already intimate enough with royalty to conduct Marie Antoinette to a masked ball at the opera, in one of those indiscreet adventurings which charmed the Queen.

As Adrienne walked along the tulip-bordered paths, amid the black old yews and clipped hedges, stealing blushing glances at this gallant wooer—Marie Jean Paul Roche Ives Motier, Marquis de la Fayette!—it

must have seemed to her gentle mind that the spring birds would always sing in the budding almond trees, that life would demand of her nothing harder than to control the delightful panic which overwhelmed her at each look from those sparkling, ardent eyes.

They were married—with all the dignified splendor befitting a daughter of the long line of dukes, cardinals, and maréchals de Noailles, and a marquis with one hundred and twenty thousand livres a year.

Hardly was her mind free from the cascades of lace and silver tissue, the ravishing brocades, satins, and velvets, the shower of diamond ornaments, and the precise formalities of the wedding, when she learned that this already adored husband was forced to leave her and rejoin his regiment at Metz.

Adrienne dissolved into tears on the shoulders of her mother and sisters. She felt this devastating calamity to be utterly beyond her strength. Her delicate, exquisite, modest, sensitive heart was already full of passionate devotion for this fine young aristocrat, who talked so nobly of liberty and humanity. Only her childlike faith in the protection of God enabled her to bear up under such a grievous trial.

Yet, little as she suspected it, she was marked for fiery ordeals besides which this youthful separation was as a mere rest in a bar of music. For that whole brilliant, gay, fascinating, impregnable life of Marie Antoinette's court was scintillating above a volcano, which already began to rumble.

A few months passed, and M. de la Fayette was at home again. Adrienne's natural gay youth drew pleasure from the court balls and functions that crowded thick and fast. When the next year brought her a Christmas present of a little daughter, there

were few happier beings in that pleasure-seeking world than the young mother.

Little Henriette was just a year old, and was still absorbing her young mother's existence to such an extent as drew scornful criticism from her fashionable friends when Benjamin Franklin arrived at Paris.

The most fertile fancy could hardly have pictured how this self-made old man from the far-off revolting colonies of America could influence the life of Mme. de la Fayette. What possible connection between "Poor Richard" and the de Noailles and la Fayettes of the Faubourg St. Germain!

Time, the surpriser, soon showed.

Almost instantly Franklin became the lion of all Paris. Already stirred by the news of America's Declaration of Independence from "perfidious Albion," the French treated this republican ambassador like a great monarch; nine million francs were given him, and fifteen million more loaned, for the struggling cause. A wave of delirious enthusiasm for the new western star of liberty swept through France.

Among the first of the enthusiasts was the young Marquis de la Fayette.

He was still only nineteen. It was but a few months since one of his leading ambitions had been to convince his friend de Noailles (who had "the head of an Englishman") that he himself could "drink well" of champagne.

But the boy had in him a true passion for liberty. He had refused splendid offers because he could not keep his independence at court. And he was thrilled by the struggle for freedom overseas. "At the first news of the quarrel, my heart was enrolled in it."

In spite of the wife and child so dear to him; in

spite of his wealth and brilliant future; in spite of family protests; in spite of the King's prohibition, this ardent soul must go in person to fight against oppression. Secretly chartering and fitting out a ship at huge expense, he evaded the guards sent to arrest him and set sail from a Spanish port, in May, 1777, for the western battle-field, accompanied by Baron de Kalb and other officers.

This was a very different kind of separation for the eighteen-year-old wife and mother. Ill and unable even to try to divert her mind, she must wait days and weeks for letters by slow sailing ships, imagining her loved one amid the dangers of ocean and war that tortured her gentle fancy. Many a night she cried herself to sleep, though keeping up a brave front outwardly lest her people blame her husband for leaving. For her faith in him never faltered. Torn as she was, she realized and honored the inner necessity that drove him to what he considered his duty. His ideals, like everything else about him, were precious to her.

She got good training for her future that year, poor Adrienne.

In October came news that la Fayette had been wounded in the defeat at the Brandywine—came while she was mourning the loss of her Henriette, and expecting the birth of another child. Moreover, her letters had all gone astray, so that he knew nothing of this sorrow; he might even think her careless and forgetful, though her thoughts were of him day and night. His messages told of his feverish anxiety for word of her, preventing his wound from healing. She could do nothing but endure and hope. Solaced somewhat by the care of the new little daughter and by the letters which came, she waited for tidings from that

cruel winter camp at Valley Forge. Though the absence seemed to grow ever harder, few about her suspected what she was undergoing.

Suddenly there was a reward of this fortitude. Her husband himself appeared. The cause was looking so much more promising that he had dashed across the sea, and had outstripped his announcement.

Some days of complete happiness followed. Then the eager patriot became engulfed in busy work on behalf of his adopted country, to which he announced he must return. But Adrienne was learning to make the most of whatever life offered. The dark uncertainties of the future could not cloud her joy when another Christmas brought the hoped-for son and heir, who was duly christened George Washington de la Fayette. Staunchly she hid her prostrating grief as her husband again left her to take part in the bloody struggle in that distant land.

Deaths of near relatives and the dangerous illness of her cherished boy added the keenest edge to the anxieties arising through not hearing from the absent one during the Virginia campaign.

This gloom, which spread over two weary years, was suddenly illumined by the news of Cornwallis's surrender and the brilliant victory for the young republic. The fête in honor of the Dauphin's birth was turned into an American celebration.

Marie Antoinette was a woman as well as a queen. When word came to the Hôtel de Ville in the midst of these formal festivities that M. de la Fayette had just arrived at the de Noailles mansion, she herself hurried the young wife thither in the royal carriage.

"With a last word of congratulation to the wife of the fortunate general, Marie Antoinette drove away.

Almost beside herself, stumbling over the ceremonious dress she wore, Adrienne flew up the steps between stiff rows of lackeys, and a moment later was folded tightly in those arms whose circle made her world."

She had been seriously ill for a long time. The reaction was so great that for months she would nearly faint if her husband so much as left the room. But the young pair bought a magnificent home in the rue de Bourbon, and Adrienne's apprehensions gradually relaxed in the joy of having her husband and aiding him in his active life, especially in the management of the great Cayenne plantation designed to better the luckless blacks. Another visit he made to America was easier to bear, since he had to face only honors instead of bullets. A devout Catholic, she gladly received the Protestant clergyman championed by her husband. Naturally a gentle, timid, home-loving woman, she threw her sympathy, energy, and common sense into all the projects that enlisted his noble spirit.

It was a feverish time of new things in France. Mesmer was offering to cure all diseases by his mysterious power; Cagliostro had bewitched court and city with his false science; Bougainville had just sailed round the world, thrilling every one with tales of strange lands and peoples; Montgolfier's derided balloon had amazed the world by carrying two bold adventurers across the Channel; politics and society were in a ferment, which made the "Marriage of Figaro," with its satire of aristocrats, a fighting issue instead of a play; the powerful, profligate Cardinal de Rohan was sent to the Bastille, and Paris seethed with the scandal; King Louis XVI, ever needing more of the millions so lavishly squandered by his predecessors, convoked the

Assembly of Notables. The storm-clouds began to gather, black and lowering, over France.

It was young la Fayette who was selected to support in the Assembly the new royal plan of taxation. But it was he who replied, when Artois challenged him with seeking to reopen the forbidden question of calling together the States General: "Yes, my lord! And something better still, if possible."

Great nobleman and favorite of the Queen though he was, there could be no question of the banner under which he must take his stand, as the conflict shaped itself. He had volunteered in the cause of liberty for a foreign land: when his own people called, he was not slow to answer.

One can imagine the state of the young wife during those stormy days of 1789, when it became evident that bloody revolution was the only weapon against the crimes and stupidities of monarchy—and a leader of the uprising against all she had been taught to revere was her husband, though her father was captain of the King's body-guard: for her family had ever been pillars of the throne.

Believing with, and in, her husband, she had no choice. No matter how she was torn, she followed him staunchly.

The fateful Fourteenth of July came. The Bastille fell. It became the duty of la Fayette, appointed commander of the National Guard, to hand the King the blue and red cockade, symbol of the aroused people. The Revolution was an accomplished fact; the irresponsible authority of monarch and nobility no longer existed.

But far worse things were to come. Intoxicated with their new power, the republicans abandoned all

restraint. Though la Fayette was at first a popular idol, his firm opposition to the violence of extremists soon brought dangers more threatening than the conflict with royalty. The mob hung Foulon before his eyes, in spite of his protests and appeals; it cut La Rivière to pieces while he tried to get together a sufficient force of his soldiers to protect the prisoner. All France burst into a flame of pillage and massacre.

Forty thousand Parisians invaded Versailles. By superhuman efforts, la Fayette and his National Guard restrained the hungry mob. A rash soldier fired from a palace window on a group which was breaking down a railing. The crowd surged into the palace, smashing, killing, plundering. The Queen fled to another apartment. It was la Fayette who turned the thoughts of the inflamed mob by appearing on the balcony with the Queen and her two children; respectfully he knelt and kissed her hand; the fickle crowd burst into shouts of joy. For the time, the Queen was saved.

But the royal family were soon imprisoned. La Fayette's fine spirit was an obstacle to the scheming extremists. Mirabeau, orator and leader, was his powerful rival. Staunchly battling for his convictions, and striving to save the royal family from the threatening radicals, the young marquis became suspected both by the King and the people. His authority was ignored by his own troops. The sinister figures of Danton, Marat and Robespierre loomed larger, threatening all he stood for, his very life.

During these days Adrienne "never saw him leave the house without thinking that she was bidding him adieu for the last time." Amid this storm of human passions, whose lightnings ever menaced all she held most dear, she played her part with a combination of tact and boldness beyond praise. Openly stating her

The fall of the Bastille, July 14, 1789

own convictions on the most dangerous questions of religion and politics, she neither argued nor offended. Estranged from most of her royalist friends and family, she resolutely followed her husband in his effort to save both the King and liberty.

The chaotic tragedy moved relentlessly on. Repeated efforts in the Assembly failed to bring about la Fayette's downfall. Determined to rid themselves of this incorruptible obstacle, the lawless Jacobins tried to assassinate him during a review on the *Champs de Mars*.

Word was hastened to his wife. She was in agony. Presently another breathless messenger brought news that the rabble, having failed in their design, were hurrying thither to murder herself, that they might greet him on his return with her head on a pike!

What were the emotions of this gentle and aristocratic lady at these fearful tidings which seemed to promise her an immediate horrible death?

Why, she fell on her knees and thanked the God in whom she believed so devoutly that the brigands were no longer surrounding her husband! Then, embracing her children, "with tears of joy," she prepared to defend the house as well as possible, doubling the guard in front. The attack came unexpectedly by the gardens on the side, where there was easy access through the windows of her own apartment. The bloodthirsty crowd was actually swarming over the wall when a body of cavalry happened to pass and dispersed them.

Nor would Adrienne listen even to her well-loved mother's fears, which counselled her to seek safety in the country. Her place was by the side of her marquis: she feared death much less than separation. She stayed.

A brief respite came. The King accepted the Con-

stitution; the Assembly ended its sittings; la Fayette for the second time resigned his command.

The whole family journeyed slowly into Auvergne, where at the chateau of an aunt, Comtesse de Chavinac, Adrienne gradually recovered some balance of nerves and body, so tried by the exhausting months of terror and tragedy.

This interlude of peace among the picturesque and romantic hills did not last long. The other European Powers were forming a coalition against the new republic which made all thrones uneasy. Two months after they arrived at Chavinac, la Fayette was appointed to the command of one of the three armies raised against these gathering enemies.

Again poor Adrienne was condemned to see him depart for the battle-field, while his still more dangerous foes at home worked furiously for his destruction.

Longing to join him, and having his permission, she would not do so, lest she hamper his movements or give color to an accusation that he was trying to place his family in safety.

So she stayed on at the now lonely chateau. When a party of Girondist volunteers passed through the village on their way to the front, and threatened to burn the house, she promptly invited all the officers to dinner, had the men feasted at her expense, and thus headed off the danger.

The situation grew even darker. Disorganization in the army made la Fayette's movement upon Belgium impossible. Then, with characteristic boldness, he denounced the extremists in an open letter read before the National Assembly, calling them traitors to the country.

The powerful Jacobins were more than ever enraged

against him. The royalists hated him quite as bitterly. Marie Antoinette declared it would be "too much" to owe their lives once more to M. de la Fayette.

Though the majority of the Assembly rejected the charges of treason against him, his enemies stopped at nothing. The Jacobins roused the mob and stormed the Tuileries. The old French monarchy passed away while the streets of Paris ran with blood, and dripping heads were borne aloft on pikes. Dethroned King Louis XVI and his family were imprisoned.

La Fayette alone among the generals protested against this lawless outbreak, imprisoning the Assembly's messengers at Sedan. His enemies' chance had come: he was declared insubordinate and cashiered. Deserted by his soldiers, he made his way into Germany with a few friends, planning to escape to the United States, since it was clear that justice and sanity had left France for the time. An Austrian outpost captured him. He was sent to an English prison.

Imagine the feelings of that anxious wife among the Auvergne hills, as day after day the sickening record unfolded itself. Her gallant husband succumbing to treachery; her sick father fighting the mob in defense of his King; her mother, in the midst of the inferno, stealing forth at night to search among the piles of dead for her loved ones; her sisters, no one knew where; expecting any hour to bring some fatal tidings. It seems like more than the share of suffering for one tender heart.

As always, she did not sit and mourn, but acted as far as was in her power, burning and destroying papers that might be used against her husband, and burying cherished valuables,—among them the handsome sword

presented to him by the United States,—and sending her children off to safe hiding-places.

Then she returned to Chavinac, steadfastly holding both to her religion and to open adherence to her husband's principles.

Letters came from the prisoner. Matters in Paris looked less threatening. Deceived into security, she brought the two girls back to the chateau.

Early on September 10, 1792, while she was at her devotions, a party of armed men entered the house. The leader, a M. Puy, suspected of having lately murdered a prisoner, forced his way into her bedroom and displayed an order from the Committee of Public Safety, commanding her to come to Paris.

With infinite self-possession she prepared to obey. The children escaped from the governess and ran into the room where the soldiers were, thus spoiling her carefully laid plans to hurry them to safety at any alarm. A soldier boasted to her that he had killed his officer "because he was an aristocrat." Others rummaged the house, pilfering, running their bayonets through the old family portraits. She paid no attention.

Only when the commissary broke open her desk and confiscated all the papers, including the letters from her husband, did she cease her packing to say:

"You will see in them, sir, that if there had been tribunals in France, M. de la Fayette would have submitted to them, certain as he was that not an action of his life could incriminate him in the eyes of real patriots."

"Nowadays," was the ominous answer, "public opinion is the only tribunal."

Accompanied by her old aunt, who had not left her home for years, and followed by some faithful servants,

she set out on the gloomy journey. A prisoner had been murdered by the crowd at Le Puy a week before. The mob now yelled threats and threw stones. Adrienne merely said to the trembling children: "If your father knew you were here, how anxious he would be, but at the same time what pleasure your conduct would give him." At the Department of the town she insisted that her husband's letters be copied, lest they be falsified later. To free the friendly mayor from suspicion, she openly reproached him for having not come to see her during such a long period. She managed to persuade the authorities that it was useless to take her to Paris, and wrote to M. Brissot that her wish was to join her husband in England as soon as he was released, and go from there to America. Meanwhile she offered to stay at Chavinac on parole, giving her word to make no attempt at escape.

The permission was given. But hardly had she returned when she learned that la Fayette had been delivered by the Coalition to the King of Prussia. The malice of those in power in France still pursued him.

Her one hope now lay in being free to aid him somehow. Having given her word, she could not break it, even for this. The insulting authorities proposed to place a guard over her, and she at once announced that if this were done her parole must be withdrawn. To her infinite disappointment the guard was not stationed.

She wrote earnest pleas to Brissot and Roland, asking that she might be allowed to join her husband, who had been conducted from one prison to another, finally being immured at Olmütz; and while awaiting a decision, she managed to smuggle through a letter to General Washington, appealing to him to reclaim the

captive in the name of the United States. Denying herself even a farewell sight of her cherished boy, she started him off to England with his tutor, where the latter was to enlist the services of the American minister. Every possible source of help was tried.

All the time, though in the keenest anxiety and pressed for money, she kept up as cheerful a routine as possible at the chateau, teaching her daughters and joining in their games, while the days dragged to weeks and the weeks to months, with no answer to her appeal. Autumn and winter passed away. In March she wrote again to Washington; the reply that summer, enclosing former letters that had failed to reach her, was sympathetic, but showed there was no real help from this source. The Committee in Paris would promise nothing.

She had heard nothing of her husband for five months. She wrote direct to the King of Prussia, begging him to "restore her to life" by releasing this persecuted patriot.

Hardly had this letter started when, like a thunderclap, came word that the King was condemned and executed. All that had gone before seemed mild beside what followed. The Terror settled down upon trembling France. Law and protection existed no longer. No one knew when his own hour would come. Adrienne stayed at Chavinac, protesting against injustices to her neighbors, striving to save something from the wreck of her husband's property, compelled to borrow from generous Gouverneur Morris to pay trifling debts and ensure her aunt's livelihood; always working at any chance that might aid the captive.

One gleam lit up the darkness. A ragged peasant appeared one day, demanding to see her privately.

He handed her a letter and hastened off without a word. It was the first news for many months of the prisoner—then in the citadel of Magdeburg. He had been ill; his subterranean cell was damp and horrible; there seemed small chance of escape. But he was alive. He sent embraces to her and his children. His very self was in the postscript—urging that every care be taken to preserve the liberty of the negroes on the Cayenne plantation! She longed more than ever to fly to him and share his hardships.

The Terrorist leaders had other plans for her.

On November 2 she was arrested and taken to the jail at Brionde. Her oldest daughter, then sixteen, endeavored to accompany her, but this was not permitted. No one dared to think what might await her. Calmly she quieted weeping children and servants, and set forth.

For six months she remained here, with half-a-dozen other women, in a corner screened off from the common passage. Her mother and sister were imprisoned in Paris. Even the poor old aunt at Chavinac was arrested. Adrienne eased the lot of her fellow captives, paying for and cooking their common meals, soothing the frequent coarse quarrels, interceding for a persecuted blind nun. Hearing that the sale of her husband's property was to be continued, her own danger did not prevent her from an effort to be present so as to look after his interests.

On a beautiful May day orders came to convey the Citoyenne la Fayette to that ill-omened prison of La Force in Paris. Her escort was a friend; for fear of compromising him, she stifled the dreams of escape in her mind.

Believing in her heart that death awaited her in

that maelstrom, she secured a day's delay in which to bid her children a farewell that was probably final. Making her confession to the aged curé she had defended, and bidding her simple friends good-by, she set out on her harrowing journey as composedly as if paying a call.

Those ferocious women who gave the last touch of horror to the Revolution crowded around her carriage, but she made no answer to the vile taunts and imprecations upon one who had so often been hailed as the savior of his country. The doors of the crowded jail closed behind her. She was among friends and relatives in plenty—but each day the number lessened.

Three days after her arrival began the "Terror within the Terror." It was a veritable frenzy of bloodshed. Madame Guillotine had become a dripping goddess, demanding daily sacrifices. There was no longer even a pretense of trials: each day there must be a certain number of victims to fill the tumbrils, small matter who. Hourly expecting her own summons, she was called on to tell her cousin of the execution of father and mother. Each morning she could see a pitiful band conducted to the shambles.

She wrote at the time: "The thought of soon being one of the victims makes one endure such a sight with more firmness."

Her will then drawn up says: "I pardon with all my heart my enemies, if I have any, my persecutors whoever they may be, and even the persecution of those I love."

There was need for forgiveness. The children and the old aunt at Chavinac, stripped of their property, would have starved but for secret provisions brought by faithful peasants. Unknown to her, though just

outside her dungeon, her mother, sister, and grandmother met their death bravely, in the same hour, from the "holy guillotine" of the unspeakable Robespierre.

This monster's own turn came on July 28. During the lull that ensued Adrienne managed to send an inquiry as to her mother's welfare. The scribble that came back on a scrap of dirty paper stunned her. So overwhelming was the shock that she moved about like one in a trance.

The madness was beginning to subside. A committee came to the prison to decide the fate of those who remained. Last of all they came to her. No one dared to pronounce her name lest it destroy her chance.

With the unconquerable pride in her husband that she had always asserted, she announced she was "the wife of la Fayette."

The representatives declared they could not take the responsibility of liberating one whose husband was a traitor.

She remained under arrest, transferred from one jail to another. All the efforts of her friend were unavailing. During the bitter winter everything in her fireless room would freeze, and she suffered intensely.

At last, after sixteen months, the obstinacy of Committeeman Legendre was overcome. The sorely tried Marquise was again at liberty.

Her first act was to apply for passports for herself and her daughters, that she might journey to her husband. Under a false name her son was gotten to America, the former attempt to reach England having failed. She consoled herself against the pain of sending the lad thousands of miles away with the thought that it would have been his father's wish.

The passport came after anxious weeks. It was for

America. Instead, she went to Hamburg, took the family name of Motier, made the dangerous journey to Vienna, and managed through friends to get an audience of the Emperor.

Accompanied by her daughters, she prayed merely to share her husband's captivity.

"I grant it to you," said the monarch at once. "As for his liberty, that would be impossible—my hands are tied."

Further efforts showed there was no hope at present of freeing the prisoner. The minister of war painted a dark picture of the hardships of prison life. Adrienne, who had worked for years to secure even this, did not listen to him.

On October 3 the lonely and almost hopeless prisoner heard the lock of his cell creak at an unusual hour. He looked up. To his amazement, his wife and daughters stood before him.

Gladly this intrepid woman settled down to the privations of that isolated life. One room for herself and the two children, almost unbearable from bad sewage arrangements, rough food paid for by themselves, dirty dishes, utter lack of consideration from officials even in illness, refusal to allow her to attend the adjoining church—nothing mattered besides the reunion.

When dangerously sick she was told she could go to Vienna to consult doctors, but in that event could not return to Olmütz. She at once refused to leave, whatever the result.

Thus buried alive, in constantly increasing suffering, she remained for nearly two years.

By that time Napoleon's victories had made him almost master of Europe. He demanded the release

of the la Fayettes, and Austria at length reluctantly obeyed.

On September 19, 1797, they started for Hamburg, and reached Germany in safety. The journey became a triumphal procession, the people of Dresden and Leipsic crowding to see the famous French patriot.

Yet only Adrienne could still return to France, and as soon as she was slightly better she had to go there alone to see what could be done about their property. Boldly she urged upon the authorities that her husband be permitted to come back, pointing out his dangerous position.

Presently the decisive "revolution of the 18th Brumaire" changed everything. Bonaparte became First Consul. Under another name la Fayette was permitted to see Paris once more. There was small place, however, in Napoleon's imperial plans for such a devotee of freedom. Fifty miles from Paris, in the ancestral chateau of Lagrange, Adrienne found a few years of that peaceful happiness with her husband for which she had ever longed.

Well had she earned it.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE MAID OF ZARAGOZA

The summer after Robert Fulton launched his newly invented steamboat for its first trip from New York City to Albany (while thousands of wiseacres gathered at the Battery to see the show and laugh at "Fulton's Folly," which they knew quite well would balk or blow up or sink); just about the time when Daniel Boone was petitioning Congress through the Kentucky legislature to confirm his title to his lands in the great "Louisiana" territory which the United States had bought from France five years before; and three years after Nelson had smashed the French fleet and won immortality at Trafalgar; that is to say, in the summer of 1808, the sleepy old Spanish city of Zaragoza (Saragossa) had suddenly waked up, and was buzzing like a nest of angry yellow-jackets.

To any one who knew the town this excited activity would have at once indicated some momentous happening; for ordinarily Zaragoza was placidity itself. The chief labor of most of its men seemed to be a daily endurance-race in smoking cigaritos, while lounging at their doors—fit companions of the famous leaning tower which for centuries has swayed sideways from the waist but never stirred nor fallen; the normal adventure of its women was to drape their coquettish persons in black-silk mantillas and go to church, picking up enough gossip in the sidelong glances of their black eyes to last them a good twenty-four hours, till they next emerged from their cracked brick houses.

One may imagine the whole thing from the fact that the gallant French officers of Napoleon's army of occupation, despite the lavish abundance of sparkling-eyed señoritas they found, pronounced it the dullest hole they had had the misfortune to be quartered in during their whole triumphal progress over Europe.

To be sure, there was stirring history enough in the annals of this ancient capital of the proud kingdom of Aragon. Hardly a city of Spain held more of dramatic association within its walls and in its environs.

First of all, it sprang into being at the mandate of Octavianus, that wise imperator who, by defeating Egypt-drugged Antony twelve years after the murder of Julius Cæsar, became ruler of Rome and the world, and who well earned his imperial title of Augustus and made his reign known as the Golden Age, by his embellishment of the proud city with the Capitol, the Pantheon, the Basilica, and innumerable other architectural triumphs, as well as by his encouragement of Virgil, Horace, Livy, Ovid, and the other supreme writers of his reign. Three times during his reign those grim war-gates of the Roman temple of Janus were closed—though this symbol of peace had been seen but twice in the preceding seven hundred years. And be it remembered that during one of these peaceful interludes the Star shone over Bethlehem in Judæa, and the Three Wise Men from the East brought myrrh and frankincense to a babe in a manger there—a babe who was to change forever the world of men.

So it was just about the time when the founder of Christianity came to earth that there sprang from the earth, on a fertile plain surrounded by mountains, a brick-walled Roman outpost in far-off Iberia, a hun-

dred and fifty miles up-stream from where the Ebro River empties into the Mediterranean. In honor of an Emperor so revered that the midsummer month of Sextilis, in which his consulate began, was changed to August, this frontier stronghold was named Cæsarea Augusta—which the liquid Castilian tongue softened and slurred during the centuries into Zaragoza.

Here it was, hundreds of years later, that St. James (St. Iago, Santiago), the patron saint of Spain, preached to the heathen natives and founded the frontier outpost of the Christian faith in the land. For there appeared to him (we have the solemn word of the monkish chroniclers for every detail) a vision of the Blessed Virgin, standing on a pillar, who bade him erect in her honor a church on that very spot. Which divine origin made the double cathedral of Zaragoza (with services held alternately in the two parts), and Our Lady's commemorative pillar, the goal of devout pilgrims from every province of Spain for fifteen centuries. Nay, the very names of the maidens thereabout were affected; for Pilar became a favorite christening choice, in reverence of Our Lady of the Pillar.

Another leap down the centuries, and we find mighty Charlemagne on the point of besieging Zaragoza, almost the only Spanish city, after seven years of conquest, where the power of the Saracens still held out against the great Emperor's invincible Paladins.

Its Emir, Marsilius, "made his council seat in Saragossa upon a throne of azure marble. There stood his courtiers around him, and before him twenty thousand men and more, and he sought counsel from his dukes and counts. One of them, a wise heathen, advised him to humble himself before Charlemagne with tribute of seven hundred camels and a thousand hawks,

four hundred mules laden with fifty wagon-loads of silver and gold, and the offer of hostages. All assented to this, and ten messengers on ten fair mules of snowy white, with olive boughs in their hands, rode to seek the Emperor where he sate besieging a city in the Pyrenees. They found him in a jocund mood, for the city had just fallen. He was in an orchard, surrounded by his brave cavaliers, full fifteen thousand, sitting upon white carpets, playing games of chess or lightly fencing. Charlemagne himself sat under a pine, close beside an eglantine, upon a throne of beaten gold."

The ten ambassadors delivered their messages and gifts, promising that Marsilius would be baptized as a Christian. Roland and Olivier urged the monarch not to trust the faithless paynim, but Ganelon the traitor advised for peace, and many knights seconded him. This envious wretch made the treaty with Marsilius in person, and arranged that when Charlemagne's host withdrew, Roland and Olivier should command the rearguard—and the Saracens should suddenly fall upon them. Which came to pass as the villains planned, and while the main French army crossed the mountains far ahead, Roland and Olivier and stout Bishop Turpin and their followers fought that last fight in the Valley of Roncesvalles, twenty thousand against four hundred thousand, which shall be immortal so long as the Song of Roland is read—which means while men love the tales of the heights of human bravery. And when proud Roland finally consented to wind his ivory horn to recall the vanguard—alas, too late!—its mighty notes were heard in many a village far down toward Zaragoza.

Another jump of three hundred years—and the noble Cid Campeador, exiled among the Moors by an un-

grateful sovereign, is spreading such terror through the Emirate of Zaragoza, from his eyrie on Monte-real, that presently half the province is under his protection and paying him tribute.

But the Spaniards of 1808 had long seemed of a different breed from the high-hearted Rodrigo de Bivar. Two hundred years of stupid Hapsburg rulers, following that insanely bigoted Philip who did his uttermost to throw away the greatest empire in the world; and then another century of dull or vicious Bourbons, showing in a thousand ways the degenerate blood of the princes of Anjou, had laid Castilian pride in the dust.

A revolt by Ferdinand, Prince of Asturias, against his father, Charles IV, gave the insatiable Napoleon the pretext he was seeking for strengthening his dominion of Europe on the west against the ever-present menace of England's dogged enmity.

Listen to the Corsican's letter, in which he offers the throne to his brother, Joseph of Naples, after he had treacherously gotten king and prince into his power—and see how low haughty Spain had fallen:

"King Charles, by the treaty I have made with him, cedes to me all the rights of the crown of Spain. The nation, through the medium of the Supreme Council of Castile, asks from me a king. It is for you that I destine the crown. Spain is not like the kingdom of Naples; it has eleven millions of inhabitants, more than a hundred and fifty millions of revenue, without counting the immense possessions and revenues of all the Americas. It is, besides, a crown which places you at Madrid, within three days of France, which entirely covers one of its frontiers. At Madrid you are in France; Naples is at the end of the world. I

desire, then, that immediately you have received this letter you should confide the regency to whoever you will, and the command of the troops to Marshal Jourdan, and that you should set out for Bayonne by way of Turin, Mont Cenis, and Lyons. You will receive this letter on the 19th, you will set out on the 20th, and you will be here on the 1st of June. Withal, keep the matter secret; people will perhaps suspect something, but you can say that you have to go to Upper Italy in order to confer with me on important affairs."

The conqueror's clear mind was not deceived for a moment by the labored justification of his act from his statesmen and lawyers.

"What I am doing," said he, as he concluded this treaty which wrested the last throne from the House of Bourbon, "is not well from a certain point of view, I know. But policy demands that I should not leave in my rear, so near Paris, a dynasty inimical to my own."

But this audacious and despotic transfer of their country was too much even for the long-misgoverned Spaniards. By the time the obedient Joseph, in pursuance of his imperious brother's schedule, had reached Bayonne, Carthagena, Estremadura, Barcelona, Granada, Malaga, and a dozen other cities were in open revolt against this barefaced theft.

Zaragoza awoke from its lethargy into fierce determination. The leading patriots placed Don José Palafox de Melzi, who had been an equerry of King Charles, at their head. He summoned the Cortés of the province, and called upon all Aragon to rise and defend their liberties against the grasping Emperor.

Napoleon was but too familiar with this "last argument of kings," and had prepared for just such an

emergency. On June 15 a French army under General Lefebvre-Desnouettes, having dispersed the insurgents at Tudela (where they had destroyed the bridge over the Ebro), appeared before Zaragoza, driving before them into the town the fleeing Spanish troops, who broke at the first charge of Napoleon's veterans.

But, undisciplined as were the Spaniards, there was a substratum of character and true patriotism beneath their slothfulness and fantastic pride which asserted itself when their homes were invaded by the foreigner. The citizens rallied, drove back the pursuing French cavalry, and betook themselves to the flat roofs of the houses, from which points of vantage they rained down such an irregular storm of musket-balls that General Lefebvre decided he had a regular siege on his hands, intrenched his forces, and sent off to Barcelona (where his colleague Duhesme was just then hard pressed by the aroused Catalonians) for reinforcements and artillery.

During this breathing-spell Zaragoza was stirred as it had not been since the days of the Moors, when the dreaded Cid Campeador was hammering at its gates.

Don José Palafox took a survey of his force for defense. He had but two hundred and twenty soldiers in the garrison; but the sixty thousand citizens were like one man in their determination to resist the invader; the few available muskets were distributed among these, many of the rest were armed with fowling-pieces, and every smith in the city was at once set laboring day and night beside his glowing forge, making pikes for those who lacked firearms.

The brick wall about the town was only ten or twelve feet high and three feet thick, and even this inadequate defense was much encroached on by houses.

The poorly built, cracked brick houses, two or three stories high, made winding cañons of the narrow and crooked streets, however, and the commander's soldier eye saw that men who did not value their lives could make an assault a costly business for the attackers. He strove to strengthen the weak points, arranged his pitiful sixteen cannon where they would do the most good, and steeled his unorganized followers by showing them that all depended upon their willingness to fight to the bitter end.

After two weeks of tense suspense and scattered skirmishes the French mortars and siege-guns arrived and were placed in batteries. They at once secured possession of the Torrero, a high plateau on which stood an old convent, a mile southwest of the city. From this commanding position their cannon dropped shells at will on every portion of the town, paying no attention to the contemptible fortifications.

The flimsy brick walls went down like tenpins before these formidable missiles, but the undismayed citizens erected shelters of beams, slanting from the ground up against the ruined walls, to make safe passageways. They also took the awnings that protected the windows from the summer sun, cut them up, made sacks, filled these with earth, and piled them up in front of the gates, digging deep ditches in front in preparation for an assault. Even the houses on the walls were pulled down, and the material was used in rebuilding and reinforcing the defenses. One would not have recognized the indolent, too-proud-to-work Spaniards of a few weeks back in the eager multitude of men and women who now labored day and night at the rough, hard jobs of a thousand kinds, all ablaze with that patriotic fervor which makes a city or a province or a

nation one enthusiastic, formidable, indomitable unit, regardless of danger, wounds, or death.

The beautiful young Countess Burita formed a company of ladies, who carried food, water, and wine to the soldiers on guard, redoubling by their presence and example the determination which filled all. The pious nuns forsook their beads and matins for the stern task of making cartridges, which were hurried to the fighting-line by children; they also devoted themselves to the care of the sick and wounded.

Nor were the monks behind their feminine colleagues; they not only performed the last religious offices for their own dead, but shouldered muskets or pikes along with the rest, like good members of the church militant.

But there was at least one dastard in heroic Zaragoza. On the night of the 28th, the day after the bombardment began, some traitor blew up the great powder-magazine in the centre of the town. Two hundred people were killed, and fourteen houses were completely demolished by this terrific explosion, which, coming so unexpectedly and in the darkness, spread devastation and panic throughout the city.

Conclusive evidence that this disaster had been prearranged through treachery was afforded when the French simultaneously dashed forward in an overwhelming assault upon three of the gates, while a crushing bombardment from the batteries on the Torrero opened upon the devoted city.

The main attack was on the Portillo gate. All through the gray morning hours and all the following day the assault continued. Again and again the concentrated fire of the big guns swept away the flimsy sand-bag fortifications; and again and again intrepid

volunteers of the citizens renewed them, generally at the cost of their lives. At one moment every single one of the men on the advanced line lay dead under the withering fire. But others rushed in to take their places, apparently content to barter their existence for a few moments' respite for Zaragoza. The swiftness with which the sacrifice was consummated appalled even these patriots; there was a momentary hesitation. The cannon ceased their dogged, barking resistance.

At this crisis a woman of the provision squad came upon the scene. Her name was Agostina Zaragoza (so she was doubly the city's namesake). Her husband was one of the gunners at this point, who had fought his twenty-six-pounder magnificently.

She saw her husband and his comrades lying dead beside the battery. She saw nature asserting itself and the reserves check, leaving the guns unserved, the gate undefended.

Springing forward, she grasped the still lighted match from the dead gunner's hand. Resolutely she touched off the priming. The old cannon boomed forth as it had done so many times already that day, hurling its leaden defiance against the enemy.

Seating herself on the gun, Agostina announced that she would take charge of it for the rest of the day, in place of her slain husband.

Her example saved the day. The Spaniards rushed to their places. They beat back the enemy once more. The little battery took up its unequal task again. So inspired were all that the utmost efforts of the French, disregarding their bloody losses, were unable to carry the Portillo.

General Lefebvre, who had counted upon an easy victory when his artillery arrived, and had felt sure of

his assault with the co-operation of the unknown traitor, was enraged at being baffled by this unorganized mob of civilians and their ridiculous fortifications. The place had to be taken, whatever the price. After several repulses he invested the town in regular form.

Meanwhile the newly translated King Joseph had taken possession of his capital of Madrid. His entrance was amid a gloomy and threatening silence, which did not augur well for the attitude of the Spaniards toward their new monarch. The crushing defeat of their army a few days before by Marshal Bessières at Rio-Seco seemed to have enraged rather than overawed them. Indeed, King Joseph had seen only too clearly that the roseate picture drawn by his imperial brother was somewhat optimistic.

"Up to this time no one has told the whole truth," he wrote complainingly to Napoleon on July 12. "The fact is that not a single Spaniard is on my side, except the small number who were present at the Junta, and travel with me. The others, on arriving, hid themselves, terrified by the unanimous opinion of their countrymen."

A few days later he renews his plaint: "Fear does not make me see double; since I have been in Spain I say to myself every day that my life is of small account, and that I give it up to you. I am not alarmed at my position, but it is unique in history; I have not a single partisan here."

Day after day he showed by his demands how deeply he had been impressed by the unconquerable spirit of the disorganized Spaniards. His plea became parrot-like:

"I still want fifty thousand men of old troops, and fifty millions of money; in a month I must have one hundred thousand and one hundred millions."

Napoleon had already sent one hundred and ten thousand soldiers to Spain, at a time when he had practically all Europe to hold under military occupation. Joseph's discouraged wails irritated him, for he naturally underestimated the half-concealed enmity and the basic character of the nation which had been aroused. However, his answer on July 18 still insisted that everything was going finely, if King Joseph would only believe it and act upon the assumption. This letter concluded: "Everything goes on very well at Saragossa (Zaragoza)."

It might have looked very well from the imperial throne at the Tuileries; but a view from General Lefebvre-Desnouettes's camp outside the walls would hardly have been so pleasing to French eyes.

To be sure, the defenders were having a hard time. Their powder had run short, owing to the treacherous destruction of the magazine, and they were compelled to collect every ounce of sulphur from the chemists' shops, chemical factories, and private houses, to wash out nitre from the dirt of the streets, to laboriously make charcoal by charring the stalks of the large hemp plant which grows in that region.

But if they had to manufacture powder thus slowly and meagrely, there was no need to manufacture enthusiasm and fortitude. And these two irresistible weapons beat back every attempt of the besiegers.

By August 2, five weeks after the beginning of the formal siege, the city was completely surrounded, provisions were running low, and there was hardly a place within the walls where one could be safe from the shells. To add to the distress, a hospital caught on fire that day. The women exposed themselves recklessly carrying the sick and wounded out of the flames.

Two days later the besiegers managed to establish a

battery within pistol-shot of the gate by the famous convent of St. Engracia. The first volley levelled the mud walls with the ground. In the face of bitter resistance the French captured the convent, and by nightfall they were masters of all the city on that side of the Cozo, the wide central street running right through the town.

Lefebvre felt confident the prize was now within his grasp. Aping his imperial master, he summoned the Spaniards to surrender in one contemptuous line:

"Headquarters, St. Engracia, Capitulation."

Don José met this insult with an equally laconic reply:

"Headquarters, Zaragoza. War to the knife."

They got it.

"A street about as wide as Pall Mall was all that lay between besiegers and besieged, to whom every frail brick house had become a fortress, while the openings of the narrow cross streets were piled up with sand-bags to form barricades. Soon the space was heaped with dead bodies, either killed on the spot or thrown from the windows, and this was enough to breed a pestilence among the survivors. The French let them lie, knowing that such a disease would be the surest destruction to the garrison, and they fired on the Spaniards whenever they ventured out to bury them. Upon this, Palafox devised tying ropes to his French prisoners and driving them out to bring in the corpses for burial. The enemy would not fire on their own countrymen, and thus this danger was lessened, although not entirely removed, and sickness as well as famine was added to the misery of the brave Aragonese. The manufacture of powder, too, could no longer be carried on, but happily Don Francisco, the brother

of Palafox, was able to make his way into the city with three thousand men and a convoy of arms and ammunition. Padre Santiago Sass, the curate of one of the parishes of Zaragoza, showed himself one of the bravest of all the brave, fighting at every hazardous point, and at other times moving about among the sick and dying, to give them the last rites of the church. No one's heart failed in those eleven days of one continual battle from house to house, from room to room, when the nights were times of more dreadful conflict than the days. Often under cover of the darkness a party would rush across to seize a battery; and once a Spaniard made his way under cover of the corpses, which filled the whole space between the combatants, and fastened a rope to one of the French guns. It had almost been dragged across the street, and was only lost by the breaking of the rope.

"On the 8th of August the Spaniards agreed that if they could not hold their ground in the city they must retire across the Ebro, break down the bridge, and defend the suburbs as they had defended the streets. Only an eighth part of their city now remained to them, and on the night of the 13th the enemy's fire was more destructive and constant than ever. The great convent of St. Engracia was blown up, the whole of the French part of the city glared with flaming houses, the climax of the horrors of the siege seemed to have come!

"But the reports of the batteries gradually ceased, and with the early morning light the garrison beheld the road to Pampeluna filled with French troops in full retreat."

The cause of this mysterious deliverance was the unsoldierly and fatal surrender of General Dumont at

Beylen of the whole Army of Andalusia to the Spanish general Castaños—the first serious reverse Napoleon had ever had. News of this thunderbolt, and also that a relieving army was being hurried to the scene, had forced Lefebvre to raise the siege and retreat.

Zaragoza was saved for the time. Not permanently, for the conqueror himself took personal charge of the Spanish campaign after these disgraceful setbacks to his veterans; and on the 21st of the following February the city was taken.

But nothing can dim the record of those gallant men and women who triumphantly sustained those long weeks of torture and death, ever fighting for their homes and their motherland. And especially the deed of Agostina, the Maid of Zaragoza.

Byron gives one of his romantic pictures of the exploit in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage":

> "Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
> Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
> Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
> The foe retires—she heads the rallying host:
> Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
> Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
> What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost?
> Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
> Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a battered wall?"

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### A HALF-BREED MOTHER'S EXPLOIT

Two expeditions set out in 1810 and 1811 (just a couple of years after the exploit of Agostina of Zaragoza) to found the Pacific trading settlement of Astoria, through which John Jacob Astor hoped to wrest the wealth of furs of this vast region from his Canadian rivals, the Northwest Company.

One, in the ill-fated *Tonquin*, sailed from New York, protected from threatened British overhauling at the start by the stout frigate *Constitution*.

The other started on the almost unknown land and river route, from St. Louis up the Missouri and across the Rockies to the headwaters of the Columbia River, at whose mouth, discovered only in 1792, the new station was to be begun.

One of the hunters and interpreters of this overland party was named Pierre Dorion. His father was a French woodsman, a true *coureur de bois*, who had taken to himself a Sioux squaw, and whose cabin had been more than once in an uproar with savage fights between himself and his turbulent sons.

Pierre was a good woodsman, hunter, and trapper, but cursed with the half-breed's weakness for strong drink. Indeed, he had to be smuggled away, when the expedition started, to avoid being held by a rival fur company for a debt due to slacking his thirst with whiskey at ten dollars a quart.

At the last moment, when he had received two-thirds of his year's pay in advance, he refused to leave unless he could take along his wife and two young children, one of them only two years old; and a trying delay was caused by this woman's running away in the night, owing to Pierre's Indian method of disciplining her with a stick.

But when she had been found and the journey began, Pierre's wife showed the stuff that was in her. Through that long and weary trip, menaced by all the dangers of the wilderness trail, by starvation, hostile Indians, and grizzlies, she and her little brood kept up with the veteran frontiersmen. On the 30th of December, when they had been breaking ice to cross the Snake River, and fording icy streams as they struck west through the mountains amid a downpour of snow and rain; when their food was reduced to one scanty meal of horse-flesh every twenty-four hours; when one of the hardy Canadians, half-famished, had dropped down on the ground and given up; in these desperate conditions this woman, who had never once murmured, gave birth to a child. And the following morning the whole family caught up with the party, which had gone on, Mrs. Dorion seated on Pierre's skeleton horse with the new baby in her arms and the two-year-old wrapped in a blanket and slung by her side!

After nearly a year's travelling the expedition covered the last of their perilous three thousand five hundred miles and, to their infinite joy, reached the infant post of Astoria.

Even then it was no quiet life that awaited them. They little dreamed of the threatening clouds even then rising over the enterprise from the war with England and the jealous activities of the Northwest

Company. But frequent expeditions into wild country were essential to what they had come for.

That same summer John Reed was sent into the Snake River region to trap beaver and look for three missing hunters. With him went five Canadians—and Pierre Dorion with his family of four.

The little band set forth into this dreaded region, with which was associated some of the bitterest hardships of their journey over. Moreover, there had been trouble with the Indians and the possibility of meeting war-parties was not the least of their anxieties.

One Canadian died during the autumn. Another deserted and was never heard of again. But they were cheered by finding the three missing frontiersmen. Reed built a house by Snake River for winter quarters and determined to stick it out according to orders. The party began their campaign against the precious beaver.

Le Clerc, a Canadian, the frontiersman Rezner, and Pierre Dorion were assigned to trapping-grounds five days away from headquarters, the beaver being very thick there.

They put up a hut, set traps, and started in at their winter's work in the midst of this remote and untravelled wilderness. The men would start out before dawn to visit their lines of traps, being absent all day long. Meanwhile the woman stayed alone with her children in the hut, dressing the pelts, caring for the youngsters, mending clothes, preparing food against the return of the hungry trappers.

She was busy over the evening meal, at dusk of one January day, when she was startled by halting footsteps outside. Her quick ear caught something strange, labored, alarming in the sounds.

They came nearer. The little family stared open-

eyed at the door. Through it staggered Le Clerc, dripping blood at every step.

Sinking down in a heap, he confirmed her fear. A band of Pierced-nose Indians, in revenge for a companion's execution for pilfering, had surprised the trappers. Falling upon them while they were busy at their work, these savages had instantly killed Rezner and her husband. Le Clerc himself was frightfully wounded, and had barely managed to drag himself home to give the alarm. The Indians might be expected at any instant, since his trail would be only too plain.

It was a situation to crush the stoutest: one woman, with three little children and a desperately wounded man, unable even to help himself, five days' journey from any possible aid, awaiting each moment the whoop of a war-party, whose tender mercies at such a time were but too familiar.

She did not stop to weep or consider. Running out of the cabin, she managed with great difficulty to catch two of the pack-horses, and loaded one with some beaver meat and dried salmon.

Exerting her utmost strength, she succeeded in raising Le Clerc to the back of one animal, expecting all the while to hear the twang of a bow or the swish of a fatal arrow from the surrounding forest. Hastily fastening the children on the other horse, she mounted amongst them, and hurried away in the direction of the headquarters camp.

It was slow and difficult travelling at best; with wounds and babies and overload to consider, it seemed quite impossible most of the time.

But this ignorant little woman was of truly heroic fibre. She kept going somehow, betraying her fears only by occasional backward glances. She cared for

Le Clerc's injuries as best she could, watched over the children on their precarious perch, fed the whole party, picked out the route. Yet she kept going.

On the third day came a fresh terror. Her keen eyes, scanning everything, caught sight of figures on horseback to the east. Instantly stopping, she helped Le Clerc down and fairly carried him to a place of shelter among the bushes, concealing the whole outfit from the eyes of the Indians.

She dared not make any fire, and there was no water, since the risk of fetching it would have been too great. Through the biting cold of that winter night she managed to keep her children from freezing by huddling them all into her arms. The Indians failed to discover them. But when morning came, Le Clerc was dead.

Seeing no signs of pursuers, this intrepid woman pushed warily on. So swift was her journey that she reached the main camp next day, twenty-four hours earlier than she had thought possible.

There she met with the most trying shock of all.

This cabin, toward which she had for four days pressed so bravely for the safety of her little brood, stood silent and deserted. All about were evidences of a furious struggle. She could only conclude that Reed and his companions also had been massacred, and that she alone was left. On her woman's strength now depended the lives of herself and her three children. And many weeks of hardest wilderness travel lay between her and assistance.

Undismayed by the horrors she had passed through or the worse ones she saw ahead, she pressed on for two days more, till she hoped they were out of range of the scouring bands.

The scanty supply of food she had brought soon

gave out, though she denied her own gnawing hunger to sustain the children.

It was clearly out of the question to attempt the trip to the settlement. In a lonely mountain ravine on the upper waters of the Walla-Walla River she determined to camp and make the best of her apparently hopeless situation.

She had fortunately a buffalo-robe and three deer-skins. These helped to cover a rough wigwam which she constructed of branches and bark beside a clear spring. Here she settled down to pass the terrible, lonely winter and continue her splendid fight.

The two horses were killed. Their flesh was smoked. Carefully eking out this sole supply of food, she existed from day to day, from week to week.

By the middle of March these provisions were practically gone. All her efforts to snare birds or animals were unavailing. It became clear that another desperate chance must be taken if she was to keep life in those four bodies much longer.

Carrying what little food remained and the two younger children, she set forth on foot, with no definite idea where she was going or what she might find.

She toiled slowly over the mountain ridge, and gradually worked her way down to the Walla-Walla River. Then she decided to follow this down and trust to chance for stumbling upon some aid.

At length, after surmounting incredible difficulties, she and her three little ones reached the Columbia River in safety. Here she found an Indian village where she was welcomed and well treated.

The close of this wonderful adventure was dramatic. Mrs. Dorion had been among the Walla-Walla Indians

only two weeks when a great stir rose in the village. Two canoes with white men were coming up the Columbia.

They proved to be the remainder of the Astoria expedition. The settlement had capitulated to the Northwest Company, backed up by a British war-ship. On December 12 the standard of Great Britain had displaced the Stars and Stripes above the log fort. Astoria was not—for by proclamation of the conquering captain this edifice was now Fort George, an outpost of His Britannic Majesty's.

The Americans were now on their way back, just in time to hear the tragic fate of Reed's party—and to preserve for Washington Irving's pen the tale of one of the bravest of many brave mothers.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### THE LITTLE GIRL WHO DARED

THREE years before the gold discovery at Sutter's Mill drew thousands across the continent, a prairie caravan was laboring over the desolate Nevada sand-hills, west of the Humboldt River.

It was composed of a party of eighty-four men, women, and children, who had split off from a large caravan at Fort Bridger, lured by reports of a much shorter route. Among them was James T. Reed, with his wife and daughter, and two families named Donner.

Reed's oxen, crazed with thirst, had dashed off into the wastes of Salt Lake Desert, and disappeared forever. Indians had just stolen more oxen at the Humboldt sink. The travelling was exhausting. Men's nerves had become frazzled.

Another of the endless succession of sand-dunes appeared ahead.

The cattle were so weary that it had become customary to put a double team to each wagon in pulling up these sandy hills; and since this made twice the number of trips, it was very exasperating to the teamsters.

Wearily the drivers halted, and prepared to unhitch and double up. But one man, named Snyder, swore he wouldn't bother with it; he started his oxen up the incline with shouts and loud crackings of his whip. The straining beasts labored up the slope, the heavy

wagon-wheels sinking deep in the soft, binding sand. It was too much, even for their patient strength. They stopped, exhausted and blown. The driver's utmost urgings and savage lashings could not force them a foot farther.

Wild with sullen rage, Snyder began to belabor the poor beasts unmercifully. Reed, who had gone on over the brow of the hill to pick out a road ahead, came back to witness the man's brutal abuse of the meek creatures, who, with gasping breath and rolling eyes, tried to shrink away from the blows which he rained on their heads and shoulders with the butt end of his heavy whip-handle.

The useless cruelty was too much for Reed. He tried to quiet the driver, who was working himself into a frenzy where it seemed probable he would kill one or more of the oxen outright.

This interference snapped Snyder's already quivering nerves. Leaping to the wagon-tongue, he turned his fury on Reed. Three times he brought his hickory handle savagely down on the other man's head, till the blood streamed from the scalp wounds.

Instinctively Reed's wife rushed forward. Snyder was blind with rage by this time; the next blow fell upon her head.

Seeing the maniac raise his bludgeon for still another blow, Reed drew his hunting-knife, and tackled him as if he were the wild beast he was imitating. The quick thrust entered Snyder's side, killing him almost instantly.

The men of the party held an informal court. The dead body spoke more loudly to them than the provocation which had brought on the tragedy. With a cowardice which declared for the uttermost penalty,

yet strove to dodge the direct responsibility, the majority came to a singular and frightful decision.

A committee announced to Reed that he was to go forth alone into the surrounding desert, with nothing but the clothes he wore.

This meant death by slow torture. Without food, water, gun, ammunition, or bedding, a solitary man in that encompassing infinity of sand had nothing to expect but to perish through starvation and the unspeakable, lingering agonies of thirst. But it enabled his judges to preserve a faint pretense of his having wandered off of his own volition.

Reed refused. Any man who had come across those hundreds of miles of desert would unhesitatingly have chosen to stand up before a firing-squad in preference to this protracted suicide.

But his overwhelmed wife, catching desperately at any straw, begged him so piteously to take this forlorn chance, that he finally accepted the verdict.

Mrs. Reed's pleadings made his executioners relent to the extent of permitting him to take a horse, instead of going on foot.

So he fared forth under the blazing sun to meet what seemed like an inexorable sentence.

Wife and twelve-year-old daughter watched him disappear into the pitiless desert. Then they went back to their own wagon, where the sight of every article seemed to bring a fresh pang. The leaders of the party were human enough, and they tried to show a rough sympathy for the suffering pair; but it was only too evident that any open professions were a painful mockery; they presently withdrew and the mother and daughter were left as alone and isolated as if there were some contagious disease in their canvas-roofed home on wheels.

Automatically, habit drove them to preparations for supper. Trying to support each other by encouraging hopes which deceived neither, they choked down the rough food.

Presently Virginia, who had disappeared for a short while before sundown, looked up at her mother's tear-stained face.

"Mamma," said she resolutely, "I'm going out to find father and take him something to eat, and his gun and pistols."

"What do you mean, child?" exclaimed Mrs. Reed. "You can't find your father."

"Yes, I can," insisted the girl. "I'm not going alone; I've asked Milt, and he's going with me."

Mrs. Reed protested. It seemed like merely adding a last horror to this nightmare day.

But twelve-year-old Virginia had made up her mind. She knew the Vigilance Committee had stationed guards to see that no attempt was made to interfere with the punishment; she was full of childish tremors at the thought of the night-enfolded desert and the wild beasts that howled through the darkness; but her daddy was out there with nothing to eat—and she was going to do something to help him no matter what happened.

When the camp was quiet and all the children who might run in were asleep, she got together what their scanty stock offered—a piece of bacon, some crackers, coffee, and sugar. A tin cup, the gun and pistols, and some ammunition were collected. Next a lantern and a supply of matches.

Her mother lay helpless, watching these preparations in increasing doubt.

"How will you find him this dark night?" she whispered.

When they had reached a safe distance Virginia touched her companion's arm.

"Let's light the lantern," she whispered.

Standing between it and the camp, Milton lit the candle in the lantern. The girl took it, and covering it with her skirt so that it shone only downward, began to walk to and fro, searching this tiny moving circle of illumination for the horse's footprints.

It was hard to find. Back and forth and farther out she looked in vain. The care necessary to prevent a flash of the lantern's light from reaching the guard and at the same time scrutinize every foot of the ground was confusing amid the obscurity. They had slowly worked their way completely around the camp when a low exclamation of delight came from Virginia.

There was a hoof-print in the loose sand. Kneeling down, she made sure. A little farther on the marks were plain. Relieved and eager, they hastened in that direction.

It was a long journey, with no landmarks to show the progress, and the inevitable loss of time when they occasionally lost the trail. Mile after mile they followed these mute guides, which seemed to lead on into an endless nowhere. The mournful howls of marauding coyotes made the child shudder every time they moaned across the plain. The shrill, savage screech of a mountain-lion seemed even more threatening, as it split the silence close beside them. She knew well that there were prowling wolves about, dangerous on their night roamings. Even Milton, who scorned these night prowlers like any stout frontier boy, stopped paralyzed with fear when, a little later, another sound came which was made by no wild beast,

but a far more dangerous animal; they judged it to mean the presence, not far off, of one of the Indian bands who had been lurking about their advance to pick off straggling humans or cattle.

But even this most excruciating terror of childhood was not as compelling as the thought of her father, alone and hungry and unarmed among these dangers.

They stopped for a few moments, dreading to hear the war-whoop. All was silent. Virginia started on again.

For what seemed like hours they labored on.

At last the girl gave a cry, pointing ahead.

"There's papa!" she exclaimed.

Milton scanned the blackness. "It's a fire, sure enough."

Neither gave vent to the thought which presently flashed upon them that the tiny point of light off there might be kindled by the Indians who loomed so large in their minds. Reassuring themselves by again studying the footprints that had led them so far, they hurried toward this beacon.

A disconsolate figure sat hunched over in front of the blaze, head between hands.

As the two drew near it suddenly sprang up, and Reed gazed wonderingly out from his circle of light, expecting some attack.

And then a slender little figure, dropping the lantern to the ground, sped out of the encircling blackness into her daddy's arms.

Sorely against her will, Virginia started back for the camp with her companion at the first break of dawn.

But she had the proud satisfaction of seeing her father, with the fresh courage and confidence she had

brought him, ride off westward with better than a fighting chance of escape.

The Donner party which had cast him out was destined, after a ghastly struggle, to leave half its members dead among the cruel snows of the winter Sierras; but plucky little Virginia was one of the half which finally reached the pleasant valleys of California.

# PART V

## PATRIOTISM, LOYALTY, AND LEADERSHIP

*Doctor Johnson once thundered out that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." So it may be: honor, truth, and all the other virtues may also be used to cloak selfishness and villainy.*

*It is true, too, that the modern world has come to see that so-called patriotism which demands something for one's country at the expense of another country needs to be scrutinized just as closely as one's personal "rights" when they conflict with those of a fellow citizen.*

*But in every time and every region of the earth men have cherished the memory of those who threw their abilities, fortunes, and lives into the scales at the call of their native land. Vercingetorix, Arnold von Winkelried, William Tell, Andreas Hofer, William Wallace, the Burghers of Calais, Garibaldi, Washington, Tecumseh, Ivan Huitfeldt, Kosciusko—these men seem to embody their respective causes.*

*Most of these great figures are familiar to us from childhood. They are the heroes of the nations. And their followers are legion.*

*In fact, those self-styled "realists" who maintain that man is inexorably by nature an egotist, and that selfishness is the deepest mainspring of his actions—these depressing folk might be put to it to explain "mechanistically" the fact that any cause with even a perverted ideal back of it, any country struggling against oppression, has always produced man after man ready to declare "This is my own, my native land," and ready, in consequence, to contribute his utmost powers or life itself to that abstrac-*

*tion. Sometimes, too, these are men of small minds, of timid bodies, of low ideas in their every-day existence. Even criminals are melted and recast into splendid mould by the ardor of this high flame.*

*Walter Greenway, burglar and renegade, married to an Arab wife in Mesopotamia, was transformed by the Great War into a secret-service agent for the British whose daring services, fidelity under excruciating Turkish torture, and incredible escape to "get in another day for England" make up one of the truly thrilling tales of that vast epic.*

*At the other extreme were those two young Russian girls, just out of high school, arrested at Odessa for complicity in the Revolution of 1905. So young, so charming were they that the judge's heart was touched. He offered them pardon, separately, simply on an agreement to leave the country and take no further part in the revolutionary movement.*

*The older, a beautiful girl of seventeen, listened to the kindly suggestion. "I am a revolutionist," she replied. "As far as I can tell now, so long as there is life in me, I shall work for the revolution."*

*In came the other, a year younger, to whom was made the same offer. "I don't know what my sister has said," she declared, "but no matter. I am a revolutionist."*

*Both were hanged next morning, firm to the last.*

*It was this same devotion to that intangible thing, a people's cause or a sense of loyalty, which inspired the little group of men, less well known than the great national figures, who are told of here.*

## CHAPTER XXX

### A DEFENDER OF OLD ENGLAND

It was almost a thousand years ago. Aethelred the Unready was called King of England, but he was a ruler who could not even rule his own subjects; and when the fierce vikings swooped down on the coast and harried the land there was no one to unite the English against them. They took their will of the eastern and southern towns. London itself went up in flames. The island folk were like shepherdless sheep before a pack of ravenous wolves.

Then came Anlaf with ninety-three ships and fell upon Essex with fire and sword.

Now the ealdorman of the East Saxons was Byrhtnoth. He was a true leader of his people, "eloquent of speech, great of stature, exceeding strong, most skilful in war, and of courage that knew no fear. He spent his whole life in defending the liberty of his country, being altogether absorbed in this one desire, and preferring to die rather than to leave one of its injuries unavenged. And all the leaders of the shires put their trust altogether in him."

When he heard of the Danish onslaught, he gathered together his forces and hurried toward the shore, little recking that his numbers were far less than those of the foe.

At Ramsey Abbey he halted to feed his little army. The abbot insisted he could not furnish food for such a company, but offered to receive the ealdorman himself and seven of his chief officers.

"I cannot fight without them," declared Byrhtnoth, "and I will not eat without them."

So he marched on to Ely, where Abbot Aelfsig entertained the whole force. "But the ealdorman, thinking that he had been burdensome to the abbey, would not leave it unrewarded; and on the following morning bestowed upon it six rich manors, and promised nine more, with thirty marks of gold and twenty pounds of silver, on the condition that if he fell in the battle, his body should be brought and buried there. To this gift he also added two crosses of gold and two vestments richly adorned with gold and gems, and a pair of curiously wrought gloves. And so, commending himself to the prayers of the brethren, he went forth to meet the enemy.

"When he met them, undeterred by the multitude of foes and the fewness of his own men, he attacked them at once, and for fourteen days fought with them daily. But on the last day, but few of his men being left alive, and perceiving that he was to die, he attacked them with none the less courage, and had almost put them to flight, when the Danes, taking heart from the small numbers of the English, formed their force into a wedge, and threw themselves upon them."

An ancient poet sang the saga of Byrhtnoth's last fight centuries and centuries ago, and we still have a fragment of his patriotic chant.

Bade then Byrhtnoth each warrior loose him his horse and drive it afar, and fare thus on to the hand-fight, hopeful of heart.

Then straightway the stripling of Offa beheld that the earl would abide no cowardly thing; so there from his hand he let fly his falcon, belovèd, away

through the wood and strode to the battle, and man might know that never that youth would fail from the fight when once he fell to his weapon. Thereat Eadric was minded to stand by his ealdorman fast in the fight; forth 'gan bear his javelin foe-ward, manful in mood, whilever that he in his hands might hold his buckler and broadsword; his vaunt he avouched with his deeds, that there he should fight in front of his prince.

Then Byrhtnoth began to array him his warriors, rode and directed, counselled the fighters how they should stand and steadfastly hold to their places, showed them how shields should be gripped full hard with the hand, and bade them to fear not at all. When fairly his folk were formed he alighted in midst of the liegemen that loved him fondliest; there full well he wist that his faithfullest hearth-fighters were.

Then stood forth one from the vikings, strongly called, uttered his words, shouted the sea-rogues' threat to the earl where he stood on the adverse shore: "Me have the scathful seamen sent, and bidden me say that now must thou render rings for thy ransom, and better for you shall it be that ye buy off a battle with tribute than trust the hard-dealing of war. No need that we harm us, if only ye heed this message; firm will we fashion a peace with the gold. If thou that art richest wouldst ransom thy people, pay, for a peace, what the seamen shall deem to be due; we will get us to ship with the gold, and fare off over the flood, and hold you acquit."

Byrhtnoth cried to him, brandished the buckler, shook the slim ash, with words made utterance, wrathful and resolute, gave him his answer: "Hearest thou, sea-rover, that which my folk sayeth? Yes we will

render you tribute . . . in javelins—poisonous point, and old-time blade—good weapons, yet forward you not in the fight. Herald of pirates, be herald once more: bear to thy people a bitterer message—that here stands dauntless an earl with his warriors, will keep us this country, land of my lord, Prince Aethelred—folk and field: the heathen shall perish in battle. Too base, methinketh, that ye with your gold should get you to ship all unfoughten with, now that so far ye have come to be in our land: never so soft shall ye slink with your treasure away: us shall persuade both point and blade—grim game of war—ere we pay you for peace."

Bade he then bear forward bucklers, and warriors go, till they all stood ranged on the bank that was east. Now there, for the water, might never a foeman come to the other: there came flowing the flood after ebb-tide, mingled the streams: too long it seemed to them, ere that together the spears would come.

There stood they in their strength by Panta's stream, the East-Saxon force and the ship-host: nor might either of them harm the other, save when one fell by an arrow's flight.

The tide out-flowed; the pirates stood yare, many vikings wistful for war.

Bade them the Shelter-of-Men (Byrhtnoth) a war-hardened warrior hold him the bridge, who Wulfstan was hight, bold with his kinsmen, Ceola's son, he smote with his spear the first man down that stepped over-bold on the bridge. There stood by Wulfstan warriors dauntless, Maccus and Aelfere, proud-souled twain; they recked not of flight at the ford, but stoutly strove with the foe what while they could wield their weapons. When these encountered and eagerly saw

how bitter the bridge-wards were, then the hostile guests betook them to cunning: ordered to seize the ascents, and fare through the ford and lead up the line. Now the earl in his over-bold mood gave overmuch land to the foe. There, while the warriors whist, fell Byrhthelm's bairn (Byrhtnoth) to calling over the waters cold:

"Now there is room for you, rush to us, warriors to warfare; God wot, only, which of us twain shall possess the place of the slaughter."

Waded the war-wolves west over Panta, recked not of water, warrior vikings. There, o'er the wave they bore up their bucklers, the seamen lifted their shields to the land. In wait with his warriors, Byrhtnoth stood; he bade form the war-hedge of bucklers, and hold that ward firm to the foe. The fight was at hand, the glory of battle; the time was come for the falling of men that were doomed.

There was a scream uphoven, ravens hovered, the eagle sharp for carnage; on earth was clamor.

They let from hands file-hard spears, sharp-ground javelins, fly; bows were busy, shield caught spear-point, bitter was the battle-rush, warriors fell, on either hand warriors lay. Wounded was Wulfmaer, chose his bed of death, Byrhtnoth's kinsman, his sister's son; he with bills was in pieces hewn. But there to the vikings was quittance made; heard I that Edward slew one sheerly with his sword, withheld not the swing of it, that at his feet fell the fated warrior. For that his prince said thanks to him—to his bower-thane—when he had time. So dutiful wrought the strong-souled fighters at battle, keenly considered who there might quickliest pierce with his weapon; carnage fell on earth. Stood they steadfast. Byrhtnoth heart-

ened them, bade that each warrior mind him of battle that would fight out glory upon the Danes.

Waded then forward a warrior tough, upheaved his weapon, shield at ward, and strode at the earl; as resolute went the earl to the carl: each of them to the other meant mischief. Sent then the sea-warrior a southern spear that the lord of warriors was wounded; he wrought then with his shield that the shaft burst in pieces and that spear broke that it sprang again. Angry-souled was the warrior; he with his spear stung the proud viking that give him his wound. Prudent was the chieftain; he let his spear wade through the viking's neck; his hand guided it that it reached to the life of his dangerous foe. Then he suddenly shot another that his corselet burst; he was wounded in the breast through the ring-mail; at his heart stood the fatal spear-point. The earl was all the blither; laughed the valorous man, said thanks to the Creator for the day's work that the Lord gave him.

Then some one of the warriors let fly from his hand a dart that it forthright passed through the noble thane of Aethelred (Byrhtnoth). Then stood beside him an unwaxen warrior, a boy in fight; he full boldly plucked from the prince the bloody javelin—Wulfstan's son, Wulfmaer the young; he let the sharp steel fare back again; the spear-point pierced that he lay on the earth who before had grievously wounded the prince. Ran there a cunning warrior to the earl; he wished to plunder the prince of his treasures, armor and rings and adornèd sword. Then Byrhtnoth drew from sheath his broad and brown-edged sword and smote on the warrior's corselet: but too soon one of the pirates prevented him; he maimed the arm of the earl; fell to the ground the yellow-hilted sword;

he might not hold the hard blade, not wield a weapon. There nevertheless spoke some words the hoary chieftain, heartened his warriors, bade the good comrades go forward; now no longer could he stand firm on his feet; he looked toward heaven:

"I thank thee, Ruler of Nations, for all the delights that were mine in the world; now do I own, mild Creator, most need that thou give good to my ghost, whereby my soul may depart unto Thee in Thy kingdom. Prince of angels, may it fare forth in peace; I am suppliant to Thee that the hell-foes may humble it not."

Then the heathen men hewed him and both the chieftains that stood by him; Aelfnod and Wulfmaer lay slain; by the side of their prince they parted with life.

Then came a panic upon his English followers, and several cowards fled.

But the high-souled thanes that still stood heartened their men: "Never," said one, "shall the thanes reproach me that I would return to my home, now that my prince lieth hewn down in fight."

One by one they fell, wielding sword and spear to the uttermost. And ancient Byrhtwold, waving his stout ash, thus cheered the remaining handful to the final effort:

"Soul be the scornfuller, heart be the bolder, front be the firmer, the fewer we grow. Here, all hewn, lieth our chieftain, a good man on the ground; forever let one mourn who now from this war-play thinketh to wend.

"I am old of life; hence will I not; for now by the side of my lord, by the so-beloved man, I am minded to lie!"

## CHAPTER XXXI

### THE BROTHERS WHO DIED FOR ITALY

For nearly three hundred years after Rome was sacked and Florence in 1530 was taken by an army of German and Spanish mercenaries, Italy had no history of her own. During a few decades after the middle of the preceding century there had been an Italian culture, language, and sense of nationality, when the Dukes of Savoy and Urbino, the Marquises of Ferrara and Mantua, and the republics of Bologna, Sienna, and Perugia ruled the peninsula in prosperous tranquillity. But throughout most of the sixteenth century, and all of the two following ones, the dozen Italian states were transferred like cattle from Spain to Austria, or Austria to France, hardly knowing or caring who were their foreign masters.

This ignoble slavery awoke to new aspirations at the touch of Napoleon. The conqueror to be sure laid ruder hands upon the ancient land than any of its former masters; but the very obliteration of old boundaries helped to create a national, in place of a divided, consciousness. And even the zealous dynasty-building of the Emperor could not efface the new stirrings that came from the French Revolution.

Division, tyranny, and a religious reign of terror followed the restoration of the German, Austrian, and Sardinian princes after Napoleon's downfall. In five years the liberal longings that had been smouldering beneath the surface broke forth in rebellion at Naples and Palermo; and while Austria crushed the revolt

with an iron hand, Young Italy, with Mazzini at its head, sprang into being amid the blood and terror, born of a dream of liberty, and destined to achieve it after many days.

It was forty weary years after the first outbreak before, just as our Civil War opened, Cavour was able to write to Berlin: "We are Italy." As might be expected from a struggle which constituted the life-work of such great figures as Mazzini and Garibaldi, there were many men who laid deeds of true heroism on the altar of patriotism. Yet even in this sky of stars two planets stand out in special brilliance—Attilio and Emilio Bandiera.

They were sons of an Austrian admiral, cordially hated by the Italians for having, in defiance of the capitulation, captured the insurgents who were on their way to France by sea from Ancona. Strangely enough, the ideal of Italian freedom burned in these youths' hearts long before they came into contact with the Carbonari and other secret organizations of conspirators.

Mazzini (who for twenty years out of thirty of vigorous manhood led a life of voluntary imprisonment within the four walls of one little room, while spies and police sought for him) received while in exile in England, toward the close of 1842, the following letter:

"Sir,—

"For many years I have esteemed and loved you, for I have learned to regard you as chief of those who represent in our generation the national opposition to the tyranny and consequent infamy that now contaminates Italy. I know that you are the founder of

a secret society called 'Young Italy,' and that you were the editor of a journal bearing that title; but I have never been able to procure myself a single copy of that or any other of your works, until a few days ago, when I succeeded in obtaining the first and second numbers of your 'Apostolato Popolare' (Apostle to the People). They were doubly welcome to me, because, to the gratification I received in finding my own political principles shared by a man like yourself, was added the satisfaction of discovering a means, however indirect, of forwarding you this letter. I have been seeking to discover your address for more than a year, leaving no means untried. Amongst others, I have commissioned a friend of mine, who will land in England this August, to go on to London in order to find out your lodging, see you, speak to you of me, and inform you that I intend with your permission to open a correspondence with you, which may possibly result in some benefit to our country.

"Before entering upon a subject so delicate, however, I think it my duty to give you some information as regards myself, so that you may have no reason to reproach yourself hereafter with having bestowed your confidence too hastily upon one unknown to you. If the friend of whom I have spoken has executed my commission, you have by this time learned my real name. But his stay in England was destined to be so short, and his time occupied with so many duties, that I much fear he may not have been able to fulfil his promise.

"I am an Italian, not proscribed; my profession is that of arms.

"I believe in God, in a future life, and in the progress of Humanity. I school myself to direct my

thoughts first to the welfare of Humanity, then of my country, then of my family, and my own individual life.

"Firmly believing that justice is the basis of every right, I have long considered that the Italian cause is but an offshoot of the cause of Humanity, and in reverence for this incontrovertible truth, I find consolation for the sorrows and difficulties of the times, by remembering that to serve Italy is to serve Humanity. Being by nature tempered to act readily, as well as to think boldly, from the conviction of the truth of the above principles, to the determination to dedicate my whole life to their practical realization, was but a brief step with me.

"The study of the condition of our country has proved to me that the sole path upon which it is possible to labor for the emancipation of Italy from her present degradation is of necessity the darksome path of conspiracy. In fact of what but secret means can the oppressed avail himself while preparing the struggle for freedom?

"Since I determined to devote my life to my country, my fundamental idea has been the absolute necessity that all those desirous of laboring toward the same aim should enter into relations with and know one another before making any open attempt, in order to unite their forces and combine all their individual ideas in one utilitarian formula; for without this, dissensions must sooner or later arise fatal to the best founded hopes. For this reason I am very anxious to send you a writing of mine; and your 'Apostolato,' which I have recently read, confirms me in this desire.

"I come to you repeating your own words: 'Let us counsel, discuss, and act together fraternally. Do

not disdain my offer. It may be that you will find mine the arm first ready to raise the standard of our regeneration and independence.' "

This letter "out of the blue" was from Attilio Bandiera. It began a correspondence with Mazzini, who even in banishment was the leader and inspiration of Young Italy; and many were the plans and attempts to gather together in secret a sufficient force of idealists who could fight to make a beginning of revolution.

But the fine ardent young hearts of the two Bandieras sickened at the cowardice, or smug materialism, or treachery which brought one eagerly developed scheme after another to failure. As the months passed away without the coming forward of any who dared to strike the first blow, there grew in them a compelling need of action—immediate, personal action. Nor did their clear minds fail to see that this feverish impulse might be the coolest wisdom so far as Italian liberty was concerned. If the Lombard-Venetians could but be made to strike an open blow it might fire the courage of all the thousands who were patriots only behind closed doors.

"The insurrectionary ferment in Italy still endures," wrote Attilio, "if I may believe the reports I receive; and thinking that this may perhaps indicate the dawn of the great day of our resurrection, I believe it to be the duty of every good patriot to co-operate therein as far as in him lies. I am therefore seeking a means of going myself to the scene of action.

"And should I fail in this, it will certainly not be through any fault of my own. My plan would be, as soon as I arrived, to put myself at the head of a guerilla band, betake myself to the mountains, and there fight for our cause to the death.

"I am well aware that the material importance of this step would be very small; but the moral influence would be far greater; because I should awaken a sense of distrust in the heart of the most powerful of our tyrants; I should set an example to all those who like me have been bound by absurd and impossible oaths, and strengthen the confidence of our own party, which owes its present weakness chiefly to a want of faith in our resources, and to an exaggerated idea of the forces of the enemy."

In short this handsome, young, eager fellow, full of the joy of life, with a beautiful wife and children whom he adored, with a mother whom he loved most tenderly—this true son of Italy saw that the bonfire of freedom was ready but that none dared light it; wherefore he proposed to be the match regardless of the fact that the blaze must consume him ere it began to leap up against the dark sky.

The first attempt was a failure. The guerilla outbreaks of the Muratori, the skirmishes of the people of the Romagna against the papal troops, the rumors of imminent insurrection—all proved illusory.

Emilio, the younger brother, wrote in March, 1844:

"I know not whose the fault, but no help was given. They despised a demonstration which might perhaps have secured a victory, if only through the contagion the example of our devotion might have spread among the forty thousand Italians who, though bound by an empty oath, yet love their country.

"Meanwhile we had compromised ourselves. We did not fear violence; an imprudent order of arrest (would it had been pronounced!) would have raised up more defenders than were wanted.

"All was undone; the Bolognese were dispersed;

arrests multiplied; and to us, who were burning with excitement and already too completely discovered, they sent a message, as if in derision, bidding us, like vegetables, wait till the spring. But we were not discouraged.

"For my plan I required only a few thousand francs. My brother answered that they were denied him on every side. Meanwhile the government, alarmed and suspecting us as well known to be seditious, yet not daring to arrest us by force, employed artifice.

"They sent to recall my brother to Venice, causing him at the same time to be watched by German spies. He made another appeal for money, promising that we would risk the attempt in spite of every obstacle. He was refused, and on the eve of the term fixed for his return to Venice, he fled; whilst I at the same time fled from Venice.

"May the evil consequences be on the heads of those who denied and despised us; of those who when warned by —— that we should be lost if the means of action were not furnished within a month's time, replied: 'Do not speak any more of your friends, for from what you say they are surely lost already.'

"Forgive me if I have allowed myself to use the language of one forsaken; I do so because I know how innocent you are of the delay and neglect to which we have fallen a sacrifice; but tell those that counselled them that, when once Italy shall be free, I will arraign them before the tribunal of their country as conspirators who conspired to prolong her slavery and dishonor."

It proved that a traitor named Micciarelli had revealed all the brothers' plans to the Austrian Government; they fled hastily from their beloved country to "where naught of light is," leaving Attilio's beloved

wife to sink beneath the mortal terror at her husband's danger.

Emilio went to Corfu, as a base from which to still operate. Here his resolution was tested in the most searching way possible. The wily archduke who was vice-regent of the Lombard and Venetian provinces, deeply concerned at the revelation of an unsuspected national element in the heart of his subject country, strove to minimize the effect of the frustrated uprising by giving it the appearance of a hot-headed, youthful escapade, not involving any deliberate purpose of serious men.

He sent an agent to the mother of the Bandieras, telling her if she would exercise her parental influence to persuade Emilio to return from Corfu to Venice, he would pledge his "sacred" word that the young man should not only be pardoned but restored to his commission, nobility, and honor. His highness well knew, added the cunning messenger, that the whole thing, so far as her younger son was concerned, was but a piece of folly of a youth whose inexperience had been seduced by impious agitators.

Madame Bandiera, overjoyed, hastened to Corfu, and a heartrending conflict followed between the mother who wanted to save her son and the son who wanted to save his country.

"In vain I assured her that my duty commands me to remain here; that I long above all things to return to my country; but that when I do return to her, it may not be to live a life of shame, but to die a noble death; that the only safe-conduct with which I can return to Italy lies at my sword's point; that no affection ought to avail to induce me to abandon the cause I have embraced; that the flag of a King may be forsaken, the banner of our country never.

"My mother, tortured, blinded by anguish, cannot comprehend me; she upbraids me as unnatural, impious, a murderer. Her tears break my heart; her reproaches, though undeserved, are to me as the wounds of a dagger; but my misery cannot deprive me of my reason.

"I know that the responsibility of her tears and anger rests upon our tyrants, and if hitherto I was animated by love of country alone, I am now inspired by hatred against the despots and usurpers whose infamous ambition reduces families to misery such as this.

"Give me a word of consolation: your approval will compensate me for the thousand absurd accusations cast upon me by deluded fools, egotists, and cowards."

Finding that his cunning scheme might wring his victim's heart but could not blind his clear judgment, the archduke threw off his mask of clemency: the Bandiera brothers were proclaimed guilty of high treason for having joined the "sect of Young Italy," and were cited to appear within ninety days before the imperial court at Venice.

They answered through the newspapers, boldly proclaiming that what the authorities stigmatized as high treason, they gloried in as a patriotic duty; that they had made their choice between desertion from the service of the foreign oppressors and treason to their country; and that knowing death to be certain they would meet it in any shape rather than under the infamous banner of Austria.

They were now joined by another enthusiastic officer of the Austrian navy, a young lieutenant named Domenico Moro—just of age, "uniting the gentleness of a girl with the courage of a lion." Many signs in-

dicated that the time was becoming ripe for revolt; outbreaks in Cosenza and Sicily made the government increase their forces and emphasize the menace of the eighty thousand soldiers through whom they gripped Italy, by announcing that the details of the conspiracy were known and that any one committing disorders would incur the penalty of high treason.

The Bandiera brothers knew only too well from their former bitter experience that they could not count on those who talked most vehemently of revolution when it came to the test. Themselves they were sure of. They perceived what Mazzini after long years of sickening disillusionment termed "a moral defect in the Italians of that day, who, even when unanimous in sentiment and conviction, yet fail to render their life a practical commentary on their belief"—that "lack of the religious conception of nationality, and of the duties of a citizen"—that lack of "oneness of life which produces identity of thought and action."

They believed "that the Italian people were destined by the prophetic voice of the past, and called upon by the voice of conscience, to become a great and free nation for the good of humanity; and believing this, they were ready to devote their lives to the attempt to awaken their fellow countrymen to their duty by the force of example. Therefore they were firmly resolved, if unable to conquer, at least to die."

As the crisis drew upon them, they wrote him whom they considered the embodiment of their cause:

"I am grateful to you," said Attilio, "for the interest you take in my fate; your affection is certainly the strongest incitement to well-doing. Do not fear that I shall ever doubt the truth of the principles we hold in common.

"Italy, independent, free, and united; democratically

constituted as a republic, with Rome for her capital—such is my national political confession of faith.

"Our brothers' cry to arms sounds incessantly in my ears, and I have made the necessary arrangements for joining them, in order to fight and die with them. Busy as I am with the preparations for my departure, I have no time to enter into particulars, but I have commissioned a friend to tell you everything.

"I have matured two schemes of action . . . the other upon Calabria. The first requires more time and more money. The force of circumstances has decided me to choose the second. In order to put it in execution, my brother and I are selling at ruinous prices the few things we were able to bring with us, but they will not bring us five hundred francs, and we shall require at least four thousand. I have therefore been compelled to avail myself of the offer of three thousand francs you made me on a different occasion, and I have written to Nicola (Fabrizi) to send them to me by the first opportunity.

"Forgive this liberty; it was not my own interest, but the interest of the cause, that compelled me to it; and I comfort myself with the conviction that you would not refuse to co-operate in any useful patriotic attempt.

"Farewell then, and should it be forever, forever farewell."

At the end of this missive the younger brother added his message:

"My Brother:—

"One line from me also, because these will perhaps be the last you will ever receive from us. May heaven bless you for all the great good you have done to our

country. On the eve of our peril, I declare that every Italian owes you both veneration and gratitude. Our principles are your principles. I glory in it; and when in my own country, arm in hand, my cry shall be the cry you have sounded for us so long.

"Addio, addio! Poor in all things, we elect you our executor, so that we may not perish in the memory of our fellow citizens.

"EMILIO."

Mazzini and his friend Fabrizi strove earnestly to persuade them against immediate action with such small chance of aid. But the government again began its bloody efforts at repression in Bologna, and the brothers felt the call was imperative. The arrival at Corfu of Ricciotti gave the final impetus. This was a simple, honest, straightforward fellow, "like many of Plutarch's heroes," who had devoted his life for quarter of a century to the same ideal that possessed them; his "was the intellect of the heart," and after these long years of sorrowful delay he was determined now to do something.

So on June 11, 1844, the little band set forth on its fantastic expedition.

Their last letter to Mazzini closed so:

"If we reach in safety, we will do our best, both as soldiers and politicians.

"Eighteen other Italians accompany us, most of them exiles. We have a Calabrese guide. Bear us in your memory, and be sure that if we do set foot in Italy it will be with the firm determination of sustaining those principles we have always recognized and proclaimed, as alone able to transform the shameful slavery of our country into a glorious victory.

"If we fall, tell our countrymen to imitate our example; for life was given us to be nobly and usefully employed, and the cause for which we shall have fought and died is the purest and the holiest that ever warmed the heart of man. It is the cause of the liberty and equality of humanity, and of the independence and unity of Italy.

"If we fail, it will be the fault of destiny, not our own. Adieu."

That boyish Syrian slinger who strode out unarmored against the Philistine champion in his nine feet of brazen armor and arrogant power went to a fair fight compared with these twenty-two exiled adventurers throwing themselves into the midst of a country whose despots had quarter of a million soldiers at command.

They set sail, and landed on the coast of Naples, far down on the sole of Italy's "toe." One of their number, Boccheciampi of Cephalonia, disappeared. Though they knew it not, the shameful tale of treachery which sullies so many pages of Italian history was repeating itself, and they were in the slimy coils before they left Corfu.

They pushed on for the mountains, where they had been assured there were two thousand hardy Calabrians scattered about the forests, only awaiting leaders to strike for Young Italy.

Five days they journeyed, skirmishing frequently with small detachments of troops encountered on the road. Then, as they neared the place where they had counted on uniting these forest insurgents, while passing through a valley, they suddenly found themselves in the carefully prepared snare. Fatigued and short of ammunition, they were surrounded by a squadron of Austrian troops five times their number.

They fought bravely; but half of them were shot down, the rest taken prisoners.

Attilio and Emilio Bandiera, Moro and Ricciotti and five others were dragged before a court martial at Cosenza—where they were confronted with the missing Boccheciampi. With scant formalities they were condemned to death. And one puzzle, the reason why the Neapolitan consul at Corfu had not interfered with their expedition, was cleared up when this official a day or so after received the Cross of Francis I from the King of Naples in consideration of his services in the affair.

The guards who came for them on the fatal morning of July 25 found them sleeping peacefully. They dressed with scrupulous care, as if going to some solemn festival. A priest reproached them for their attention to earthly vanities, but they replied that having sought earnestly to practise the Gospel and to spread it even at the cost of their blood they would let their plea to God stand upon their intentions rather than on his official words.

"Reserve them," said one, "for your oppressed brethren, and teach them to be what the Cross has made them, free and equal."

Without either tremor or ostentatious bravado, the little group walked to the place of execution, talking together quietly.

Beneath the brilliant sky and the sunshine that flooded their native land, they stood up in a firm line before the firing-squad.

"Spare the face," they said to the soldiers who levelled their rifles. "It was made in the image of God."

"*Viva Italia!*" they all cried together as the report of the guns shattered the morning calm.

A little cloud of smoke rose slowly upward against the green foliage and the intense blue heaven.

The patriots had made their final offering to the Motherland.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### THE ARM OF MUKARRAB KHAN

Sir Colin Campbell's column was on the road to Lucknow, during that red year of 1857 in India, when the English were writing those grim pages of history that record the vengeance taken for the Great Mutiny.

He had just been joined by a young lieutenant of the Bengal artillery named Roberts, who was to win his Victoria Cross a few months later, and in succeeding years was to become "Bobs," the idol of the Indian army, and Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, commander-in-chief of the forces of the British Empire.

A strong position lay ahead of them. The rebels had fortified a stone fort called the Sikandarbagh, an enclosure four hundred feet square surrounded by a twenty-foot loopholed wall, with circular bastions at the corners, and the only entrance on the south side barred by heavy timbered doors, so well protected that a direct attack seemed hopeless.

The artillery was brought into action, and though exposed to a raking fire from the defenders, the gunners managed to make a breach at the southeast corner. The opening was hardly more than a yard square, and about three feet from the ground. But the thought of their hard-pressed comrades ahead drove from their minds every idea save that of advancing, at whatever cost.

Hope's brigade had been ordered to lie flat, to protect the men as much as possible during the artillery

attack. The moment the tiny breach was pronounced practicable, the bugles sounded the charge.

The waiting Highlanders and Punjabees leaped to their feet with a fierce yell of joy; and, like racers who had heard the starter's pistol, the whole mass set off at a wild dash for the Sikandarbagh.

The dark plumes of the Scots mingled with the turbans of Sikhs, Mohammedans, Dogras, and Pathans, as the excited men strained every nerve in this race for the prize of certain death. Five yards in front of his bearded, dark-faced followers ran a Sikh officer, Subahdar Gokal Singh, waving his tulwar above his head. Even with him and ahead of the mass of charging kilts was a big, long-legged Highlander, his eyes gleaming, his short kilt standing out behind, as he bounded forward. Close behind these leaders was a Scots drummer-boy, only fourteen or fifteen years old; and several officers, waving their swords more from habit than from any necessity of urging on their men, strove desperately to hold their places of honor in front of the main body.

The whole impetuous dash converged at that tiny hole in the menacing stone wall, which was already vomiting death every instant upon the attackers.

The big Highlander formed the apex of this irresistible human wedge. He was like some veritable embodiment of the fighting spirit of his Gaelic mountaineers, a man obsessed, propelled by the sheer joy of the battle-charge, lost to everything in the world except that ragged aperture and the determination to hurl himself through it in advance of his comrades. Without checking his stride he rose in the air, checked for the fraction of a second, then disappeared inside. His race was run.

The Sikh captain was right at his heels. Before he touched the ground within the wall he was dead. His body lay beside his companion from a far-off land —brothers in a gallantry which swept aside all barriers of race, tongue, caste, and creed.

The fleet little drummer-boy took his place beside them. Death, swift and sure, stood behind that opening.

But Cooper, a young officer of the 93d, came through headlong, like a circus clown through a paper hoop, he landed almost on the still-quivering bodies and set to his work, still running. His colonel and a dozen men, Highlanders and natives, were beside him in a few instants, firing, slashing, thrusting with an impetuosity that made them seem like a brigade to the startled rebels.

Outside the breach there was a confused jam. The very eagerness of the assault defeated its aim. But one man could scramble through the hole at a time, and a hundred were jostling and clamoring for the chance.

Their blood was up too fiercely to wait for this slow method. There was a cry of "To the gate"—and the main body rushed for the great doors in the southern wall. A parapeted trench stretched across in front of them. The 4th Punjabees rushed it as if they were crossing irrigation ditches, while the 53d made for a barred window farther along.

The rebels fell back from their traverse. Crowding inside the Sikandarbagh, they began to close the great nail-studded doors, impregnable to anything but artillery. The shouts and shots and clash of steel from the inside told how desperately the handful there were striving to make good their precarious position. If

those doors closed, it meant annihilation to these daring fellows, who would be caught like rats in a trap.

At this crisis a Mohammedan soldier from the hill country, Mukarrab Khan, sprang forward. He carried on his left arm one of the small shields used by his tribe. The ponderous doors were slowly coming together. The defenders gave a yell of triumph, for the space between them was already too small for a man to force his body through.

Quickly Mukarrab Khan thrust his arm into the aperture. The tremendous door jammed with a horrible crunch of human flesh. But it stopped. No matter what happened to the muscles and bones that obstructed it, it was impossible to force it into alignment so that the great bolts could be driven into their sockets.

The defenders slashed savagely at the exposed hand which represented disaster for them. Unable to protect himself, Mukarrab endured it. The sweat stood out on his brow, but the only evidence of his suffering was that when the pressure permitted it for a moment he drew back his wounded arm, thrusting the other into its place.

It was but a matter of seconds when the second hand was almost severed at the wrist. But those seconds were sufficient. The Mohammedan's companions realized what he was doing; with a frantic shout the whole mass surged against the door. It was driven back. British and natives swept in like a wave.

No quarter was asked or given. The defenders knew it was their last stand, and they sold their lives dearly at each corner of the towers, at the staircases in every room. Even their desperation, however,

was no match for the hot determination of the assaulting British. And the sun went down on a captured Sikandarbagh where lay two thousand dead mutineers.

Four privates of the 93d received the Victoria Cross for their conduct in this assault. Mukarrab Khan was awarded the Indian equivalent, the Order of Merit.

When one considers that he was fighting against those who were far more his own people than the English to whom he had sworn loyalty, and also considers the peculiar "stark courage" it requires to let oneself be maimed while unable to defend or attack—this unknown Mohammedan's action seems to overshadow even the daring of those who plunged headlong to death through that hole in the wall.

He stands beside that Catherine Douglas who, four centuries before, won a new name of Kate Barlas in history and song, by using her frail arm as a bar for the castle door to hold back the murderers of her King, James I of Scotland.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### THE STORY OF A NAMELESS NEGRO BOY

A LITTLE colored boy, six or seven years old, was helping a stalwart negro to pack salt into a barrel. The room was gloomy, damp, and depressing. A disorderly array of dripping baskets stretched away into the dark corners; the workers' feet were wet and caked; with raw and cracked hands they transferred the salt that had dried from baskets to the line of empty barrels.

Through the open door of the storeroom one caught glimpses of an apparently endless stretch of great iron kettles in which the brine bubbled and steamed, while the flame of the furnaces threw grotesque reflections of these Brobdingnagian caldrons upon the rough rafters and beams of the rambling shed.

The child was one of four million slaves who had been transferred into "freemen" by a stroke of a President's pen the year before. He had not understood a word when the uniformed officer read the Proclamation to the excited group in front of the "big house" on the Virginia plantation where he lived; but his mother's tears of joy and her explanation that this was the day for which his race had hoped and prayed gave him a sense that this thing called freedom must be very fine and wonderful.

Its first-fruits had not seemed as pleasant to the taste as the delight of his elders promised. There had been some drawbacks to the old life in the shape

of stiff wooden shoes and torturing flax shirts that prickled like chestnut-burs. But there was always a piece of corn pone or a hunk of meat or a sweet potato or a cup of milk when one got really hungry; and if some other member of the family had the tin plate or the skillet, hands made quite satisfactory receptacles for food during the brief time when such were needed. Moreover, it was tremendously exciting to crouch in the window of the dining-room at the "big house" and watch the amazing performances of the white folks, as he jerked the string that operated the dangling paper fans which kept the flies away from the table. When the cook was in a good humor or wasn't looking, there might be enough ownerless scraps of delicacies to make a small stomach tight as a drum, and bring on that most comfortable feeling of fulness and drowsiness.

In place of all this had come, first a long and tiresome trip for weeks across the mountains, beside a piled-up cart, where food was scanty and feet grew blistered and legs were aching with fatigue each night. When they reached their new home in the Kanawha Valley of West Virginia, it was a cabin in the midst of a huddle of shacks, amidst filth, noise, alarming quarrels and fights. The cold was piercing, and clothing was scantier than formerly; there was not so much to eat, and the big house to which one belonged and which occasionally dropped tidbits into one's mouth was a dream of the past.

To add to it all, this was a stern workaday world that gripped much tighter than the easy tasks of the plantation. It summoned even six-year-olds at four o'clock in the morning, drove them to the salt-furnace, and penned them into that dark cave-like room till

nightfall, so that one almost forgot there was such a thing as a cheerful warm sun. Nor did it countenance any restful idleness during these long hours: when one's living depends upon the number of packed barrels one can show at the end of the day, even a small pair of helping hands becomes too important not to use them "to capacity."

The tired boy used to watch the packing boss each evening as he made his round of inspection. Any action of this supreme ruler was of importance: he noticed that this potentate always made the same marks on each of the barrels the child's stepfather had packed—"18." These marks had no other meaning or relation; they simply signified barrels in which he had had some part; with a child's instinct he used to imitate them with a lump of coal on stray pieces of board.

Then there came the vague realization that these signs had some connection with those mysterious ones in the books that some people knew how to "read." He had seen books at the "big house" in Virginia. People held them in their hands and looked at them as if they were very interesting. There were newspapers too, which men pored over. A colossal ambition began to rear itself in the boy's untouched mind; some day he would learn to do that himself.

This daring wish was communicated to no one but his mother, whose affection made her sympathize and strive to give the child what she herself had been denied. One day on the boy's return to the rough cabin, she handed him a soiled, dog-eared book. Eagerly seizing it, the youngster got into a corner where he could see by the firelight. It was the first volume he had ever held in his hands, and besides his childish curiosity he had a sense that there was some

magic power here which he must somehow grasp for his own.

It was an old copy of Webster's "blue-backed" speller. It began with the alphabet, then going on to such illuminating combinations as "ab," "ba," "ca," "da." The boy had heard somebody say that the first step in reading was to "learn one's letters"; clearly these were the letters—how did one go about learning them?

There was no help to be had from his mother or stepfather, for they were as ignorant as he; indeed, there was not a single negro in that neighborhood who could read, and to ask such aid of a white man was too audacious a venture. So for weeks the child pored over that battered spelling-book in every hour of his spare time, continually baffled yet ever returning to the fascinating puzzle.

While he was in the midst of this unequal struggle, a young negro from Ohio arrived in the salt-making community; this youth could read, and it became the custom for a number of the men and women to gather round him each evening while he informed them of the day's happenings from a newspaper. The boy envied him with his whole heart; in fact, the accomplishment seemed so wonderful that he could not bring himself to ask such a prodigy for guidance.

However, he had become familiar with the alphabet from his constant study, and could make most of the letters, and his determination only grew the stronger at each defeat.

Then came big news indeed. The more intelligent negroes had for some time been discussing the question of a school for their people, there being not a single one for colored children in that whole region. Just

at this time an ex-soldier who had had some education came to Malden; a number of families agreed to pay a pittance each every month and to board the teacher for one day in turn; and presently it was announced that the negro children were to have a school of their own.

The boy was too excited to speak when he heard this, for, young as he was, the whole energy of his being seemed to have concentrated on this desire. It was a positive tragedy for him when his stepfather announced that he could not spare him for any such fancy business, and that he must continue to work in the salt-furnace.

He had to obey, but the thing meant too much to him to give up even after this crushing disappointment. Encouraged by his mother he asked the new teacher to give him lessons at night. The man consented, and the youngster absorbed this long-denied knowledge with such eagerness that he learned more in the short time left after his day's work than the other children in the regular school period. His hard work and rapid progress were so striking, and his energy so incessant, that his stepfather finally agreed to let him go to the day-school provided he would get up early, work at the furnace till nine o'clock, and then come back to it for two more hours after school closed.

The boy in after years told of his own eagerness:

"The schoolhouse was some distance from the furnace, and as I had to work till nine o'clock, and the school opened at nine, I found myself in a difficulty. School would always be begun before I reached it, and sometimes my class had recited. To get around this difficulty I yielded to a temptation for which most people, I suppose, will condemn me; but since it is

a fact, I might as well state it. I have great faith in the power and influence of facts. It is seldom that anything is permanently gained by holding back a fact. There was a large clock in a little office in the furnace. This clock, of course, all the hundred or more workmen depended upon to regulate their hours of beginning and ending the day's work. I got the idea that the way for me to reach school on time was to move the clock hands from half past eight up to the nine o'clock mark. This I found myself doing morning after morning, till the furnace 'boss' discovered that something was wrong, and locked the clock in a case. I did not mean to inconvenience anybody. I simply meant to reach the schoolhouse on time.

"When, however, I found myself at the school for the first time, I also found myself confronted with two other difficulties. In the first place, I found that all of the other children wore hats or caps on their heads, and I had neither hat nor cap. In fact, I do not remember that up to the time of going to school I had ever worn any kind of covering upon my head, nor do I recall that either I or anybody else had even thought anything about the need of covering for my head. But, of course, when I saw how all the other boys were dressed, I began to feel quite uncomfortable. As usual, I put the case before my mother, and she explained to me that she had no money with which to buy a 'store hat,' which was a rather new institution at that time among the members of my race, and was considered quite the thing for young and old to own, but that she would find a way to help me out of the difficulty. She accordingly got two pieces of 'homespun' (jeans) and sewed them together, and I was soon the proud possessor of my first cap. . . .

"Since that time I have owned many kinds of caps and hats, but never one of which I have felt so proud as of the cap made of the two pieces of cloth sewed together by my mother. . . .

"My second difficulty was with regard to my name, or rather *a* name. From the time when I could remember anything, I had been called simply 'Booker.' Before going to school it had never occurred to me that it was needful or appropriate to have an additional name. When I heard the school-roll called, I noticed that all of the children had at least two names, and some of them indulged in what seemed to me the extravagance of having three. I was in deep perplexity, because I knew that the teacher would demand of me at least two names, and I had only one. By the time the occasion came for the enrolling of my name, an idea came to me which I thought would make me equal to the situation; and so when the teacher asked me what my full name was, I calmly told him 'Booker Washington,' as if I had been called by that name all my life, and by that name I have since been known."

Having thus given himself a name and a start at an education, the small negro boy proceeded, with a resolution surprising in a child, to pursue his self-appointed task of raising himself out of the ignorance, poverty, and obscurity which seemed his predestined portion.

He soon had to give up his daylight hours of study and do full work again at the salt-furnace; but he struggled on, trying one incompetent teacher after another, walking several miles at night to recite the lessons he had learned, never wavering in his determination, no matter what fresh obstacles arose, to

master this knowledge that would open another world to him.

To add to his burden, he was presently sent to the coal-mine from which the salt-works secured its fuel. The boy had always had a dread of this gloomy hole.

"One reason for this was that any one who worked in a coal-mine was always unclean, at least while at work, and it was a very hard job to get one's skin clean after the day's work was over. Then it was fully a mile from the opening of the mine to the face of the coal, and all, of course, was in the blackest darkness. I do not believe that any one ever experiences anywhere else such darkness as he does in a coal-mine. The mine was divided into a large number of different 'rooms' or compartments, and, as I never was able to learn the location of all these 'rooms,' I many times found myself lost in the mine. To add to the horror of being lost, sometimes my light would go out, and then, if I did not happen to have a match, I would wander about in the darkness until by chance I found some one to give me a light. The work was not only hard, but it was dangerous. There was always the danger of being blown to pieces by a premature explosion of powder, or of being crushed by falling slate. Accidents from one or the other of these causes were frequently occurring, and this kept me in constant fear. Many children of the tenderest years were compelled then, as is now true, I fear, in most coal-mining districts, to spend a large part of their lives in these coal-mines, with little opportunity to get an education; and, what is worse, I have often noted that, as a rule, young boys who begin life in a coal-mine are physically and mentally dwarfed. They soon lose ambition to do anything else."

One day this enveloping, grimy, and hopeless blackness was illumined by an idea, sudden as a flash of lightning. The boy heard two miners talking of a wonderful school for negroes, far off in Virginia. Unseen, he crept closer to listen. They told of an institution the like of which had never before been open to their race, where negroes of all ages were taught not only book-learning but all sorts of practical things —farming, blacksmithing, dairying, house-painting— so that they could pass from the class of laborers into that of men knowing a trade.

It all sounded like paradise to the longing, friendless child. And when the speakers went on to say that those who couldn't pay for these miraculous opportunities were often given a chance to earn their board by extra work, Booker Washington made up his mind that he was going to go to the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

He did not even know where Hampton was, much less how he was to get the cost of the journey, or clothes, or books. But all that made no difference; the idea was thenceforth before him, day and night, as something which *must* be worked out.

A few months later he got a position in the house of Mrs. Ruffner, wife of the owner of mine and furnace, the chance coming because the Vermont lady was so strict that no colored servant would stay with her.

The boy's earnestness and anxiety to learn soon made him appreciated by this exacting mistress. She taught him the meaning of order, cleanliness, and thoroughness; she helped him to books and encouraged his reading; and it was largely to this eighteen months of training that he owed his success in his next venture.

The thought of Hampton kept pulling so hard that one autumn day young Booker found himself starting on the five-hundred-mile journey. He was fourteen; his few articles of clothing were in a cheap hand-satchel; though his miner brother had helped to eke out his small savings, he did not have enough money to cover his travelling expenses. But his heart was high within him, and though even his mother thought his effort a wild one, all the negroes of his community were deeply interested, contributing nickels, dimes, and quarters out of their small supply to help him along.

"I had not been away from home many hours before it began to grow painfully evident that I did not have enough money to pay my fare to Hampton. One experience I shall long remember. I had been travelling over the mountains most of the afternoon in an old-fashioned stage-coach, when, late in the evening, the coach stopped for the night at a common, unpainted house called a hotel. All the other passengers except myself were whites. In my ignorance I supposed that the little hotel existed for the purpose of accommodating the passengers who travelled on the stage-coach. The difference that the color of one's skin would make I had not thought anything about. After all the other passengers had been shown rooms and were getting ready for supper, I shyly presented myself before the man at the desk. It is true I had practically no money in my pocket with which to pay for bed or food, but I had hoped in some way to beg my way into the good graces of the landlord, for at that season in the mountains of Virginia the weather was cold, and I wanted to get indoors for the night. Without asking as to whether I had any money, the man at the desk firmly refused to even consider the matter of providing me

with food or lodging. This was my first experience in finding out what the color of my skin meant. In some way I managed to keep warm by walking about, and so got through the night. My whole soul was so bent upon reaching Hampton that I did not have time to cherish any bitterness toward the hotel-keeper.

"By walking, begging rides both in wagons and in the cars, in some way, after a number of days, I reached the city of Richmond, Virginia, about eighty-two miles from Hampton. When I reached there, tired, hungry, and dirty, it was late in the night. I had never been in a large city, and this rather added to my misery. When I reached Richmond, I was completely out of money. I had not a single acquaintance in the place, and, being unused to city ways, I did not know where to go. I applied at several places for lodging, but they all wanted money, and this was what I did not have. Knowing nothing else better to do, I walked the streets. In doing this I passed by many food-stands where fried chicken and half-moon apple pies were piled high and made to present a most tempting appearance. At that time it seemed to me that I would have promised all that I expected to possess in the future to have gotten hold of one of those chicken-legs or one of those pies. But I could not get either of these, nor anything else to eat.

"I must have walked the streets till after midnight. At last I became so exhausted that I could walk no longer. I was tired, I was hungry, I was everything but discouraged. Just about the time when I reached extreme physical exhaustion, I came upon a portion of a street where the board sidewalk was considerably elevated. I waited for a few minutes, till I was sure that no passers-by could see me, and then crept under

the sidewalk and lay for the night upon the ground, with my satchel of clothing for a pillow. Nearly all night I could hear the tramp of feet over my head. The next morning I found myself somewhat refreshed, but I was extremely hungry, because it had been a long time since I had had sufficient food. As soon as it became light enough for me to see my surroundings I noticed that I was near a large ship, and that this ship seemed to be unloading a cargo of pig iron. I went at once to the vessel and asked the captain to permit me to help unload the vessel in order to get money for food. The captain, a white man, who seemed to be kind-hearted, consented. I worked long enough to earn money for my breakfast, and it seems to me, as I remember it now, to have been about the best breakfast I have ever eaten.

"My work pleased the captain so well that he told me if I desired I could continue working for a small amount per day. This I was very glad to do. I continued working on this vessel for a number of days. After buying food with the small wages I received, there was not much left to add to the amount I must pay to get to Hampton. In order to economize in every way possible, so as to be sure to reach Hampton in a reasonable time, I continued to sleep under the same sidewalk that gave me shelter the first night I was in Richmond. Many years after that the colored citizens of Richmond very kindly tendered me a reception at which there must have been two thousand people present. This reception was held not far from the spot where I slept the first night I spent in that city, and I must confess that my mind was more upon the sidewalk that first gave me shelter than upon the reception, agreeable and cordial as it was.

"When I had saved what I considered enough money with which to reach Hampton, I thanked the captain of the vessel for his kindness and started again. Without any unusual occurrence I reached Hampton, with a surplus of exactly fifty cents with which to begin my education. To me it had been a long, eventful journey; but the first sight of the large, three-story brick school building seemed to have rewarded me for all that I had undergone in order to reach the place. If the people who gave the money to provide that building could appreciate the influence the sight of it had upon me, as well as upon thousands of other youths, they would feel all the more encouraged to make such gifts. It seemed to me to be the largest and most beautiful building I had ever seen. The sight of it seemed to give me new life. I felt that a new kind of existence had now begun—that life would now have a new meaning. I felt that I had reached the promised land, and I resolved to let no obstacle prevent me from putting forth the highest effort to fit myself to accomplish the most good in the world.

"As soon as possible after reaching the grounds of the Hampton Institute, I presented myself before the head teacher for assignment to a class. Having been so long without proper food, a bath, and change of clothing, I did not, of course, make a very favorable impression upon her, and I could see at once that there were doubts in her mind about the wisdom of admitting me as a student. I felt that I could hardly blame her if she got the idea that I was a worthless loafer or tramp. For some time she did not refuse to admit me, nor did she decide in my favor, and I continued to linger about her, and to impress her in all the ways I could with my worthiness. In the meantime I saw

her admitting other students, and that added greatly to my discomfort, for I felt, deep down in my heart, that I could do as well as they, if I could only get a chance to show what was in me.

"After some hours had passed, the head teacher said to me: 'The adjoining recitation-room needs sweeping. Take the broom and sweep it.'

"It occurred to me at once that here was my chance. Never did I receive an order with more delight. I knew that I could sweep, for Mrs. Ruffner had thoroughly taught me how to do that when I lived with her.

"I swept the recitation-room three times. Then I got a dusting-cloth and dusted it four times. All the woodwork around the walls, every bench, table, and desk, I went over four times with my dusting-cloth. Besides, every piece of furniture had been moved, and every closet and corner in the room had been thoroughly cleaned. I had the feeling that in a large measure my future depended upon the impression I made upon the teacher in the cleaning of that room. When I was through, I reported to the head teacher. She was a 'Yankee' woman who knew just where to look for dirt. She went into the room and inspected the floor and closets; then she took her handkerchief and rubbed it on the woodwork about the walls, and over the table and benches. When she was unable to find one bit of dirt on the floor, or a particle of dust on any of the furniture, she quietly remarked: 'I guess you will do to enter this institution.'"

The succeeding years were a struggle; the boy paid for most of his board by acting as janitor, working far into the night and then rising at four to build fires and prepare his lessons. He washed his one pair of

socks at night and hung them before the fire to dry by morning. He worked in restaurants in the summer to pay for his books, striving by his ill-paid labor to wipe off the small arrears that would pile up, despite such help as came in the way of second-hand clothing and a present of his tuition charges. But in spite of everything there was a growing hope and confidence; and the touching earnestness of his three or four hundred fellow students, some of them men and women forty years old, gradually directed his thoughts to the life-work in which he was to use what he had won so sturdily.

Two or three years after graduation he went back to Hampton to teach the Indian boys. Then he took charge of the night-school for the poorer students. In 1881 he was recommended by General Armstrong, the head of Hampton, to start a new negro normal school in Tuskegee, Alabama.

When he reached this little town in the "Black Belt" he found that no school existed. All he had to start with was a grant of two thousand dollars a year from the legislature to pay salaries of teachers; land, buildings, and equipment were not provided for at all.

However, Booker Washington had had plenty of training in going ahead on little in hand and nothing in prospect. On the Fourth of July Tuskegee School opened with thirty pupils and himself as the only teacher, in a stable and a hen-house.

Nor were the physical difficulties the most serious ones. Besides the antagonism of a large section of the whites to any education for the negroes, he had to combat qualities in his own people which at times justified this hard prejudice. Education was only

too apt to mean in their eyes some half-understood tags of Latin and Greek, long words, and high-sounding names—plus fine clothes, and ultimately some way to live without hard work.

Amid his incessant efforts to raise the necessary money (which for thirty years came mainly through his personal solicitation), Washington set himself to teach them useful trades, the worth-whileness of craftsmanship in any occupation, the new science of farming, and as much book-learning as they could absolutely master and assimilate.

The honesty and common sense and effectiveness of his theories and his work brought response and backing. Largely constructed by the students themselves, a school building that cost six thousand dollars took form—the necessary funds dropping in like manna from the skies on more than one occasion when financial disaster seemed inevitable. Each year the enterprise grew and broadened. The first time Washington saw Collis P. Huntington, the great railroad magnate gave him two dollars for his school; on his last visit he was handed a check for fifty thousand dollars.

Booker T. Washington lived to see this tiny effort expand into a great institution representing millions of dollars, where nearly two thousand pupils and teachers from all over the world were working out his sturdy notions. He lived to be received abroad as a great educator, to advise with Presidents about political appointments, to know that whites and blacks alike considered him the best friend and wisest leader of his race in the United States. He lived to have his own story of his life read by thousands, and declared a permanent addition to autobiography.

He earned it, and all the other recognition he received—earned it by a quiet, undramatic courage that met life in some of its cruellest moods, and conquered it by sheer persistence.

# THE BOOK OF BRAVERY

THIRD SERIES

## NOTE

The author wishes to acknowledge with thanks the courtesy and kindness of Messrs. Seeley, Service & Co. in allowing the use of the selection The Woman Who Tried for Lhasa, from "The Romance of Missionary Heroism," by John C. Lambert; of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., for the use of the selection Too Proud to Fight, from "Heroes of California," by George Wharton James; of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., for the use of the selection The Dervishes at Omdurman, from "With Kitchener to Khartum," by G. W. Steevens; of the Macmillan Company for the use of the selection, The Sick Man Who Slew the Wolf, from "Hero Tales of the Far North," by Jacob A. Riis; of The Sunday School Union, London, for the use of the selection The First Civilians to Win the V.C.

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# PART I

## ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

*There are many thousands of men who make their living day after day by work which involves frequent risking of their lives. Outside of the so-called "dangerous trades"—happily growing less year by year—these are especially, of course, the people who protect the rest of us in foreseen emergencies: the soldier, the navy sailor, the life-saver of the seashore and the Great Lakes, the policeman, the fireman. Considering the matter with cold practicality, they are hired for the special purpose of facing danger; all their training goes to familiarize them with it and to form an automatic habit of running toward it instead of away from it.*

*Nevertheless, it must be a selfish and inhuman person indeed who can even read of the feats performed, for instance, by New York City firemen in their ordinary routine without a quick glow of admiration. These are the men who will hang head downwards far aloft and swing themselves pendulum fashion till their strong hands can grasp some woman cut off by flame in an inaccessible window; and they have worthy companions in the life-savers, battling against the utmost fury of the sea to take survivors from a wrecked vessel. Such magnificent fellows well deserve their share of the "hero medals" which the Carnegie fund awards each year to forty or fifty men, women and children for conspicuous daring in everyday life. Their stories are an inspiration to the rest of us.*

*And almost more notable seem the men brought*

*forward by nearly every great catastrophe—whose job is ordinarily prosaic, who do not expect their day's work to include personal danger; but whose sense of responsibility is so keen that, when to stick as it means probable death, they* STICK. *John Hay told in verse a typical case: that Jim Bludsoe, engineer of the burning steamboat on the Mississippi, who, scorched and suffering, held her nose against the bank till the last passenger was safely ashore. Such diverse characters as Nathan Hale, Grace Darling and McKenna, the detective who broke up the Pennsylvania "Molly Maguires" in 1873, were all inspired by the same tenacious determination to* DO THEIR JOB, *whatever the cost.*

*Sir Stanley Maude, the conqueror of Bagdad, who changed the British venture in Mesopotamia from a catastrophe to a triumph, died from carrying out to the extreme his conception of his duty: visiting a plague-stricken area and feeling the urgency of not offending the natives who were welcoming him, he was offered a cup of hospitality. He knew the danger and had forbidden his escort to touch anything to their lips; but he himself, the official representative of his country, could not refuse without giving offence to the natives. He drank. In a few days, the pestilential cholera claimed him as a victim.*

*A captain of British engineers relates how a signaler, in a battle of the Great War, after one hand and both feet had been shot away, with his remaining hand held together the wires to prevent the breaking of an important line of communication.*

*Just the other day it was announced that the Brenner prize for heroism presented each year in*

*a school of Brooklyn, N. Y., had been awarded to Elizabeth Jordan, a girl of thirteen.*

*"All that Elizabeth did was to act as head of her home, when her mother died and left eight children and a blind husband to be cared for. Two of the children were old enough to work, two others go to school, escorted by Elizabeth, and the other two stay with their blind father during school-hours. The thirteen-year-old acting mother prepares all the family meals, handles the household accounts, does most of the washing, mending and purchasing, and the hundred other tasks of the home. And she is not at the foot of her class in school, by any means."*

*That's a kind of heroism which is even more necessary to the world than the more showy and dramatic forms.*

## CHAPTER I

### PONY BOB'S RIDE

The mail-carrier hardly seems a heroic figure. To be sure, it must take fortitude of a sort in the R. F. D. driver who urges his tired horse day after day through the dreary monotony of the "slashes" in the South Carolina scrub-oak country; and the men who perform the aeroplane delivery to Alaska will need all their nerve with them.

Yet ordinarily it is a humdrum jog-trot occupation. There were a couple of years, however, when a portion of Uncle Sam's Mercuries got more thrills than even a Westerner needs to keep him contented.

The new State of California became irritated in 1859. Three to four weeks was a ridiculous time to wait for the daily history it was making to limp across the continent or swing far around by water via Panama. And even what worth-while news did come from New York was stale long before it reached the Golden Gate.

So the Coast started in to get action.

Five hundred wiry bronchos were gathered. Eighty picked plainsmen, scouts and Indian fighters, light-weights in body, but making up in momentum by tested ability to ride "hell-for-leather," were drawn by big wages into a flying corps. Dividing the 650-mile stretch from Sacramento over the

Sierras to Salt Lake City into nine relays, seven of these wild horsemen hustled a mail-bag containing two hundred tissue-paper letters from one to the other, twice a week each way, landing it at the other end in well under forty-eight hours.

The schedule for the first twenty miles out of San Francisco was fifty-nine minutes; the hundred and eighty-five which included the mountain crossing, between Placerville and Friday's Station—where pack mules often had to be used to tread down thirty-foot snows—was covered at an average speed of twelve miles an hour.

And they kept the schedule. In an emergency, one man, F. X. Auberry, rode 800 miles, from Santa Fé to Independence, in five days and thirteen hours, without stopping to rest, shifting his saddle to a lead horse when his mount gave out, and passing through "bad Injun" country much of the way.

California went wild when the first mail came through by the Pony Express, cutting the coast-to-coast time down to ten days instead of from twenty-one to thirty. The legislature adjourned, and the messenger rode into town amid the blaring brass bands and flickering torches of a great street procession.

The men who made this possible were "get-there's," no matter what happened.

"Pony Bob" (Robert H. Haslam) had the regular job of galloping a hundred and twenty miles from Fort Churchill through the country of the hostile Piutes to Smith's Creek, Nevada—not far from the scene of little Virginia Reed's adventure.*

Here is the sort of thing that constituted his day's work in the winter of 1860, when faraway South

*See "The Little Girl Who Dared," Part XV, Second Series.

Carolina had just "resumed her sovereign powers," and secession made the Civil War inevitable.

"About eight months after the Pony Express commenced operations, the Piute war began in Nevada, and as no regular troops were then at hand, a volunteer corps, raised in California, with Colonel Jack Hayes and Henry Meredith—the latter being killed in the first battle at Pyramid Lake—in command, came over the mountains to defend the whites.

"Virginia City, Nevada, then the principal point of interest, and hourly expecting an attack from hostile Indians, was only in its infancy. A stone hotel on C street was in course of erection, and had reached an elevation of two stories. This was hastily transformed into a fort for the protection of women and children.

"From the city the signal fires of the Indians could be seen on every mountain peak, and all available men and horses were pressed into service to repel the impending assault of the savages.

"When I reached Reed's Station, on the Carson River, I found no change of horses, as all those at the station had been seized by the whites to take part in the approaching battle. I fed the animal that I rode, and started for the next station, called Bucklands, afterward known as Fort Churchill, fifteen miles down the river.

"This point was to have been the termination of my journey (as I had been changed from my old route to this one, in which I had had many narrow escapes and been twice wounded by Indians), as I had ridden seventy-five miles; but, to my great astonishment, the other rider refused to go on.

"The superintendent, W. C. Marley, was at the station, but all his persuasion could not prevail on

the rider, Johnnie Richardson, to take the road. Turning then to me, Marley said:

"'Bob, I'll give you fifty dollars if you'll make this ride.'

"I replied: 'I'll go you once.'

"Within ten minutes, when I had adjusted my Spencer rifle—a seven-shooter—and my Colt's revolver, with two cylinders ready for use in case of emergency, I started.

"From the station onward was a lonely and dangerous ride of thirty-five miles, without any change, to the sink of the Carson. I arrived there all right, however, and pushed on to Sand Springs, thirty miles further, without a drop of water all along the route.

"At Sand Springs I changed horses, and continued on to Cold Springs, a distance of thirty-seven miles. Another change, and a ride of thirty miles more, brought me to Smith's Creek. Here I was relieved by J. W. Kelley.

"I had ridden one hundred and eighty-five miles, stopping only to eat and change horses.

"After remaining at Smith's Creek about nine hours, I started to retrace my journey with the return express. When I arrived at Cold Springs, to my horror I found that the station had been attacked by Indians, the keeper killed, and all the horses taken away.

"What course to pursue I decided in a moment—I would go on.

"I watered my horse—having ridden him thirty miles without stop, he was pretty tired—and started for Sand Springs, thirty-seven miles away. It was growing dark, and my road lay through heavy sagebrush, high enough in some places to conceal a

horse. I kept a bright lookout, and closely watched every movement of my poor horse's ears, which is a signal for danger in an Indian country.

"I was prepared for a fight, but the stillness of the night and the howling of the wolves and coyotes made cold chills run through me at times; but I reached Sand Springs in safety and reported what had happened.

"Before leaving, I advised the station-keeper to come with me to the sink of the Carson, for I was sure the Indians would be upon him the next day. He took my advice, and so probably saved his life, for the following morning Smith's Creek was attacked. The whites, however, were well protected in the shelter of a stone house, from which they fought the Indians for four days. At the end of that time they were relieved by the appearance of about fifty volunteers from Cold Springs. These men reported that they had buried John Williams, the brave keeper of that station, but not before his body had been nearly devoured by wolves.

"When I arrived at the sink of the Carson, I found the station men badly frightened, for they had seen some fifty warriors, decked out in their war-paint and reconnoitering the station. There were fifteen white men here, well armed and ready for a fight.

"The station was built of adobe, and was large enough for the men and ten or fifteen horses, with a fine spring of water within ten feet of it.

"I remained here an hour, and after dark started for Buckland's, where I arrived without a mishap and only three and a half hours behind schedule time. I found Mr. Marley at Buckland's, and when I related to him the story of the Cold Springs trag-

edy and my success, he raised his previous offer of fifty dollars for my ride to one hundred dollars.

"I was rather tired, but the excitement of the trip had braced me up to withstand the fatigue of the journey. So, after a rest of an hour and a half, I proceeded over my own route, from Buckland's to Friday's Station, crossing the western summit of the Sierra Nevada.

"I had traveled three hundred and eighty miles within a few hours of schedule time, and surrounded by perils on every side."

With such riders as this it is no wonder that the Pony Express made such records as the carrying of Buchanan's last message from the Missouri River to Sacramento, two thousand miles, in a few hours over eight days; and, three months later, again galloping across this stretch with Lincoln's inaugural address in seven days and seventeen hours—which probably stands as a record for long distance horse-racing.

## CHAPTER II

### THE FIRST AMERICAN SKI-RUNNER

The centaurs of the Pony Express were not the only mail-carriers who gave a new meaning to the job in the days before the Central Pacific Railroad pierced the great Sierra barrier, and linked the Pacific Coast with the rest of the United States.

Four years before the tough little bronchos of the Express began their shuttle-like dashes to and fro, across mountain and desert, a Norwegian ex-miner and rancher of the Sacramento Valley, John A. Thompson, read one winter day of the herculean struggles they were having to get winter mail across those icy rocks and gigantic snowdrifts.

They know better than to go through fifty foot of snow in Norway: instead, they travel over the top of it. Thompson began to recall memories of his boyhood, twenty years previous, among the snow-locked mountains of the Lang Fjeld, where a man buckled on skis upon leaving his house in winter as inevitably as he put on warm clothing.

He was splitting up some oak timbers just then; gradually focussing his childish recollections, he began to work out a pair of these snow gliders.

Clumsy affairs they were when finished—ten-foot strips of green oak, four inches wide, shaped with what he thought was about the right curve. When he put them on the scales at Placerville, they regis-

tered a weight of twenty-five pounds—gear fit for the Frost Giants themselves.

But Thompson was a big, powerful, hundred-and-eighty-pound six-footer, and the sight of those rising tips made his pulses jump as they had when he swooped down the 45° hillsides about his boyhood home—the nearest sensation to an aeroplane dive that this stolid earth offers. He didn't want to make a show of himself, so he stole off to practice in solitude, where no guffaws would greet the magnificent sprawling confusion which punctuates a novice's first efforts on these tricky runaways.

The knack of the thing soon came back to him: it's all a matter of balance, like bicycle riding. He cut himself a long pole, and found this as helpful as it is to the tight-rope walker.

One day his miner friends at Placerville were struck dumb with surprise to see Johnny come shooting down the mountain side, over ice and drifts, faster than a crashing avalanche, but standing erect and swaying the long pole held crossways as he took the thank-you-marms.

He swung down to the store, flushed and breathless, and the gaping crowd pressed about him, examining these outlandish contraptions. Snowshoes they knew all about, for the trappers had long ago brought those in from the North; but while the evidence of their eyes would not permit them to deny that these loco sliders would hold a man up over soft snow, they were all dead-sure about one thing: there'd be one Norsk-Amerikansk pardner with a broken neck if he kept on trying any such fancy stunts as those.

But Thompson's Norse blood had found something that satisfied instincts a thousand years old.

He laughed at these ominous prophecies, and kept on practicing till he knew just what his skis would do downhill or up. Then he applied for the job of mail-carrier between Placerville and Carson City.

There wasn't much competition: pick and shovel or hammer work in a mine was a life of ease beside fighting one's way across those snow-filled canyons and dizzy precipices and wind-scourged rocks. Many a man besides the dozens of unfortunates lost from the Donner party had left his frozen body there for the hungry bears and wolves. In the January following his first experiment, Thompson started in to cover his ninety-mile route.

There was not a hut between the two points—it was one savage, primeval wilderness of winter mountains. The mail-bag made a pack that a seasoned prospector would have considered pretty hefty on good level footing, running for a time as heavy as a hundred pounds. The carrier was the sole overland link between all California and the rest of the United States.

All that winter Thompson sped to and fro on this solitary and perilous work. The eastern trip took three days on account of the terrific climbs on the Placerville side; coming back, he whizzed down these hair-raising slopes so fast that he cut the time to two days.

He never took along blankets, nor so much as an overcoat. Extra clothing was too hot even in zero weather when sweating up those steeps, and his official pack was a man's-sized load without any personal extras.

A little jerked beef or dried sausage, with some biscuits or crackers, eaten while he ran, was his food. Snow water or a headlong stream quenched

his thirst. His stimulant came from the long glides down some crushed stretch, steep as a house-roof, with the wind whistling through his long, blond Northman's hair, and his excited heart pumping warm blood to every part of him.

He had no regular trail. The rocks, special trees, valley slopes, distant peaks became familiar landmarks. And that mysterious instinct of direction, which you'll find in some almost half-witted Newfoundland trapper as well as in the little black savages of the African jungle, was a better guide to him than the compass he despised.

"I was never lost—I can't be lost," he used to say. "I can go anywhere in the mountains, day or night, storm or shine, I can't be lost." Tapping his forehead, he'd add: "There's something in here that keeps me right."

He always started on as exact time as a fast mail train,—and got through with much more certainty. He didn't know how to dope the under surfaces of his skis with tallow, to prevent the sun-softened snow from sticking to them; he simply overcame the hampering clogs by a little extra bull-force and persistence. Or if traveling became utterly impossible, he'd camp where he was, wait till the chill night cold froze a crust on the surface, and then push on with the stars for beacons.

Storms never stopped him; he'd buck into the teeth of a howling blizzard with his heavy pack like a sight-seer out for a stroll. He was the Ski Limited, with government mail, and weather had nothing to do with keeping that sacred schedule.

Nor did he bother about trifles like Indians, grizzlies, wolves or mountain lions. He did take a six-shooter at first, but decided his flying skis were all

the protection he needed, and saved weight by leaving it behind.

When he struck a piece of precipitous country where night travel was too risky, or when he needed his few hours of sleep, he'd camp. It was a simple operation. Picking out a dead pine stump, he'd set fire to it. An armful of spruce or fir boughs, hacked off with his knife and spread perhaps on top of thirty feet of snow, made a bed. His leather mail-bag was all the pillow a mountaineer needed. And bed-clothes were unnecessary, no matter how sullen the thermometer or biting the gale, for such vital toughness as he soon developed.

If no pine stump offered itself for a camp-fire, he'd select a dead tree that had a decided lean to one side, and transform that into a fiery pillar for warmth and cheer. There was a mighty good reason for insisting on the lean: the tree would frequently burn through while he was asleep and come down with a crash of mighty bole and a hurtling abroad of blazing fragments; making his Spartan couch on the upper side, he was fairly safe from having this giant smash down on him, or shower him with lighted faggots. Many a time, however, he'd be startled in the wee sma' hours by a sudden volley of crackings like a "fanned" pistol as his burning tree went over the wrong way—and he learned to leap instantaneously from dreams into a hundred-yard sprint, and keep sprinting till safety was reached, at this starting signal of playful Mother Nature.

Occasionally some big overhanging rock would offer him a night shelter; and at Cottage Rock, six miles below Strawberry Valley, he housed luxuriously like a hibernating bear in a little cave about

the size and shape of a baker's oven, in front of which he'd build his fire.

For twenty winters this hardy Norseman carried the mails on his skis across these Sierra Nevada mountains, risking his life as a matter of course, laying out for himself a daily routine whose hardships would have disgusted even a toughened Rocky Mountain trapper. Much of the time, communication would have been cut off altogether but for his intrepidity and machine-like steadiness.

He did his job because he took a pride in the achievement. Otherwise it wouldn't have been done. The pay was poor enough at best; but for two years the great and wise Congress of the United States made no appropriations for the service. Thompson stuck to it like a bur, and the people of the two settlements on either side of the mountains, who were most directly concerned in keeping up the service, assured him they'd raise the money by subscription if the government didn't pay it. Another contractor failed. Thompson took on his job too. He never received a dime for all the arduous toil added by thus voluntarily stepping into the breach.

Getting to be nearly fifty years old, the ski-runner tried to secure some return from the government for his unpaid work and the peculiar hardships he had undergone for the public benefit. His petition to Congress, asking for six thousand dollars, was warmly seconded by the state authorities, for much of the amount was a definite debt due him.

But this and a trip all the way to Washington procured him only inexpensive kind words and promises that were never fulfilled.

The stone over his grave at Genoa, Colorado, has a pair of skis carved on it. And "Snowshoe"

Thompson, as he was known throughout that region, has a sure memory as the man who took a hundred pounds on his back and led the way across the Sierra for the subsequent pack-train, stage-coach, and railways.

## CHAPTER III

### IN A CATTLE STAMPEDE

In the blinding winter blizzards of the western plains the cowboy who found himself responsible for a herd of drifting cattle had little chance. Over and over he stuck to his job till the end, striving to head the bewildered mob, until the pitiless, numbing cold turned his blood to ice.

But even in summer it was work that might call for all a man had in him. E. Hough has given a vivid picture of what a cowboy's "day's work" often meant.

"At evening when the great herd of trail cattle bedded down on the hillside, the sky was clear and the stars were shining luminously large in the pure air of the plains. It needed an old plainsman to know what this foreboding quiet meant, this ominous hush, and he alone would have noted anxiously the dark line of cloud along the horizon. Any of these hardy riders could tell you a storm was breeding, but they have seen many storms and do not fear them. The cook whistles as steadily and discordantly as ever as he washes his dishes in the dusk, swearing fluently when a stray whisk of air blows the ashes out of his fire pit into his eyes. The cook pulls the wagon sheet tight tonight, however, and he makes his own bed inside the wagon. The night herder turns up his collar

as he goes on watch with the horse herd. The drive boss sits with his knees between his hands smoking a pipe, which glows dully in the darkening night. The camp is quiet. All about come up the faint night sounds of the plains. The men are tired, and one by one they unroll their blankets and lie out in huge cocoons, each with his head in the hollow of his saddle and his hat pulled down over his face. Jim, the foreman of the drive, does not go to sleep just yet. He sits smoking and watching. Now and then a wandering whiff of wind blows the ashes in a fiery little stream out of his pipe bowl. Jim puts an extra man on the night watch, who departs into the dark singing softly to himself.

"Jim sits thus for some time with his knees up between his hands, perhaps nodding now and then, but afraid to go to sleep. He notes the steady play of the lightning on the rising bank of clouds, and before an hour has passed he begins to hear the low, incessant mutter of the thunder. In half an hour more he is going down the line, kicking the long cocoons with the toe of his boot and calling out:

" 'Tumble out, fellers! Git up! There's goin' to be a hell of a storm.'

"With grunts of protest the cowpunchers roll out of their blankets and sit up in the night, rubbing their eyes. They see the bank of cloud now reaching over them, and hear the steady roar of the thunder approaching. The wind begins to sob in the grass, and little particles of dust go whirling by. The head of the cook pokes itself out from the wagon.

" 'What in hell!' says the cook.

"'She's goin' to be hell, all right, cookie,'' says a voice cheerfully. 'You better picket your dough-pan.'

"'I would not live al-l-lwa-y,' comes the faint voice of the night herder as he makes his rounds.

"'Saddle up, fellows!' says Jim. 'There's shore goin' to be hell a-poppin' here before long. If they ever break out of here they'll run to hell an' gone with us to-night.'

"That's right, pitch, you wall-eyed son of misery!' says an injured voice in the dark, from where some cowpuncher is having an argument with his pony, which resents the saddle thrown across its back in the dark.

"'Oh, then, Susannah, don't yer cry for me!' sings another voice, as the owner of it, wrapped in his yellow slicker, gets into his saddle and turns toward the herd.

"'Good-bye, cookie!' calls another. 'You can git breakfast for us on the Cimarron, I reckon.'

"They all take up their round about the herd, falling into their work with the philosophy of their calling, which accepts things as they come. As they ride in line along the edge of the herd the thunder is booming loudly, and the rain begins to fall in heavy, irregular drops. Then suddenly with a gusty rush the torrents of the air break loose, and a solid wall of rain sweeps over the place, hiding in a whirling mist the outlines of men and animals. The thunder now bursts with deafening volume. The cattle have sprung to their feet and now push about among themselves uneasily, their long horns clanking together in the darkness. They are wet, but the rain is not chilling, and in a moment the cloud-burst is over and gone, and nothing remains

of the storm but the lightning and the wind. The sky lightens queerly, so that objects may be faintly seen, men riding along the edge of the herd, keeping the cattle back and closing them up. Sounds of confused sort come from among the cattle, grumblings and mutterings, mingling with the chanting of the cowboys riding. The storm is nearly past, but the whole air is alive with electricity. The discharge of the thunder is as the noise of cannon. The lightning falls not in jagged lines, but in bursting balls of flame, which detonate with terrible reports. Along the tips of the horns of the cattle the faint flames play in weird way, as the fires of St. Elmo upon the spars of a ship caught in a storm at sea. The men still hold the line, calling to the cattle, which are now clattering and shuffling about in a way not pleasant to hear, though still they do not break into any concerted rush. Now and again a start is made by some frightened animal, but the nearest cowboy turns it back, riding against the head of each break showing toward the edge. The herd is shifting ground a little, edging a trifle down wind. This brings it nearer to the camping-place, nearer also to the wagon of the cook, which stands with its white cover broken loose and flapping upon the gale. There is a call of a voice, which begins to shout out something.

"But this voice, and all the voices, and all the other sounds are swallowed in a mighty dreadful roar. The white cover of the wagon has broken loose at the other end, the rope parting with a crack like the report of a gun. The wagon-sheet whips madly up and down as though with deliberate intent of malice, and then goes sailing off across the prairie. No studied effort of evil could have

been direr at this very moment! The herd, keyed up to the last pitch of nervousness and only held by the utmost efforts of the cowboys, needs only this devil's device to set it off. 'Good God A'-mighty!' bursts out the foreman. But even as he shouts he, in common with every other man of the outfit, digs in his spurs and rides for the head of the herds, the front of this plunging, rushing, stumbling, falling mass of panic-stricken creatures which are off in the curse of the drive—the dread stampede in the dark!

"The sound of the rushing hoofs of near ten thousand cattle is imposing enough at any time, but heard mingled and confused in the running in the dark it is something terrible. A loud cracking of hoofs comes through the fog of sound, and the mad rattling of the great horns swung together in the crush as the cattle struggle to head out of the suffocating press behind them and on all sides. Mad indeed is this chase to-night, and far will be its ending, this ride with the accompaniment of the booming thunder and with the ripping flight of the lightning for its only beacon. Ride, Jim! Ride, Springtime, and Tex, and Curley, and Kid, and Cherokee, and all the rest of you! Now if ever you must be men of proof! Into the rattle of it, up to the head of it, press, spur, crowd! Shoot into their faces, frighten them back, turn them aside, ride into them, over them, but ride fast and thoughtless of yourself! There is no possibility of taking care. The pony must do it all. The pony knows what a stumble means. The herd will roll over horse and man and crush them as if they were but prairie flowers. The ground is rough, but there must be no blunder. Ah, but there was! Something

happened there! There was a stumble! There was a cry, smothered; but all that was half a mile back. The herd sweeps on.

"Into the thick of the leaders of the herd the cowpunchers crowd in from the flanks, meeting there the men who were swept away in the first mad rush of the cattle. They cannot now escape from this position, nor do they seek to do so, but ride with the stampede, their horses with ears flat, struggling on at top speed, bounding from side to side to escape the jostling of a steer, leaping ahead when the press clears in front for a moment. Through the noise of the pounding hoofs comes the panting of the cattle and the sobbing but valiant breath of the brave little horses which carry these wild and reckless men. A faint shout is heard at times or the 'Whoa-o-o-ope!' of a voice calling to the cattle in attempt at soothing them. Now and then may be seen an arm thrown up and waved in gesture to a near-by rider, or at times may shoot forth the flash of the revolver as some daring man heads across the front and tries to frighten the herd into swinging from its course.

"The thundering hoofs now seem to pound upon harder ground. The broken country near the bluffs of the river is at hand. Down into gully and ravine go men and horses and cattle in the dark, and welter out of it upon the other side as best they may. Many an animal goes headlong in the dark, but it is not noticed or deplored. Each object makes a tiny rock to stem the flood of pouring cattle. But suddenly, without warning, the whole front of the herd plunges down utterly out of view! It has dropped down into the earth, has been swallowed up bodily! Some of the cowpunchers went

down too. At the brink of the bluff the following numbers of the cattle pile up and back in a horrid mass, seeking to crowd back, but yet pushed on by the herd behind. The remnant of the herd splits, and turns along the side of the bluff. The remaining cowboys follow, pressing and crowding in, still spurring up to the heads of the panting cattle and seeking to turn them. The head of the herd finally swerves, it turns gradually more and more. The cowboys are still in front, shouting, crowding, firing their revolvers across the faces of the cattle, and urging them back and away from the bluffs. The cattle turn now and traverse a circle. A moment later and they round the same circle, their ranks now closer together. The circle grows smaller and smaller. The mill is begun. Round and round they go until they no longer seek to break away, but stand and clatter and shuffle and pant. Round and round the mill the cowboys ride, talking to the cattle now in proficient profanity, but doing nothing to startle the terrorized animals in a farther flight. Gradually the panic passes. At length the cowpuncher takes a chew of tobacco and pulls up his pony even from the walk in which he has been going about the herd.

"The men who were at the head of the herd at the place where it went over the cut bank had no warning and no alternative. The ponies leaped with the cattle, and all took their chances together at the foot of the bank, a dozen feet in height. But here the ground was soft, and it was but a few steps to the water. In a moment the river was full of struggling, frantic creatures, all swimming for their lives, and all acting blindly except the cowpunchers, who retained their grim energy and had no

thought of giving up their lives. These swam clear of the crush of cattle and dropped down to a bar below. Scattered animals came drifting down stream and took the shore as they had done. Many dead cattle floated past the bar, and at the foot of the bank a heap of dead and crippled ones lay tangled. Not till morning, of course, could the task of roping and pulling out the cattle from the water and from under the banks begin. These cowpunchers as well as they were able rode back to the path of the 'split,' and so found the main mill and joined their companions.

" 'I shore thought I was an angel when we took the bank,' says Curley, wiping his face with his wet neckerchief.

" 'Where's the Kid?' asks Jim gruffly.

" 'Dunno,' is the answer. 'I ain't seen him nowheres near me.'

"It is hard to tell where any one may be at this time, past midnight, with the storm just muttering itself away. Some of the cattle may be running yet, and some of the cowboys may be with them. It may be twenty miles away that the last cowpuncher will pull up. The cattle will be scattered over miles and miles of country, and it will take days to get them together, less the losses which are sure to ensue upon the stampede. Nothing remains to be done now by those who are assembled but to hold their remnant of the herd till morning. And morning finds the men still holding the herd, their eyes now heavy and red, their faces haggard, their clothing covered with the mud of the mad ride in the night. A detail is made to keep watch here, while the rest of the men go back to camp to bring on the cook wagon and pick up the

frayed ends of the rout. As these men ride in they see occasional scattered groups of cattle, which are turned back toward the main body. No one says much, for all are tired. As they pass on toward camp, or rather toward where camp was, a draggled figure rides up from out a little gully—one of the boys who has followed off a bunch of cattle by himself, and so been widely separated from the others.

"'Hello, Cherokee!' says Jim. 'Where's the Kid? We can't none of us find him nowhere.'

"'I ain't seen him, neither,' says Cherokee. 'There ain't nobody at all been with me.'

"But as they ride along the torn and trampled trail left by the cattle in their flight of the night before, they all see the Kid—see him, every one of them, before any one of them dares to say a word. They know what is the dark mass lying on the ground on ahead. Something strange chokes every throat, and each man adds an oath to the heap of pity as they draw up by the body. The boy's face, washed white and clean by the drenching rain which has taken away the grime of the ride, lies upturned in the morning sunlight, which kisses it gently. His hair, sodden with the flood, trails off into the miry earth, of which he was a part, and into which he is now to return. His pony, with its fore legs broken, lifts its head as high as it can and whinnies.

"'Kill the horse, Bud!' says Jim at last, as they stand about the straightened figure of the boy. A shot is given the pony, and the saddle stripped from its back. Jim mounts his horse, and reaches down to the burden which Springtime hands up to him from the ground. He takes the dead boy in his arms, riding with his reins loose over the horn

of his saddle and holding up his burden carefully across his lap. He says nothing till he gets near camp, muttering then only, 'It's too d—d bad!'

"When they get to camp the cook has breakfast ready, such as it is. The flour and sugar and everything else is wetted to the point of dissolution by the rain. More talkative than his fellows of the saddle, the cook breaks into loud exclamations of lamentation when he sees what is this strange burden the foreman is carrying.

" 'Shut up, d—n you!' says Jim to the cook. He knows that it was not the fault of the cook that all this trouble occurred, but he feels that he has to blame somebody for something, in order to relieve his own overburdened heart. 'It's your own fault,' he says to the cook, 'lettin' that wagon cover blow off. You do it again, an', d—n you, I'll kill you.'

"It is primitive, crude, and hard enough, this little group here on the muddy plains this morning. For them there is not a voice of comfort, not a sign of help, not a token of hope. The tired, worn faces show hard and grim in the unflattering light of morning as they stand about, some holding the bridles of their horses, some leaning against the wagon or sitting on the wagon tongue. There is no house nor home here nor anywhere near here. It is a hundred miles to a ranch, two hundred to a town. There is no church nor minister. Not one hypocrite is to be found in this knot of rude men, and as none has professed any religion before, none does so now. Jim, who is the leader, straightens out the boy's limbs as he lays him upon the ground and spreads a blanket over it.

" 'Git breakfast over!' he says grimly. And after breakfast the shovel of the cook which dug the

trench for the fire digs the grave for the boy. There is no funeral service. He is buried in his blankets, with his hat over his face and his boots and spurs in place, as he slept when he was alive. A soldier of the plains, he dared the risks of his calling, and met them like a man."

## CHAPTER IV

### WHERE WORK IS STILL ADVENTURE

Two men were at lunch in one of those luxurious English country homes which the modern aristocracy of dollars has taken over from the descendants of the old Norman warrior-aristocracy. One was short, a little heavy, beginning to be bald; his clothes had the correctness of the fashionable tailor and he played the host with a perfection that matched his attire. There was a suggestion of physical flabbiness in his cheeks and figure, but a single glance at his keen eye showed that mentally he was alert in every fiber. From beneath the suavity of his unhurried hospitality he was probing down deep into his guest.

This unhurried confident gentleman was a financier of to-day at one phase of his work. He needed a human instrument in one of his large schemes. So important to success was the personality he wished to buy for a time, that he would trust nobody but himself to select the right man from the scores who had offered themselves. Adroitly he led his guest to tell of his experiences, quietly noting every fact, but also alive to manner, gestures, intonations—each detail that would aid his shrewd brain to weigh and estimate the real man before him, and to match him up against the requirements of the enterprise.

The other man, though an Englishman like his host and unmistakably of the "gentleman" caste, was of an absolutely different breed. While somewhat undersized, every line of him expressed physical vigor and self-reliance. His eye had that cool directness of one whose life has hung upon correct reading of the men and things it beheld. Behind the easy self-assurance of the man of the world was that deeper confidence that has looked upon primitive things on the fringes of civilization—upon swift peril and sudden death.

The anecdotes told by Hall, as we will call him, fully bore out this impression of varied and stirring experience. He told of living the hard life of a cowboy in the American Southwest, of blizzards and stampedes and of the desperate effort for sixty hours at a stretch to get a mob of a thousand frightened cattle under control. He had been a sailor, and related how going in swimming from his becalmed vessel one day he was attacked by a shark: with his retreat cut off, and the horrible monster rising toward him from the green depths, he could only lie motionless in the water beneath the bowsprit while the bos'n whom he had summoned stood overhead, harpoon in hand; together they watched the great man-eater slowly come up for his prey, and turn over for the final assault showing that ghastly set of teeth—when, at the one possible instant, the bos'n hurled the harpoon into the beast and saved the swimmer's life. There were adventures in the Malay Peninsula where he had been land commissioner, and where he had driven off a herd of elephants that threatened to demolish his bamboo hut—with a revolver! Anecdotes of sport, of men, of narrow escapes on land and sea.

It all fitted into the mental picture the financier had of the man he needed—a fact of which Mr. Hall was quite aware, for his life demands even more quick and accurate grasp of character than that of one who stakes his money on a given personality. And then, just casually enough, the applicant told another story which showed himself as an intimate acquaintance of the British General in command in that part of Africa where the magnate's immediate interest lay. The great man's face was impassive, but Hall had an amused conviction that this shot had gone home.

The event proved him correct: a couple of days later he received official notice that he had been selected from a hundred applicants to explore the London syndicate's new concession in Ashanti.

A few months later Hall was landing on the depressing shore of Cape Coast Castle. There are still few more unhealthy spots in the whole world than the Guinea Coast; at this time a man's chance of dying from fever alone was a good deal more than an even one. The inland country was unknown, the natives hostile and in places cannibals. All the conditions were strange, and the job to be accomplished was difficult enough even without these obstacles. But there are some men who only become fully alive when confronting danger: the ex-cowboy had simply a pleasurable sense of anticipation of new country and an abundance of big game, with a lively impatience at the tedious operation of getting his belongings ashore.

Nor did the gloomy prophecies of the English officials in the town affect him. He set about getting his porters from the Queens of the Carriers who control that labor market; and after ten days'

hard work, he started, borne in a hammock by four stalwart blacks, in command of a motley array of five hundred natives, men and women, carrying loads ranging from sixty pounds to double that weight.

Among the baggage there were four boxes upon which the leader's attention was especially concentrated, for they contained about four thousand dollars in small silver for paying porters, trading with the natives, and so on. From his position in the swaying hammock Hall kept a watchful eye on these precious chests, while at the same time he tried to get his men in hand by inaugurating strict discipline, meeting every act of disobedience with the customary sjamsbok wielded by his own vigorous arm.

After a tiresome trip they arrived at Kumbassi, and made camp on the outskirts of the huddle of huts. Scarcely had the Englishman crawled under his mosquito-bar and settled himself for a well-earned rest, after the struggle to bring order out of chaos and stupidity, when one of his personal attendants ran into the tent.

"Massa, massa, massa! Dey tiefum!" cried the boy excitedly.

Grabbing his revolver, Hall ran out. One glance showed that the money-boxes had disappeared from the pile of luggage.

Ordering the noisy blacks to keep quiet and search, Hall squatted down so that he could see the moving figures against the dim sky-line, hoping he might still catch a glimpse of the robber making off, and gripping his pistol in the determination to give him a sharp lesson.

Presently a chorus of shouts broke out from the

darkness to his left. Hastening over, he found half-a-dozen men grouped about the missing boxes. They had been forced open and emptied of their contents.

Most of the five hundred men of the party had gone into the village for the night. Without a moment's hesitation, Hall started for the town, followed by a few blacks carrying lights. He found his porters scattered about everywhere among the natives, in the huts and on the ground; the long carrying-cloths, which they rolled up to make head-pads for their loads, were now turned into bedding, and under these coverings most of them were sleeping soundly.

Setting his teeth, the leader began a systematic scrutiny of every figure. As he stepped between and over the sprawling blacks who almost covered the earth, the lantern light revealed to his quick eye a bunch of burs on one sleeper's covering. He jerked the cloth off, exposing a series of tell-tale white scratches on the fellow's legs.

The porter sat up slowly, rubbing his eyes and blinking at the light. He was a vicious-looking big chap, and he somewhat overdid his confused pretense of innocent ignorance. Indeed, an eye trained by necessity to read another's intentions before the act could not fail to perceive that he was hesitating to attack only because of the habit of submission.

Hall leveled the revolver at him without a word. The threat in the ugly black face instantly turned to terror.

"Massa, massa—no shoot," he begged. "Maybe me findum."

He scrambled to his feet, shaking in every limb.

Casting ludicrous apprehensive glances behind at the steady muzzle of the revolver, he led the way through the darkness to a great rudder-root tree between the town and camp. There, hidden in the deep recesses between the projecting ribs, lay the missing bags of threepences, unopened.

Full of satisfaction at recovering the money, Hall still realized the necessity of making an example of the offender. So he ordered the thief strung up by the wrists, then chained him to his own bed, and at the end of three days turned him off. Thereafter the leader slept each night with the money-chests chained to his cot.

It became increasingly difficult to manage the blacks with the attractions of Kumbassi so close at hand; but in spite of every effort it was ten days before the exasperating delays could be overcome.

At last everything was in readiness for the start. The head-loads were all corded up; every man was in place and ready. Hall went into one of the filthy huts to get his "chop" before setting out, while the headman outside was setting the slow procession in motion.

He had taken a few spoonfuls of soup when the familiar "Massa, massa, massa!" warned him of trouble.

Jumping up from the table, he strode outside, and beheld a big negro who was roughly commanding the bearers to put down their loads. The fellow was tremendous in size, greasy and prosperous-looking; and the Englishman at once recognized him as the leading money-lender of Kumbassi. It speedily became clear that a large number of the carriers had gotten into his debt during these ten days, he having freely financed their plunge into

town pleasures. He now declared they belonged to him until these advances were paid, and insolently refused to let them leave the place.

The blacks looked from one master to the other, not knowing which to fear most, but ready to obey the one who proved himself stronger. It was no time for half measures: Hall saw in a flash that his control of the party depended on settling the matter in the only way the blacks could understand. Besides, the Wangari's demands were plainly most exorbitant, and his manner was such as no white man could permit without losing all his influence with the natives.

The rascal was almost twice his weight, and noted for "dirty" fighting among a community where ear-biting is a customary feature of combat; but without any further parley Hall went for him with bare fists.

It was a sharp set-to for a few moments. The negro was tremendously strong, and if he had known how to box could have demolished his assailant in a twinkling. But the little Englishman gave him no chance; his blood rose with the encounter; he felt a sense of strength he had never experienced in his life; and presently, "with a stiff-legged jump," he landed a blow on the other's jaw that had every ounce of his weight behind it. The darky went down like a pole-axed steer and lay unconscious. At Hall's command, the porters resumed their loads, and the long procession filed away from Kumbassi into the wilderness. From that moment the five hundred never doubted whom they should obey.

There followed long months of travel through a wild country, accompanied for part of the time by

a mining expert who studied the mineral resources of the land. Hall found all the shooting and all the adventure he had looked for; he saw the great gorillas, savage beasts creeping off with irregular shambling movements through the tall grass, which do not hesitate to attack the natives; he had a narrow escape from a python, stepping right over it as he hurried through the jungle after a wounded hartebeeste—and when he had killed it found the creature was a few inches short of thirty feet long; but his coolness and pluck carried him through everything, and he completed the exploration for which he had come.

At length, far in the Ashanti interior, he decided to strike east with only ten blacks and return to the coast by descending the unknown waters of the Volta River. He was assured he would never succeed, and would probably be eaten by the cannibals; but he declared he would manage it somehow by Christmas.

The tribes they passed became wilder and more hostile as they pushed on into a region where the white had never penetrated. They had difficulty in getting food and had to be on guard constantly, and the blacks insisted that it was madness to make the attempt. But Hall pushed cheerfully on, and at last they did come to the Volta River.

They found themselves, however, in a large village where a tribe of five or six thousand natives promptly made them prisoners in fact though not in name. Their intentions became plain enough that night when the savages held a grand ju-ju dance. Led by the king and the chief medicine man, beating tom-toms of hollow logs and skins, and blowing on hartebeeste horns, the bedaubed crew

went through the ceremonies which the Englishman recognized as preparatory to sacrifice; and when the painted and bedecked medicine man danced round him and shook some drops of red liquid on him, there was no doubt whatever that they meant to kill him next day.

Hall did not show any outward concern, but he realized that he was in a tight place. Early next morning he walked to the river and demanded canoes in which to continue his journey. The blacks, who were always near when he moved, replied evasively: there were no canoes; the other natives had stolen them all.

Still taking a high hand, Hall ordered them to send for the king, and seated himself in dignity on an Ashanti stool. The monarch soon appeared, followed by his retinue of state, one attendant holding over him a palm-leaf umbrella. The royal stool was placed opposite that of the white man. The palaver began.

It was a very prolonged and unsatisfactory talk for the traveler. For four hours he sat there in the blistering sun, rifle across lap and revolver handy, receiving only evasions and circumlocutions and falsehoods to his questions and demands. His ten followers, crouching in abject fear, showed by their faces what result they expected.

Still they were getting nowhere, and Hall knew that his only chance lay in cutting short the purposeful delay. He tried sheer bluff.

"This little palaver no good," he broke out in disgust. Then, looking his black antagonist in the eye, he added emphatically: "Big palaver live to come."

The savage's face showed he was impressed—the

more since this lone white man was so completely in his power. His tone altered. Presently he gave an order. As if by magic, canoes appeared from everywhere. Hall got into a forty-foot pirogue manned by the royal paddlers. In a few moments he was gliding swiftly down the Volta and away from this dangerous neighborhood.

The nearest paddler, a big, brawny savage, evidently disapproved of this ending to the situation. He scowled and muttered at the white man facing him, but avoided meeting his eye. Hall watched him like a hawk. As they shot down the current he noticed the fellow's toe sticking up. He felt the man was working himself up to the point of attacking. Waiting his chance, he suddenly bent forward, grabbed the toe, caught hold of an arm with the other hand, and heaved the struggling brute into the river.

Then the pirogue continued on its way in peace. On Christmas Day, as he had predicted, the explorer landed at Cape Coast Castle to the amazement of all who heard his tale.

His success in this pioneer work led to his being given a sort of roving commission to manage the native workers in the mines. They were always giving trouble of one kind or another, and the filth in which they lived bred frequent outbreaks of small-pox which ravaged the settlement.

Hall gradually acquired a great influence with all of the various tribes represented. He would joke and frolic with them, to their huge delight: he would waltz a negro mammy along the main street of the capital; but every black learned that when he promised or threatened to do a thing he *did* it. The other whites thought him a crack-brained idler.

Presently a rumor began to spread that this frivolous outsider had a plan of burning down the worst infected village. The wise ones shook their heads and prophesied trouble. One German especially, on the mine staff, was loud in his denunciation of such folly. Even the President Commissioner became apprehensive and sent word that he didn't know what Hall was up to, but he'd certainly decide against him when the claims for compensation came in.

Hall paid no attention to all this or to the mutterings of the blacks. He would travel alone down the narrow jungle paths by day or night, arguing with the natives and trying to bring them to reason. The place reeked with pestilence; on one occasion he met a pair of bearers carrying, slung from a pole, the corpse of a man who had just died of small-pox: the confused carriers swung about, completely blocking the slashed out track and making exposure to infection almost inevitable; moreover, the natives of the threatened village were increasingly hostile and the chance of his taking-off by knife or poison seemed always imminent.

He was carried to one conference with a dislocated knee, the result of a fall. The native leaders told him flatly they would not permit him to carry out his design. To emphasize this decision they put forward as spokesman their biggest bully, a hulking chap who tried to scare the Englishman by the most violent threats.

After listening a while, Hall told the chief through the interpreter to send another person to talk: he was tired of this man. Besides this one wouldn't live long anyhow—a remark which threw the superstitious blacks into consternation.

During all this time he was having a space hacked out of the jungle where new huts could be built. Excitement ran high and many of the townsfolk feared there would be a general uprising if the thing were attempted.

The German mentioned taunted him at the club one day as the staff were lunching.

"I thought you were going to burn down Tamsu to-day," he sneered.

Hall had never mentioned the subject to any of his fellows. He merely replied: "It was to burn down at four p. m. It's only one now."

A couple of hours later he set out with one black and a kerosene torch, went to Tamsu and burned down the whole plague-ridden nest of hovels. The natives stood and watched him as if hypnotized. Then they quietly settled in the new place that had been prepared, and there was a lull in the small-pox.

After that this Massa's word was law. He actually made them agree to the hut tax which the government had vainly tried to levy in order to have some control. They paid it, too—seven shillings and sixpence ($1.80) "every three big moons," to a total of nearly three thousand dollars the first year.

And then, after the fashion of such men, having done his hard and dangerous job, he went on to look for more adventure elsewhere.

## CHAPTER V

### C. Q. D.

A TRANSATLANTIC liner was nosing her way along through the fog. The whole world seemed blind and muffled. A chill January night settled down upon the murky ocean. The steamer's bells tolled forth a persistent anxious warning, emphasized at regular intervals by the protesting, squawking bellow of her siren, as she cautiously groped ahead into the encompassing blackness.

Most of the five hundred people on board were comparatively unconcerned. They were passengers. Bound for the Mediterranean, they had left their responsibilities behind; so they passed the evening with the usual shipboard gaieties and "turned in" for the night as confidently as if they were in their own homes.

But the steamship herself was alert and tense as is a man advancing over dangerous unknown ground in pitch darkness. The little iron tanks on each side of the bow and the human ears back of them were listening for submarine signals from lightships' bells. The watertight compartments were locked in preparation for any sudden accident. The wireless operator had his ears "in the air" for any impulse striking the hard rubber receivers; the vessel was about 175 miles southeast of Nantucket Island and he had been in regular communication with the shore station at Siasconsett—ordinary,

every-day messages which made it seem almost absurd to look for anything sudden or startling; but a seaman's attitude in a fog becomes that of expecting the unexpected, for he knows well the chances when the ocean leviathans go blind. Especially on the alert was the Captain. He was in charge. He held the lives of those five hundred men and women in the hollow of his hand—not to mention the life of his ship, which is almost more precious than his own to a true sailorman. He had no thought of sleep: up on his bridge he paced to and fro, waiting for any least hint of danger from any quarter.

The night wore on. The *Republic* crept forward mile after mile. Never a sound except her own warnings came to those on watch. Toward morning, Binns, the wireless operator, who handled the job alone, climbed into his berth for some sleep. It was his first opportunity since leaving New York the day before, for the wireless man must keep in touch with the shore stations, and a solitary operator gets few chances even for cat-naps while his ship is within a couple of hundred miles of port.

Still the *Republic* crept on into the fog, her siren crossly announcing that she couldn't see her own length ahead and she didn't like it, and everything had better keep out of the way if there was anything behind that impenetrable veil. And still the Captain strode up and down, too keenly alive to his responsibility even to feel sleepy. A fog at sea is a treacherous enemy for whom familiarity breeds watchful resentment instead of contempt. The more a captain sees of it, the less he likes it. He learns only too surely that this is a time when, even after a lifetime of experience, his best may not be good enough.

Four o'clock came, and five. Practically everybody on board, save the Captain, the watch, and the engine-room crew, was asleep. "Three bells" sounded from the deck. While it was still a long time before dawn on such a morning, Captain Sealby began to feel as if his vigil were nearing an end. Look as he might, however, there was no suggestion of any lightening in the blank chaos in which they moved like a ship in a misty dream.

Suddenly he stopped short in his monotonous walk, in an attitude of intent listening. Yes, he had not been mistaken: he had heard a bell somewhere out there in the thickness. There it was again—faint, muffled, elusive, but clearly a fog bell on some other vessel.

He gave a sharp signal to the quartermaster. The *Republic* bellowed forth a prolonged, full-throated warning from her whistle: "Look out! Look out! Look o-u-t!" she seemed to call. The sound had hardly died away when a querulous answering shriek split the fog as if to say: "Look out yourself! I can't see!" There was something pathetic about these two great blind things groping about in mutual terror of each other's involuntary power of harm. With every muscle and nerve taut as a mainsheet in a gale, Captain Sealby strained his eyes through the murk in the effort to locate the other ship. He had at once signaled his engineer to slow down, and the *Republic's* screw was barely turning fast enough to give her seaway. She hesitated there, marking time, till some hint should come of just where the danger was.

All at once a piece of the fog wall to port thickened into a darker blurred mass before Sealby's eyes. It grew larger, blacker, menacing. It was

no fog-wraith or squall cloud. It was the other steamer, coming straight for him and coming fast.

He signaled instantly: "Full speed astern!"

The *Republic* gave one worried roar—meaning in ship-language that she intended to pass on the port side of the stranger. The latter whistled back a sharp assent, accepting the manœuvre.

And while these echoes still rang in the ears, a great black mass loomed up with frightful rapidity on the port side. As silently as in some nightmare it transformed itself before the Captain's horrified eyes into the vast sharp prows of a steamer. Even then the stealthy suddenness of its coming made it seem like an unreal phantom of the imagination.

The next instant there was a crash. That oncoming edged wall struck the *Republic* slantingly, a little aft of amidships. It crushed through hull, timbers, state-rooms, and coal-bunkers, piercing to the engine-room; and the stricken vessel stopped, quivering under the blow as if it were indeed some live creature that had received a death-wound.

Startled from sleep by the shock, the hundreds of passengers were powerfully affected by this change from controlled purposeful motion to the uncertain, staggering, aimless pitchings to and fro which they now felt. One must go through such an experience to realize how overwhelming it is to lose confidence suddenly in the great vessel which has seemed to master the waves so easily. To add to the terror of the situation, all the lights went out, the dynamos having been put out of commission. With over two hundred excitable steerage passengers on board, there were all the elements for a panic which might produce ghastly results.

Captain Sealby rose to the emergency. The vessel which had cut the *Republic* down had backed out and drifted away in the fog. The water was rushing in like a mill-race. In the darkness it was impossible to ascertain the extent of the injury, and no one could tell whether the ship would stay afloat for minutes or hours. The first task, however, was to get the passengers out in readiness for whatever might come.

Quietly the officers and stewards collected the white-faced men and women who rushed out of their state-rooms in all sorts of grotesque costumes, reassuring them by their manner more than by their words, directing, guiding, herding them out to the promenade deck. There was a great outburst of screaming and wailing at first in the steerage, but the "capositives," or under-stewards, hastened about among their countrymen assuring them there was little danger, cowing a few panicky groups who were rushing wildly they knew not where, giving them crisp orders which the poor bewildered creatures presently obeyed blindly.

It was a motley crowd that huddled on the promenade deck that gloomy January morning, half an hour after the accident. Hardly anybody had been calm enough to dress completely. Men and women alike caught up the first garments they could lay their hands on, and followed the instructions which alone seemed to promise any hope. Those who could cover their sleeping costumes with fur coats looked conventional beside the women in trousers and the men in skirts, the queer combinations and misfits. But they had little sense of humor then, even at the sight of the dignified elderly gentleman, whose chalky face made his correct, gray side-

whiskers look dark, as he shivered beneath a brilliant petticoat of his wife's. Nor did it add to their peace of mind as details of the disaster were whispered from group to group, and they learned that two passengers lay dead and four were wounded in that tangle of shattered wood and twisted steel where the other steamer's bow had crushed through five state-rooms.

Ordering the stewards to serve coffee and food, the Captain made a short speech from his deck. Very calmly he told them that there was no immediate danger, but that prudence dictated they should be transferred to the vessel which had run them down. There was a feeble cheer and a buzz of relief at that; for some hours their part was merely to wait, trying to keep warm in the penetrating, chill dampness, while comparing notes as to their experiences, bewailing the belongings they had not dared to try to save, and even laughing at the rueful face of the stout, baldheaded man who had rescued nothing from his state-room except a comb.

But there was plenty of work for others. As stated, Jack Binns, the wireless operator, had turned in about three o'clock to snatch a few hours' sleep. He was awakened by being hurled out of his bunk to the floor, amid a crunching, grinding, ripping noise that sounded as if the foundations of the world about were falling in. A panel of the cabin wall flew into splinters, and the whole wall was wrenched into gaping slits.

The first idea that came into his mind as he dazedly picked himself up was that the *Republic* must have run ashore. The next was a wonder if his precious aërial wires between the masts had been jarred loose by the shock. He hastily tested them.

Finding them still intact, he settled at once into the operator. That was his job. He was the human link between the wounded ship and the outside world from which help might come.

Peering through the holes in the wrecked woodwork, he could see a dark object over which the waves were washing, and concluded this was the rock they had struck; it was some time before he discovered that it was merely boat No. 15, which was always swung out from the ship's side and had been torn from its davits.

Out went the lights. That meant only one thing to the operator: his power from the dynamos was gone; he must depend on the accumulators which are carefully kept charged for just such an emergency. It was but a moment's work to find them under the shelf, even in the darkness, and to switch them on. Then he tried to make his way to the captain's bridge to report himself ready for action; but the piled-up wreckage made this so difficult in the darkness that he returned to his shattered cabin and began to work his key:

"C Q" (important). "D" (danger).

Just then the steward came along with a light. He piloted Binns back to the Captain's bridge through the fog pall, past the forlorn crowd of passengers who were assembling on the boat deck, past the crew who were smartly swinging out the boats in perfect discipline.

Making his report and receiving his orders, the operator hurried back to his post, more than ever realizing that the situation was "up to" him. At this time no one knew just how badly injured the vessel was; but in spite of his encouraging words to the passengers, the Captain thought she might

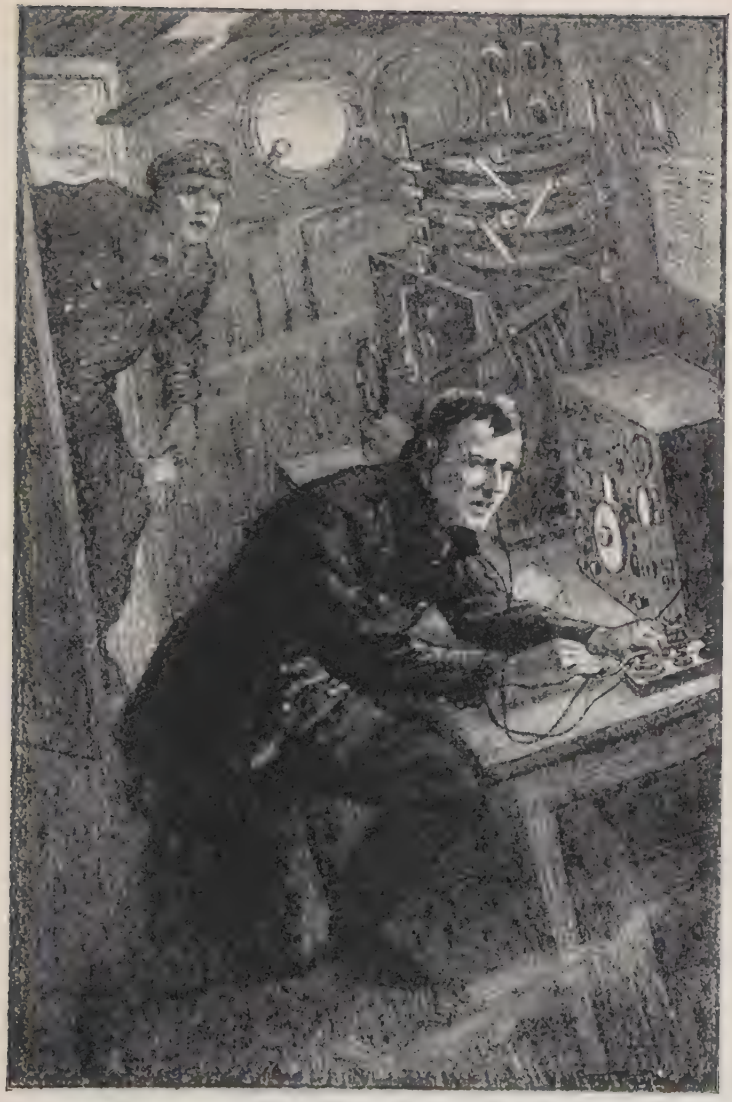
go down at any moment. That made no difference. A man's job is his job, especially at sea.

Reaching his ruined cabin, through which the wind blew piercingly, Binns clamped the steel bands of the headpiece on his head, and jammed the hard-rubber receivers against his ears. They call the wireless operators the "men of the broken ear," because the strain of trying to catch important messages at sea is sometimes so great that one involuntarily forces this receiving apparatus tighter and tighter, never noticing the pain though the cartilages of the ears may be mashed and crumpled into permanent flexibility.

The spark from accumulators is much more feeble than that from the dynamos, and this lessening of the working radius added greatly to the difficulty and anxiety. Moreover, in the first confusion of "finding himself" when the lights went out, Binns had managed to break the lever of the sending key. He found, however, that by holding the broken lever with one hand and sending with the other, he could project his feeble spark. Out through the fog it sped:

"C Q"—"K C" (the *Republic's* letters). "C Q —K C," "K C."

Had the full power been available, the most direct way would of course have been to flash out the call for help to all vessels within full radius. There was still a possibility that he might reach something besides the unknown ship that had collided with them; but the best chance was to pick up the Siasconsett station on Nantucket and have the message relayed out from that powerful apparatus. So while his fingers worked the awkward broken key, every nerve in his body seemed con-



He found, however, that . . . he could project his feeble spark
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centrated in attention to catch the hoped-for response from land.

At last, to his infinite relief, it came. Nearly two hundred miles away, Ginman, the Siasconsett operator, had been clicking off routine messages when the faint but insistent repetition broke in upon his attention. He at once dropped everything else and flashed back an acknowledgment of the call whose urgency he recognized.

"K C" snapped out Binns. "We are shipwrecked. Stand by for Captain's message."

"All right, old man," came back the instant reply. "Where are you?"

Just then the chief officer stuck his head into the door of Binns' little cabin, anxiously inquiring if he had been able to get in communication with anybody yet. Hearing that Siasconsett had answered, he hurried off and presently brought back the Captain's message:

"Republic rammed by unknown steamer. Twenty-six miles southwest of Nantucket Lightship. Badly in need of immediate assistance, but no danger to life."

Five minutes later Binns had the comforting assurance that the revenue cutter *Acushnet* had been ordered to start at once from Wood's Hole to assist them, and that the call had also been flashed to the *Baltic, La Lorraine,* and the *City of Everett,* all of which were within range.

With the realization that all this machinery had been set in motion, Binns had a moment's respite from the strain which had gripped him since he first found himself hurled to the floor by the collision. Dawn was coming reluctantly. He glanced about in the faint gray light and the signs of destruction

gave him a fresh sense of the peril. Then he shuddered as his eye fell upon two mangled bodies lying on the floor just outside of his battered cabin. It was still too dark to make out whether they were men or women. They lay there, silent and ghastly, depressing testimony to the malignant force that seemed to be encompassing the vessel.

Presently the doctor came. He announced after a moment's examination that both these unfortunates had been killed outright. The bodies were covered with blankets and carried away. The roll of the passengers had to be called before they could be identified.

The operator shivered again as this mournful procession departed. The wind was whistling through the gashed walls and it seemed to drive the clammy fog into his very vitals. Realizing for the first time how scantily clothed he was, he pulled on a pair of boots and got a waistcoat. Finding an apple, he munched this, and took a drink of water. Then his work called him again.

Word came from the shore station that it was in touch with the *Baltic,* and the latter was coming to help as rapidly as she dared. It was so difficult for one ship to find another in the fog, however, that it was highly important for Binns to get into direct communication with the *Baltic* to guide her to the spot. Over and over he tried, but though he could hear her messages going to Siasconsett, his own disabled spark was too weak to carry that far. He could only force it to the utmost and wait in strained anxiety till the big vessel came within his range.

Meanwhile, Captain Sealby did not dare to delay longer in transferring his passengers. The *Florida,* which had run them down, lay about a thousand feet

away, her bow badly crushed. She was clearly in better shape than the poor *Republic,* and it might be a long time before a rescuing vessel could locate them in this enforced game of hide-and-seek. So at eight o'clock the boats were loaded, women and children first, twenty-five or thirty to a boat. It was touch-and-go work, especially with the frightened Italians and Slavs, for there was some sea running; but by eleven the last trip was accomplished. Only the Captain and crew remained on the battered *Republic.*

The situation was still serious enough. The *Florida* now had about 2,000 people on board and was terribly overcrowded. She was all crumpled up forward, and if the wind should rise, she would be in a bad way indeed with such a load. Her food supply was as inadequate as her accommodations, for she had been nearing the end of her trip. Moreover, she had no wireless. So it was still Binns upon whom lay the burden of directing the reliefs for all.

He had now gotten into communication with the *Baltic,* and messages were steadily crackling between the two ships, urging speed and giving directions on the one hand, sending encouragement and assurance on the other. It was nerve-racking work in the chill desolation of that wrecked cabin, with his broken key, and the knowledge that it must last for hours with the best of luck, whereas the lurches of the water-logged *Republic* seemed at times to indicate that it was but a matter of minutes before the eager waves would drag her down.

Nor did it lessen this tension when the fog lifted about noon and he could see the *Florida,* her bows gone almost to the bridge, and most of her remaining forward plates twisted into hopeless confusion.

The gray waves in between had a sort of cruel eagerness as they trembled forward to slap against the side of the disabled ship.

But there was little time to indulge in fancies. The fog shut down into a gray wall again. The messages were going or coming continually. He was the one link between 2,000 human beings in increasing peril and the aid that must be piloted to the spot through this means alone. There were other vessels too seeking for them; in such blind-man's-buff no chance must be overlooked; so, when he was not directing the *Baltic,* he was persistently striving to send his weak spark to the ears of these other operators.

About 2 o'clock the steward, who had been carrying messages all morning between the cabin and bridge, brought him a little food, and he gulped this down while sending and receiving.

His patient efforts were rewarded finally. There snapped upon his ear-drums a succession of long and short impulses that told him he had reached the *Lorraine* and that she also was on the way. So there were two definite rescuers to lead, while still feeling around for any other possibilities in the neighborhood.

Hour after hour this went on. Darkness fell early, and it was almost impossible to keep up hope as the time dragged along and the searchers reported their inability to hasten more. A little after four, Captain Sealby, thinking the *Republic* might sink at any moment, sent off the cabin and engine crews to the *Florida,* since they could be of no more use. Indeed, there was little that could be done except to explode bombs in the hope of giving the rescuers something to steer by.

By six o'clock the supply of bombs had been used up. The wireless was growing weaker, for the accumulators were almost exhausted and there was no way of recharging them. The *Republic* had settled down alarmingly. The *Baltic* was close by somewhere, but there was no sign of her to eye or ear; only the spark leaping through the night kept hope alive. The operator had little idea of ever seeing land again. He confessed afterwards that he had resigned himself to the fate which every seafaring man contemplates as a possibility. But the work was still there. The captain was still sending messages, instructions. He had no idea but to see it through as long as his broken key would start a tiny impulse, or his receiver take in a message.

Bours, the operator on *La Lorraine,* slipped in a personal message between times:

"How are you, old man?"

"I'm on the job," Binns flashed back. "Ship sinking, but will stick to the end."

Up on his bridge the Captain gave an exclamation. His ear had caught a faint noise in the distance. He at once ordered the operator to make inquiries, and Binns learned that the *Baltic* had been exploding bombs in an effort to apprise them of her whereabouts. She had but one left. So it was arranged that she should set this off at a given moment, that Captain Sealby might mark the direction.

Noting by compass the exact quarter from which the muffled sound seemed to come, he had the operator send steering directions. The watches on the helpless, wallowing *Republic* listened in a suspense that hardly permitted them to breathe.

Presently they heard a faraway foghorn. Rock-

ets were sent up from time to time, but the *Baltic* could not see them for the fog. The horn sounded louder. Then came the bellow of the siren, so clear that it was evident the rescuing vessel was very close.

More messages were wirelessed by Binns, directing the *Baltic* to proceed with great care or she would complete the destruction instead of saving them, for she was now very close to the port side.

Hardly had this warning been clicked off when the operator heard a cheer. He knew his captain and the crew were busy with the boats. Could it be——?

Jumping up, he peered aft through the splendid wreckage of his cabin wall.

The fog had once more lifted slightly. There, all ablaze with lights, was the 700-foot *Baltic*—a beautiful sight to any eyes, but poignantly wonderful to those which saw in it rescue from the engulfing death over which they had hung poised so many hours. It was almost like being born again into a world of beauty and good cheer.

Nor had help come any too soon. The weather was clearing, but there was a heavy swell running, and at nearly every heave the wounded *Republic* seemed to settle down a little deeper into the hungry waters.

A message clicked out from the broken key which had done such good service:

"Come to our leeward and take up our boats. Have *Lorraine* and *Laconia* convoy the *Florida*. Wireless closed."

Captain Sealby sent off Binns with the officers and crew. He kept the chief officer, the boatswain and enough sailors to man one boat, for he was de-

termined to stay by his ship as long as she would float.

The rest reached the big liner safely and received a volley of welcoming cheers as they came alongside. Sealby megaphoned to the *Baltic's* captain to go to the assistance of the overcrowded *Florida.*

"Leave me," he called. "I'm all right."

So they again transferred the 2,000 passengers across that tumbling stretch of water, the waves making the loading a nightmare for the frightened women and demanding the most seamanlike handling to avoid disaster. Then the *Baltic* lay by till dawn.

When daylight came it was seen that the *Florida* had righted from her list. Her captain decided to make for port without assistance. The *Baltic* steamed back to the *Republic,* which all were surprised to see still on the face of the waters.

Sealby shouted across asking for volunteers to return and stand by. He was of the bulldog breed.

Binns was one of the first to volunteer. He and about thirty others—officers, sailors and stewards—gave up their hard-won safety and returned to that melancholy death-trap to see the thing through.

The broken key was waiting for him. He at once began to wireless inquiries for the tugs they were expecting. The *Gresham* and the *Furnessia,* which had come up, stood by to safeguard this forlorn hope. The *Baltic* with her rescued thousands steamed away for New York.

It was fine to hear the cheer that burst from every living soul aboard of her when she swung past the stern of the poor *Republic,* whose people were making such a plucky fight in her behalf. But the oper-

ator's cabin looked cheerless enough as the great liner disappeared into the horizon.

Binns nailed up some blankets to protect him from the keen wind, and settled down again to the business of calling and listening and waiting.

The *Gresham* arrived on the scene. Taking a hawser from the bow, she began to tow the *Republic,* while the *Furnessia,* attached by two lines to the stern, steered the clumsy hulk as well as she could.

For some hours this queer procession fought its way along. Then the Captain ordered his volunteers to take to the boats. The water was gaining so rapidly in the *Republic's* hold that he would not risk their lives any longer.

Binns presently found himself on board the *Gresham,* without even the cigarettes he had had by his side, gazing back at the doomed vessel on which there was now nobody but the Captain and his second officer.

Everything was in readiness for the last act of the drama, but still the *Gresham* towed on; and when the *Seneca* came up, she also put out a line and helped.

Darkness fell. Six o'clock came, then seven. The watchers on the *Gresham* missed the lights of the *Furnessia* in the rear.

Eight o'clock. A signal light sputtered through the darkness from the *Republic.* Before one could realize what was happening, a waiting seaman had brought his axe down across the rope hawser; the crew was in the lifeboat and pulling astern as if their lives depended on it; and the *Gresham's* searchlight was playing upon the bow of the *Republic.*

One glimpse only they had of the ship. Then it plunged beneath the waves.

The men who kept that last watch on the *Republic's* bridge lived to tell the story.

"We could tell it was coming," said Captain Sealby, "and when we realized that at last the time to desert the *Republic* was close at hand Williams and I just stood there and waited. We knew it was not to be a long wait. Suddenly we heard a rumbling and then a cracking sound aft and the stern of the *Republic* began to go down rapidly.

"I turned to Williams and said, 'Well, old man, what do you think about it?'

" 'I have an idea it won't be a long race now,' Williams answered, 'and when you are ready I am.'

" 'Burn the blue lights,' I said, and then, as a signal to the *Gresham* that it was time to cut the hawsers that bound her to the *Republic,* I fired five shots into the air from my revolver. That was the beginning of the last few minutes of the *Republic.* 'Take to the fore rigging; get as high as possible,' I shouted to Williams.

"From the bridge deck to the saloon deck, both of us carrying blue lights, Williams and I ran. When we got to the saloon deck the water was already coming over that deck, aft, and we could see the stern sinking rapidly, the incline of the deck, as we ran forward, becoming so steep that we began to slip with every step forward.

"About that time I saw Williams for the last time on the *Republic.* He was hanging on to the port rail, and dim as was the light, I saw he was as game as ever. I took to the fore rigging and climbed up about 100 feet. In my pocket was a blue light, and I took it out, but it would not go off.

There was still one more shell in my pistol, however, and I fired that.

"Down, down, down went the *Republic,* and soon she was entirely submerged, and a moment later I was in the water. I wore my greatcoat, and the air getting under that made it support me, while the binocular, the revolver, and the cartridges that were in my pockets acted as a sort of ballast, so to speak. The water around me by this time was seething and roaring, due to the suction caused by the *Republic* as she sank, and several times I was carried down, only to be churned back to the surface again. I was wet through and through now, and my greatcoat had become a perilous burden instead of a support, and I tried to get it off, but it could not be done. Fortunately there was much débris around, and I found a stout piece of lumber, and to this I made fast as best I could.

"All this time the powerful searchlights on the *Seneca* and the *Gresham* were playing around me. I fumbled in my pocket and got out my pistol, and then I got a cartridge and put it in the cylinder. I had no idea it would go off, but it did. Finally the searchlights located the place where the *Republic* had gone down. The life crews of the *Gresham* and the *Seneca* were looking for us all this time, and were, of course, being guided by the searchlights. It seemed as if they would never find me, and once more I got out my revolver and fired, and once again, to my surprise, the cartridge exploded.

"I was getting numb now, and knew that I could not hold out for a very long time. I looked about me and saw something white in the water. It was a towel. My strength was going fast, and I was chilled to the bone, yet I managed to wave that

towel, and maybe that was what saved my life, for a few minutes later a lifeboat, under command of Gunner Johansen of the *Gresham,* came up, and Johansen, a big, strapping sailor of the type that does your heart good to see, picked me up and laid me in the bottom of his boat. A few minutes later I was on the *Gresham.* I was almost in, too."

# PART II

## CRUSADERS, MISSIONARIES, AND HOLY WARS

*The psychologists tell us that when one idea dominates the "field of consciousness" it drives all others out of the mind. When the powerful primitive emotions like fear and anger take possession, everything else is forgotten. And the crusading fervor, the impulse to go out and conquer something in the name of religion, has always been one of the passions to which man's mind gave itself up completely if at all.*

*It seems, somehow, as if the amazing Crusades of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, when even armies of children started for the rescue of Jerusalem, shouting "God wills it!" were far less impressive than the many individuals who have gone quietly out to carry light into the world's dark places, under the spur of a conviction that they were called from on high.*

*In fact, many of the most conspicuous Crusaders were really driven toward the Holy City by a fear of future punishment for crimes they had committed, exhibiting that "piety of savage, simple minds which held that the doing of an exceptionally bad deed could be cancelled by the doing of an exceptionally good one." But it was a far different "call" that came to Hans Egede, from the frozen wastes of Greenland, or to good John Eliot from the neglected Indians, or to Dr. Livingstone from "Darkest Africa."*

*It is a wide range of this religious fervor which is shown here from the fanatic Dervishes at Om-*

*durman to that magnificent Jesuit, Isaac Jogues, who belongs alike to Catholic, Protestant, Buddhist, Mahometan, Zoroastrian, Confucian or Shintoist—to every human being who is moved by the highest devotion to an ideal of which our frail human bodies and minds are capable.*

## CHAPTER VI

### THREE MUSKETEERS OF THE NORTH

In a little village on the largest Danish island of Seeland, some fifty miles west of Copenhagen, an ancient church thrusts upward the double allowance of two stone towers "above the wheat-field where the skylark soars and sings to its nesting mate."

It has stood there for seven hundred years—a sign-language memorial to a man who acted with all his might the Knights Templars' precept "Pray and fight," and to his paladin brother. Upon the walls within, hidden for centuries by whitewash, the original twelfth-century paintings tell the story of how Sir Asker and Lady Inge, his wife, offered this twin-towered edifice to the Virgin in worshipful thanksgiving for their two mighty sons.

The memory of Absalon and Esberne the Fleet indeed juts upward toward the sky in stone.

The two brothers grew up in days when stout hearts and strong arms were conditions of existing, much more of accomplishing something in the world. Not for nothing were the Danes of the twelfth century christened "the barbarians of the north"; the years were scant enough since they had definitely forsaken the worship of their battling Æsir gods for that of the White Christ, though it was three hundred years since the Frankish monks of Louis the Debonair had first labored with them and Ans-

garius had converted the Swedes to the north; with all their magnificent virtues, the Viking blood caused their swords to leap into action much of the time. In a single century nearly a score of kings and their kin had died some sudden death. The boys' very playmate, bound to them by warmest ardor of young friendship, was Valdemar, whose father had been foully murdered by a rival aspiring to the crown. That the child himself lived was only due to the protection of the father of Absalon, who had been a foster-brother of the assassinated prince.

So, as was fitting, the primary lessons of the three were in the grim duties of the warrior. Well they learned them. And well in after years they kept the unspoken but binding pact which cemented them into a sort of phalanx like that of the unconquerable "Three Musketeers."

Absalon, the oldest, was to be a priest; but the shepherd of the flock in those stern days needed sword quite as much as crook. At eighteen he went to France to study; but though he became "the most learned clerk" in the Paris cloister of St. Genevieve, he was anything but "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." He hardened his powerful body and quickened his eye and steadied his nerve with the martial exercises of the days of knights and chivalry, and all the newest lore of combat developed in France and Germany. He could use an axe to fell trees for the cloister fires, or a battle-axe to crash through an opponent's helmet. In full armor he could swim like a fish—and more than once later on saved less expert comrades who were drowning in their clumsy iron garments. He broke vicious horses with a daring that made the gentler brethren

cross themselves and exclaim frightened paternosters for his safety.

Also he listened to his fiery-tongued master, Abbot Bernard of Clairvaulx, in the new miracles of Gothic cathedrals, when this churchly potentate preached eternal salvation to every Christian who would help to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the paynim in the Second Crusade. And there grew up a deep conviction in the young monk's mind that as a member of the Church militant his crusade was nearer home: the fierce sea-pirates were constantly ravaging the shores of his island birthplace; and the shrill yells of these pillaging pagans from nearby Rügen rang even louder in his ears than the call of Jerusalem. He would go to his own, teach them, defend them.

With mind and body pulsing with vigorous hopeful life, the young student of theology and war returned to his native land.

It was a desolate home-coming. As if the devastating enemies from the isles about were not sufficient, the Danes had been earnestly slaying each other in behalf of rival kings, just as they had done for most of the thousand-year stretch back into unchronicled darkness.

The bloody strife was presently stopped by a partition of the contested prize. The hopeless, suffering folk drew breath again when the country was divided between the three chief claimants, Canute (Knud), Sweyn (Svend), and Absalon's former playmate Valdemar.

Brief was the respite. "The three kingdoms did not last three days."

King Canute, who had secured this eastern realm, invited his brother monarchs to his castle at Ros-

kilde. They came, with their mail-clad retainers; and you may be sure the soldier-priest Absalon was close beside his comrade Valdemar; but Sweyn came also with black treachery in his heart.

Loud was the wassail in the great hall, and many the congratulations that peace had come to the land. Yet there was no thought of peace, but a sword, in the mind of Sweyn as he joined in the festivities.

Afterwards, in the "big room," the guests broke up into groups. Valdemar was playing chess with one of his followers. Canute moved about, performing his duties as host. This watchful eye noticed Sweyn, wary of glance, in a corner of the ill-lighted hall, whispering among a close knot of his grim-visaged men-at-arms. All about, his men seemed to be everywhere.

Something vague but warning spread its shadow over Canute's cheer. Impulsively he threw his arms about Valdemar and kissed him. The young king looked up from his study of the game, and asked in surprise what was the matter.

At that very moment Sweyn left the room. As if this were an awaited signal, his henchmen drew their swords. There was a swift gathering from every side of the hall. Swords and armor clashed as the threatening group moved forward.

Valdemar sprang to his feet. In an instant, however, the conspirators were upon them. Canute dropped to the floor, his head almost cleft in twain beneath the savage strokes.

With one sweep Valdemar upset the table before him. The candles were hurled to the floor and went out, leaving the barn-like room almost dark. Wrapping his cloak about his arm, he charged into the thick of the murderous band, dashed them to right

and left while they slashed and thrust at him in the obscurity, and he escaped with the blood streaming from his wounds.

Hearing the clash of steel and the scuffle, Absalon had run into the room in time to see a figure go down under the swords just as the candle-lights vanished. Thinking it was his friend and ruler, he dropped beside him and tenderly lifted the battered head to his lap. The brief, blind struggle raged above him as he felt the spirit leave the body he held in a last, shuddering gasp.

His hand went down to fold the robe about the corpse of Valdemar. But instantly he realized as he touched the garment that this was not Valdemar but Canute.

Gently he laid the body down. Springing to his feet, he strode toward the disorderly crowd of Sweyn's retainers. They barred his path with sword and spear; but they had no orders to slay him—when he firmly brushed the weapons aside, they let him pass. Vaulting upon a swift charger he galloped off into the night after his master. Twenty miles away, at his own home where the two-towered church now stands, he found Valdemar and the brother Esberne who formed the personal "triple alliance."

Their peril was still hard at their heels. The dastard Sweyn proclaimed that Canute and Valdemar had sought his life, showing as proof his cloak pierced by his own sword. Secretly he sent out his assassins to find Valdemar and finish their half-done work.

But Esberne tricked them: putting on Valdemar's clothes he mounted the fleetest horse in Sir Asker's stables, and openly galloped forth as one riding for

his life. Sweyn's riders soon struck this blazoned trail and pursued hotly—and crafty Esberne played hide-and-seek with this following death all over the island of Seeland.

Then as soon as the young king's wounds were healed, the brothers secured a boat and ferried him over to his own realm on the mainland. Aroused by the outrage, the fighting men of Randers, Viborg, Jylland, and Aarhuis flocked to his standard. Seeing open war ahead, Sweyn hastened to make ready a ship that he might crush the fugitives before their strength grew formidable. In which crisis, the gentle mother, Lady Inge, showed that her redoubtable sons came by their mettle from both sides: by night she scuttled this vessel, giving the three some precious days more in which to stir up an army.

They used this time to such purpose that presently when Sweyn followed with his force, they utterly routed his army and killed him at Grathe Heath.

Two of the three momentary monarchs had gone to join the long line of those who had sought a crown and found death instead. Valdemar I became king of all Denmark, like Gorm the Old, who, first, three centuries before, had overcome all the *smaa-Kongar* (little Kings) and ruled over a united land.

It hardly needs saying that this handsome, warm-hearted, generous, young knight did not forget the foster-brothers to whom he had vowed boyhood friendship and who had given him life and crown. In less than a year, Absalon, though barely thirty, was made Bishop of Roskilde, the most honorable See of all Denmark, competed for by aspirants from three powerful families. He became, too, keeper

of the king's conscience—and that was no sinecure in those days when Majesty's conscience was wont to be quite as submissive to his desires as the most loyal subject was expected to be. He and Esberne were veritable props of the throne, brothers and allies of royalty, outweighing the oldest and proudest of the nobility.

Yet these dazzling honors did not in the least alter the fighting bishop's notions of his place among his people. Nor was the hour long in coming that showed his studies of war to be as necessary to his flock as his religious learning.

On the eve of Palm Sunday, but a few months after his installation, breathless fugitives brought word that the savage Wends had descended upon the coast, and were slaying and burning, after their habit from time immemorial.

These Wends (whose very name was a Teutonic term for "water folk") had long been the scourge of all the Baltic shores. Every favoring wind from their island fastness of Rügen blew them like some fabled devastating horde of fiery serpents upon Denmark's nearby shores; before the peaceful farmers and fishermen knew well what had happened, their men were slain or carried off into thralldom, their women maltreated, their homes ablaze, their children taken for sacrifice to the bloody pagan gods. The Christian Danes, once sea-rovers themselves, now shuddered at the battle-cry of these savage Slavs, and suffered them to glut their bloodlust with only spasmodic attempts at punishment.

Bishop Absalon, however, had not come back to shudder or submit to outrages. Hastily gathering his eighteen house-carles, and as many of the country folk as he could get together, he raced his little

force across to the seashore, fell upon the triumphant pirates, twenty-four shiploads of them, wild with triumph and slaughter, and put them to headlong flight, himself losing only a single man.

Then he hurried back to Roskilde—just in time to exchange his bloody armor for pontifical magnificence, and solemnly administer High Mass in the noble cathedral, and preach to his rescued flock the peacefully triumphant entrance of Jesus Christ into Jerusalem.

I fancy those Danish peasants told each other, as they watched the new bishop, that this was indeed a shepherd who took care of his sheep, and no hireling.

Absurdly enough, these dreaded heathen freebooters were in Bishop Absalon's own diocese: long before his time a Danish king had conquered the Wends and added their country to the See of Roskilde. Little it had troubled the freebooters, worshipping their ancient Northern deities. Clearly, it was incumbent upon the Bishop to chastise these errant members of his flock, and make the wolf lie down with the lamb.

He found King Valdemar more than willing to stir up the nation to put an end to this scourge. Cowed as the Danes had become, they rallied to the call. A mighty fleet of 250 vessels was assembled. The backbone of this armada was the Roskilde brotherhood, shriven and absolved like monks before each expedition, vowed to plain living, vigilance, perpetual rescue of enslaved Christians, the stamping out of paganism—who had already, under the dashing Wedemann, shown the enemy that some Danes still had teeth.

This great fleet set sail. But the effects of years

of terrorization soon showed itself among captains and crews. As they approached the dreaded enemy, the doubts and fears grew so clamorous that even King Valdemar became uncertain. It seemed hopeless to attack such an enemy with this half-hearted and disorganized force. He decided the expedition must be given up.

But the keeper of the king's conscience was also a vigilant guardian of the king's honor. Bishop Absalon, from his usual place in the van, looked back and saw the vessel with the royal banner coming about and turning homeward.

Instantly he tacked his own ship, swung around, and sped after his master. Crowding on all sail, he overtook the flagship. Keen and biting were the words with which he reproached his king:

"What wonder," he burst out, "if the words stick in our throats and are nigh to stifling us, when such grievous dole is ours!

"Grieve we must, indeed, to find in you such a turncoat that naught but dishonor can come of it. You follow where you should lead, and those you should rule over, you make your peers. There is nothing to stop us but our own craven souls, hunt as we may for excuses.

"Is it with such laurel you would bind your crown? with such high deeds you would consecrate your reign?"

This was ill for the monarch of all Denmark to bear from one of his subjects, even from a foster-brother. Controlling his royal wrath with a mighty effort, he walked off without a word. All was doubt and uncertainty abroad.

That night a howling storm swept down across the Baltic. The question of advance was swallowed

up in the pressing fight for safety. The fleet had to run under the lee of an island for protection. Four days and nights the wind and waves made the open sea unsailable,—while Valdemar in solitary silence fought the proud passions that raged within himself.

Then the true man conquered. He frankly confessed to his bishop brother that he had been at fault. The two shook hands in token of a renewal of their ancient pact; and Valdemar gave orders that the fleet should sail as soon as the northwester permitted.

Once more they headed for the pirate isle. Mindful of his former disappointment, Absolon asked the King on parting:

"What now, if we must turn back once more?"

"Then you write me from Wendland," laughed Valdemar, "and tell me how things are there."

In spite of all, the expedition was a disgraceful disaster. Even with such leaders, the majority of the Danes could not yet stand before their old conquerors: of that proud fleet of two hundred and fifty ships, but seven returned with the standard. The rest ran away like sheep before the wolf. This little group that had held staunch under the King and Absalon, retreated sullenly home, keeping up a running fight all the way with the exultant pursuing pirates.

Still, the plunge had been taken, and the shame brought its own cure. The Bishop preached this new crusade with all his fiery zeal, thundering forth his plea to patriotism and religion from his pulpit in Roskilde Cathedral; the King summoned every true Dane to wipe out this blotch upon their honor. And as they penetrated the enemy's homeland, his mysterious terrors faded away. Before many moons

the Danes were cutting their spear-shafts shorter, to attack the foe at closer quarters.

Nor did Absalon merely preach: he illustrated his text by ever leading the way, and achieved his most telling arguments with the smashing power of a right arm that made his flashing sword and spear portents of terror to the savage islanders.

It took years. At last, however, the grim job neared completion. The "Darkness of the Gods" settled about the Æsir. The only stronghold that remained to the Wendish power was the one town of Arcona.

This was their holy city, a sort of Mecca or Jerusalem. Here dwelled their Mars, a monster-deity called Svantevit. He was the Wendish god of gods. Four-headed, and girt with a giant sword, this divinity reared his colossal bulk in the awe-inspiring temple, where even the officiating priests must retire from his dread presence when they were forced to draw breath. Befouled with human sacrifices, his fate and that of the Wends were one: so long as the sacred Stanitza banner waved above his abode, Wendland could not be conquered, whatever outposts might be held by an invader.

Upon a spring day of 1169, Valdemar and Absalon led their victorious Danes to the siege of this final heart-city of the land. It was perched upon tall cliffs. Only from the west was there a natural approach, and this was guarded by a wall a hundred feet high. Many a time before, the Danish armies had halted here in their triumphant course, hopeless of overcoming this impregnable stronghold. Now their leaders were determined to make an end of the long, bloody struggle.

Some of the young hotheads made a feigned as-

sault on the walls, opposite the tall citadel, from the pinnacle of which flew the sacred banner. Their venture revealed a natural cave beneath this tower. Hastily bringing up a load of straw, they stuffed it into this hollow and set it afire, more in high spirits than with any plan.

Up ran the flames. The tower became a pillar of fire. Though the Wends strove frantically to put it out, dashing milk upon the blaze in their lack of water, the tower burned like a torch. A great cry of consternation rang through the town as the leaping tongues of flame licked hungrily at the flagstaff. The holy Stanitza banner fell, a curling piece of burning rag.

Absalon's soldier eye saw the opportunity created by this lucky accident, and the superstitious terror it had caused. At his urgence, the king ordered an instant general assault. The Wends fought hard; but the loss of their protecting talisman, on top of the combined attack of fire and the enemy, was crushing. Panic laid chill fingers on them: they called to Absalon for mercy, offering to surrender their city.

The aroused Danes, beside themselves at seeing in their grasp this long-deferred chance to pay off their heavy score of injuries and insults, clamored for no quarter and pillage. Valdemar himself was almost inclined to turn them loose and let them have their will of Arcona.

The Bishop would have none of it. Sternly he rebuked his people: the moment these pagans submitted, he asserted, their duty as Christians was to convert them, not to emulate their crimes. The Wends were allowed to surrender their last stronghold. Arcona went unsacked.

But the temple and the false gods were another matter.

Before a great, breathless crowd Absalon directed his men to hew down the grisly image of the dethroned Svantevit, cautioning them to cut with woodsmen's caution, lest the warrior god crush them in his very fall.

The axes sounded through the temple, once so hushed in reverent awe. The chips flew upon the sacred floor. The grim colossus swayed, fell headlong with a crash that jarred his edifice to its foundations. "And in the same moment," avers the old chronicler—who probably saw the event, but also saw through miracle-working monkish spectacles—"the fiend ran out of the temple in a black shape with such speed that no eye could follow him or see where he went."

The fiend may have escaped, but the Svantevit of the Wends was chopped into small bits and fed the Danish camp-fires. And the gloomy pagan temple went up in crackling, towering flames that blazened to all the world the funeral-pyre of the blood-stained god.

The real work was done. The royal city of Karents hastened to offer its submission. With a single boat's crew, Absalon went to take possession.

In the narrow entrance to the town they met 6,000 armed Wends. The Bishop and his corporal's guard passed in single file between these ranks of scowling faces, these itching hands gripping reversed spears. His followers were sure they had walked into a death-trap. But Absalon led them calmly through this army, into the city, straight to the temple where Rygievit, the special patron deity of Karents, held his state.

This was another monster image, of oak, tortured into revolting and beastly shapes, like some evil dream. Behind purple hangings he stood; and the swallows had made nests in his seven mouths, filling him "with all manner of stinking uncleanness." Seven great swords he bore, one for every face. But they were powerless. He was hewed to earth like the supreme god of Arcona, and the Christian priests stood upon his prostrate bulk while the Danes dragged him forth and made kindling wood of him.

The downcast custodians of the temple humbly delivered up to the conquerors its treasure,—seven chests full, including a silver cup sent by the traitor Sweyn to bribe the Wends to attack his countrymen.

Having destroyed the symbols of the old religion root and branch, Absalon used the timbers gathered for the siege of Arcona to build Christian churches in place of the temples. He called upon the people to follow the White Christ from now on.

The Wends were quite ready to swear allegiance to the new god against whom their ancient protectors had proved powerless, and who was preached by a warrior-priest like this. Thirteen hundred of them the bishop baptized in a single day, and nine hundred more the next, taking no sleep for seventy-two hours.

As soon as he returned to Denmark, he sent over missionary priests and teachers to carry on the work, showing his worldly as well as heavenly wisdom by supplying them with everything they would need, even food, lest they "be a burden to the people whom they had come to show the way to salvation."

There was still plenty of fighting. Though the central power of the Wends was overcome, there

were plenty more of these heathen scattered along the mainland coast of nearby Pomerania and stretching hundreds of miles east to Esthland (now Esthonia).

Resolved to give reality to his foster-brother as title of "King of the Slavs and Wends," Absalon cruised and marched and fought and baptized, extending the crozier the moment the foe had had enough of the sword.

Once his fleet was trapped in the inland sea of northern Pomerania, where Stettin, above the mouth of the Oder, now stands. Valdemar and his army were ashore. The thronging pirate ships blocked the road to the sea. The Danish captains bewailed their hopeless situation and reproached the bishop for leading them to destruction, while the Wendish forces on the land shouted their certainty of triumph. Unmoved, Absalon set sail toward the waiting enemy, sending word to the King to attack by land with his horsemen. In single file his ships swept out along the channel, pierced the enemy's line, routed the exultant fleet. The shame-faced protestations of the cowards who then saw their error affected him no more than had their unjust reproaches.

On another expedition he was heading an assault upon a fortified town: the bridge broke down beneath the storming party, and the whole crowd of men-at-arms fell into the moat; Absalon, skilled from youth in swimming in full armor, not only saved himself but helped his comrades safely ashore.

So well did he train his archers that upon one occasion when news of a pirate descent hurried him from his bath, in the castle of Hoffn (now Copen-

hagen) where he was resting, his men who beat off the marauders "pinned the hands of the rowers to the oars with their arrows."

The Rügen islanders, now turned fishermen, looked to him for protection during the herring-catch on which their winter food depended; whenever danger threatened, word went first to the bishop, and never went in vain. If his force was insufficient, the King had but to be notified to join him.

His brother, Esberne the Snare (Fleet), was his constant companion in these forays. The brotherly rivalry between all these three showed itself in a perpetual contest to be first among the hardest knocks.

The Fleet One used his speed to hasten toward hard knocks and peril, not away from them. In one battle, Valdemar's son had pushed recklessly ahead till he was surrounded by the enemy and in imminent peril of death or capture. Thrusting his own ship in between the prince and the sea-rovers, Esberne gave the young man a chance to extricate his vessel, and took the brunt of the fight upon himself. The pirates were overwhelmingly superior in force. Esberne's men went down beneath the rain of spears and arrows and sword strokes of the boarders, until he had but a single follower left. Never faltering in their vehement assault, the Snare and this brave comrade beat off the swarming foes, two men against a hundred, until the Wends began to fancy him superhuman and "fled in terror as they saw his face." Some one hurled a stone from the crowd. It stretched Esberne senseless. It looked as if he had fought his last battle on that gory deck. But the young prince had carried word of his plight; the King's ships came to his rescue in the very nick of

time; he was rescued, to continue his amazing exploits with his brother paladins.

For instance, not long afterwards he was coming back from Norway with a single ship when he sighted the Wendish fleet ahead, forty sail of them, close to the Seeland coast. Forty to one was odds that even an Athos would avoid if he could, so he tried to sneak by unobserved at night.

The pirates discovered him in the brilliant moonlight. Swinging about, they cut off his retreat. At this, Esberne gave orders to make ready for the fray and steered straight at the hostile line.

His helmsman grumbled at exposing himself without armor—whereat Esberne took off his own coat of chain-mail and bade him put that on. Into the mêlée he went unprotected, and so venomous was his onslaught that he beat off the surrounding ships again and again.

The wind slackened. His sails fell dead. He could no longer manœuvre. Eagerly the enemy closed in, for a prisoner had revealed to them that the stranger was the famous Fleet One, and they swore by all the gods of the Northland that they would take back this prize, dead or alive.

Strength and valor were vain before such multiplied strength and revengeful ferocity; but the Snare had still his cunning brain to fall back upon. He sent a sailor aloft; with flint and steel the man struck a light in the topmast as if signaling. The ruse succeeded; there could be no other explanation, and fearing the attack of some strong ambushing force, the Wends came about and hastened away in the moonlight, while Esberne and his relieved crew sailed serenely home.

Nothing could drive a wedge into this human tri-

angle. When the German Emperor drove Pope Alexander III from Rome, King Valdemar took the side of the exile. Absalon was called upon by his Archbishop, Eskild (who was no friend to Valdemar, anyhow), to support the new Pope and join in a rising against the monarch who refused to accept the dictates of the Church in power.

But not even the commands of his Primate could shake the bishop's loyalty.

"My oath to you I will keep," he answered, "and in this wise, that I will not counsel you to your own undoing. Whatever your cause against the King, war against him you cannot, and succeed.

"And this know, that never will I join with you against my liege lord, to whom I have sworn fealty and friendship, with heart and soul all the days of my life."

The archbishop went his own irate way—to defeat. And, dramatically enough, when his weight of years later on forced him to lay down the burdens of his dignity—there was none but Bishop Absalon whom he could discover as worthy to walk in future behind his own archiepiscopal cross.

Privately, he got permission from the Pope to appoint his own successor. Publicly, he convoked a solemn meeting of church dignitaries. Freely he assured the suspicious Valdemar that his abdication was not part of any cunning plot against the throne.

Before the gorgeously clad assembly of prelates in the High Cathedral, the aged Primate laid his miter, the jewels flashing between its horns, his signet ring, and his staff upon the altar. He announced that he was no longer Archbishop of the North. Though the Pope had commissioned him to name

him who should take up these holy emblems, he resigned this privilege and called upon the dignitaries to elect one of their number.

The bishops and clergy took counsel of the King, who sat in state viewing the proceedings: had he a choice for this highest honor of the nation's Church?

Aye, that he had, returned the monarch, and sorely was he perplexed by the fact: for if he named him, he would offend a friend; and if he named him not, he would sin against truth and justice.

"Name him!" cried they all.

"The Bishop of Roskilde," said Valdemar.

Up stood the frail old Eskild, insisting that the convocation proceed to the election then and there.

All were of one mind—save Absalon himself. Stoutly he protested. The burden was too heavy for him, he declared. He could best serve his people and his country by being free, as he had been so long, to repel their enemies, to convert the heathen, to care for his own flock of Roskilde.

The abdicating archbishop laid hold of him; the enthusiastic bishop and clergy seized him; intoning the chant of consecration, they endeavored to force him up to the altar.

But the man who had scattered Wendish savages a hundred times was not to be driven against his will and conviction by chanting priests. Force roused the warrior beneath the bishop's robes: he struck out right and left, and church dignitaries went down on the floor with their magnificent vestments torn and their tonsured heads ringing most unreligious chimes. Meanwhile, the lay spectators added to the confusion by striking up a vociferous hymn. It was a strange election of a Primate of the Holy Church.

The King and Eskild vainly pleaded and argued; uncanonical human nature had its way, and the disorderly tumult and scuffling kept up.

Finally a sort of mass-play football rush of his over-zealous admirers carried the struggling Absalon to the high seat at the altar steps. Triumphantly they were about to force him down upon this official chair.

Seeing these enthusiasts would presently claim he had been actually installed, Absalon asked leave to address them one formal word.

His breathless and perspiring assailants drew back for a moment.

"I appeal to the Pope," he thundered out.

That settled it: no one could deny a bishop that immemorial privilege. Warily refusing to pronounce the benediction, as requested by Eskild, lest this exercise of the archbishop's functions might commit him, Absalon laid his case before the sovereign pontiff. The Pope decided he must take the office—but he permitted him to remain Bishop of Roskilde, and to arrange his duties so that he could stay by the side of his king and continue his pioneer labors for church and land.

But the treble alliance which had defied time and prosperity and wars was shortly to meet with a shrewder foe. Even while the inseparable three were planning a final crushing campaign against the Pomeranian Wends, on the very day set for sailing, King Valdemar died.

The archbishop said the solemn requiem mass over his body, but the foster-brother-friend burst out weeping in the midst of the ceremony; and the bitterness of his grief laid Absalon upon a sick-bed for weary months.

Then the need of his lost friend's heir, the new King Canute, brought him back into the field. As he had served the father, so, for fifteen years, he served the son—who as Denmark's greatest ruler was a few years later to give his land its sacred banner, the Dannebrog, the blood-red flag bearing the white cross which fell from heaven into the outstretched hands of the Christian knights, upon that hard-fought field of faraway Esthland.

The wrathful German Emperor stirred up Bugislav, Duke of Pomerania, to fall upon Denmark with five hundred ships. The young king was away when the tidings came to Absalon that the blow was already launched.

Gathering what ships he could, he hastened across the Baltic to meet the invaders.

It was the day after Whitsunday. Absalon had gone ashore on the island of Rügen to say mass. A messenger raced in amid the service: the Pomeranian fleet was in sight from the harbor.

Off came the archbishop's vestments. His battle harness took its place.

"Now," said he, making for his ship, "let our swords sing the praise of God."

The Wends had not dreamed their prey would meet them more than half way. They were so taken aback when the dreaded war-cry of the fighting bishop rang out over the waters, that they incontinently turned tail and fled. So great was the panic that eighteen ships were rammed by their fellows and sank, while one rower hanged himself lest he fall into the hands of the Danes.

Absalon made good use of their disordered rout. When he was through with them, of the five hundred invading vessels there were left but thirty-five. Bu-

gislav's power was crushed; he became a vassal of Denmark. Valdemar's son reigned unchallenged, a second Valdemar; Canute's brother promised even greater things, and the archbishop's sword could hang idle for some years, while he built churches and taught the flock, and related to Saxo, his clerk, the tale of his own times—with an injunction to write down this and the other Danish chronicles.

Fortunate for us that Saxo the scribe obeyed, putting his whole ardent heart into the descriptions of what he had seen and had been told. For not only has he preserved for all time unforgetable pictures of the gallant three in action, but one of the traditions he noted down of the castle of Elsinore, only a few miles north of Absalon's castle, was to give a certain William Shakspere, some four centuries later, the idea that enriched the world with *Hamlet.*

In the quiet cloister at Sorö, built by Sir Asker, the fighting bishop closed his eyes in his last sleep, just as the new century was well begun.

"All Denmark grieved for him, and commended his soul to Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace, for that in his lifetime he had led many who were enemies to peace and concord."

Three years later steady-footed death overtook the Fleet One, tricking him, who had dared a thousand times by land and sea, through a fall in his own home.

Valdemar, Absalon, Esberne—once more they were comrades; and comrades too of Roland and Arthur and Bishop Turpin and Bayard and all the other gallant kings, priests and commoners who were in their day "knights without fear and without reproach."

## CHAPTER VII

### A "BLACK-ROBE" AMONG THE CANNIBAL MOHAWKS

It was shortly after daybreak of an August morning. The sun peered curiously over the rim of the world along the great water highway of the St. Lawrence River, which his last beams had turned the previous evening to a blazing path into an infinity of mystery. His rays fell upon a little fleet of a dozen birch-bark canoes, paddling silently along the northern shore, among the clustering islands at the west end of the Lake of St. Peter. To avoid the current, these kept close to the bank, where the primeval forest crowded down to the water's edge; and this brought them amid the dense growth of reeds and bulrushes which turned the shallow margin of the stream into a swamp rather than a river.

Any *coureur de bois* would have seen at a glance that some of these canoes were of the eastern Hurons, while the rest showed the shape and finish characteristic of the Ojibwas of the Lake Superior regions; and the faces, decorations and moccasins of the three Indians in each canoe would have at once confirmed this.

In the foremost canoe sat a slender, bookish-looking man in the black robe of a Jesuit Father. He was about thirty-five years old. His oval face was pale and delicately modeled. Modest reflectiveness, innate refinement, and culture were imprinted upon his expressive features.

The name of this Father was Isaac Jogues. He sat on a pile of skins in the bottom of the canoe, looking thoughtfully out at the oily yellow and crimson streaks of the sunrise on the water. Everything was quiet and conducive to reflection. The Indian paddlers dipped their blades so skilfully that hardly a sound came from them, save a tiny patter now and then of trickling drops dripping on the calm surface.

Isaac Jogues was far, far away from his Orleans home in smiling France; farther still from the sort of life his young visions had depicted. A timid and sensitive young man, he had found the chief outlet of his energies in books: long before he reached thirty, he was a finished scholar, looking forward to a cumulative literary reputation as the future reward of his labors in life.

But his marked religious susceptibilities had presently bade him sacrifice these dreams, do violence to his delicate instincts, cast his timorous self into a work beside which Daniel's den of lions would offer an easy, quick and comfortable prospect. He became a Jesuit. For six years he had been working in this perilous mission field. Like more than one of his colleagues, many of whom were of the nobility and nurtured amid every luxury, the wigwam life of the Indians was loathsome to his cultivated senses—"the smoke, the vermin, the filthy food, the impossibility of privacy." Restless, screeching papooses, excitable men and women, thieving, howling, barking dogs combined in a ceaseless uproar that was hardly favorable to study. But he had learned well that first lesson of complete self-abnegation which the Society of Jesus insists on as the fundamental duty of each of its members; and he had done his part, since arriving in the Canadian

wilds, in the hard and dangerous work of saving these heathen souls and bodies.

Three years before this, he and Father Garnier had made a perilous trip to the Tobacco Nation among the mountains at the head of Nottawassaga Bay—setting out alone on the two-day pull through the deep snow when no guide would go with them, and barely escaping with their lives by a combination of good luck and fleetness of foot.

The previous autumn (1641) Father Raymbault and he had pressed deep into the unknown wilderness of the upper lakes, finally reaching the Sault Sainte Marie and preaching the Gospel to a great crowd of a couple of thousand Ojibwas and other western Algonquins who gathered to hear them.

He was now returning from Quebec and Three Rivers with badly needed supplies for the Huron mission of Ihonatiria, at the east end of Georgian Bay—"clothing for the priests, vessels for the altars, bread and wine for the eucharist, writing materials, in short, everything." With him were three other Frenchmen,—Goupil and Couture being *donnés,* laymen who had attached themselves to the Society without pay; and a noted Christian Huron chief, Eustache Ahatsistari, besides about forty converted and heathen Hurons.

The word Jesuit has rather an ill-omened sound in the ears of most readers who are not of the Roman Catholic faith. But it is the Spanish branch of the Order, and its dark Inquisition, at which readers of Motley and Kingsley shudder. When one thinks of it, no such cruelties were ever charged up against the French Jesuits. And if the Society of Jesus had devoted all its energies to such work as absorbed its French members during the seventeenth

century in the American wilderness, the most bigoted Protestant could not fail to do it reverent honor.

It may help to appreciate the character and the dramatic story of Isaac Jogues, if we glance for a moment at what was happening in the Puritan colonies along the Atlantic Coast while his canoes were bearing him back, this August morning of 1642, to his Huron flock beside Georgian Bay.

This very same month, King Charles I of England set up his royal standard at Nottingham, defied Parliament and Puritans, and set in motion the Civil War which was to bring him to the scaffold, to cause the downfall of his Stuart dynasty, and to bring about the rule of England for a dozen years by a sort of religious autocracy under Cromwell.

Partly in consequence, a few months later, commissioners of Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Haven met at Boston and formed The United Colonies of New England, a confederation urged for six years previous by Mr. Hooker and Mr. Haynes, two reverend leaders of Boston. (The greater portion of the first "Proceedings" of this body is occupied with deciding that Chief Uncas shall be permitted to execute his rival, Chief Myantinomo—and that the colony will protect him in doing so against the Nanohigganssetts.)

*But:*

The reason these worthy divines ardently desired such union was quite as much to secure uniform action against heretics and "unwholesome" thinkers, as because of the political upheaval in the mother land. Thus they had driven out Roger Williams as one accursed (though he had been called by those of Salem to the office of a teacher),—banishing him from home, wife and children in the dead of winter

to the wilderness beyond their jurisdiction, among the distinctly hostile Indians of "Nahigonset Bay."

They had also banished John Wheelwright, a man of excellent report of life and doctrine save on the one point only that he maintained "That sanctification is not the first evidence unto a Christian of his salvation."

They had cast out Gorton and his followers after "confinements, imprisonments, chains, fines, whippings"—to "wander in the wildernesse in extremity of winter, yea when the snow was up to the knee, and rivers to wade through up unto the middle; . . . in which condition, in the continuation of the weather, we lay divers nights together, having no victuals but what we took on our backs, and our drink as the snow afforded unto us, whereupon we were constrained with the hazards of our lives to betake ourselves into a part of the country called the Nanhyganset Bay."

Just a few years previous they had expelled Mrs. Ann Hutchinson for promoting opinions "troubling the peace of the commonwealth and the churches," and for "maintaining a meeting and an assembly" in her house—"a thing not tolerable nor comely in the sight of God nor fitting for your sex;" and when she defended herself before the authorities, declaring she had never, as they accused her, charged the ministers with preaching nothing but a covenant of works, the Deputy-Governor remarked scornfully: "Why, a Jesuit may preach truth sometimes;" and despite her stout denial of the indictment, despite the fact that she had really come to Massachusetts to follow her revered pastor, John Cotton, a leading light of the colony's elect,—they had purged their grim theocracy of her; and this very year

(1642) the unfortunate lady had gone on from Rhode Island to a pioneering home on Long Island Sound (only fifteen or twenty miles from New York —near the present town of Rye) to meet her death there presently in an Indian uprising.

It was just the year before Father Jogues' trip that Thomas Lechford, first lawyer in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, by this time containing some twenty thousand people, set down "A Note of what things I misliked in the Country"—enumerating: the spending of so much time in public church ordinances on the Sabbath that necessary duties, like visiting sick and poor, were "hindered"; public handling of matters of offence before the whole Church; denial of Communion and baptism for all sorts of offences; *failure of effort to "teach, civilize and convert the Indians,"* even those close to the Plantations; and many more such shortcomings.

In fact, besides the liberal thinkers exiled, many influential Presbyterians were by law excluded from the suffrage, because they were not members of the established Congregational Church—against which injustice Robert Child and his friends formally protested in a public memorial in 1646. And the attitude of most of those in power was not unfairly represented by that Ipswich divine, Nathaniel Ward ("the simple Cobbler of Agawam"), who remarked:

"I dare take upon me to bee the Herauld of *New-England* so farre, as to proclaime to the world, in the name of our colony, that all Familists, Antinomians, Anabaptists, and Enthusiasts shall have free Liberty to keepe away from us, and such as will come to be gone as fast as they can, the sooner the better. . . . I lived in a City, where a Papist preached in one Church, a Lutheran in another, a

Calvinist in a third; a Lutheran one part of the day, a Calvinist the other, in the same Pulpit: the Religion of that place was but motly and meagre, their affections Leopard-like. . . .

"There is talke of an universall Toleration; I would talke as loud as I could against it did I know . . . how they shall make an universall Reformation, but by making Christ's Academy the Divills University, where any man may commune. Heretique *per saltum;* where he that is *filius Diabolicus,* or *simpliciter pessimus,* may have his grace to goe to Hell *cum Publico Privilegio;* and carry as many after him as he can."

Also in the infant settlements of New Haven and those on the Connecticut River, the first Constitution of 1639 provides that the Governor must be a member of some "approved congregation"; and the laws which were codified thirty years later named, among other crimes, the following as punishable *by death:*

Any Man or Woman who shall "have or worship any other God but the Lord God."

Any person who blasphemes or "shall Curse in the like manner."

Any Man or Woman who is a Witch, "that is hath or consulteth with a Familiar Spirit."

Any Child above sixteen who curses or smites its father or mother.

Any son whose parents testify that he is incorrigibly disobedient.

Fines and the stocks were for those who entertained any Quaker, Ranter, Adamite "or other notorious Heretick"; for lying; for profaning the Sabbath; for lack of respect to preachers.

Josselyn reported of all New England:

"For being drunk they either whip or impose a fine . . . so for swearing and cursing,—or they bore through the tongue with a hot iron.

"For kissing a woman in the street, though in the way of civil salute, whipping or a fine. . . .

"They that are members of their churches have the Sacraments administered to them, the rest that are out of the pale, as they phrase it, are denyed it. *Many hundred Souls there be amongst them grown up to men and women's estate that were never Christened.*

"They judge every man and woman to pay Five shilling *per* day, who comes not to their Assemblies, and impose fines of forty shillings and fifty shillings on such as meet together to worship God.

"Quakers they Whip, banish, and hang if they return again.

"Anabaptists they emprison, fine and weary out. . . .

"There are none that beg in the Countrey, but there be witches too many . . . amongst the Quakers and others that produce many strange apparitions, if you will believe report, of a *Shallop* at Sea man'd with women; of a Ship, and a great red Horse standing by the main-mast, the ship being in a small Cove to the East-ward vanished of a suddain. Of a Witch that appeared aboard of a Ship twenty leagues to Sea to a Mariner who took up the Carpenter's broad Axe and cleft her head with it, the witch dying of the wound at home, with such like bugbears and *Terriculamentæ*. . . ."

William Penn was not yet born, but it was in this year of 1642 that George Fox founded the sect of Quakers, and began as a lad of twenty to preach simplicity and purity. Eighteen years later, Ed-

ward Burrough proved to King Charles that the following was the way in which these harmless folk had been received by the New England land of freedom:

". . . 2. Twelve strangers in that Country but free born of this nation, received twenty-three whippings . . . the stripes amounting to three hundred and seventy.

"3. Eighteen inhabitants of the Country, being free born English, received twenty-three whippings, the stripes amounting to two hundred and fifty.

"4. Sixty-four imprisonments of the Lord's People . . . amounting to five hundred and nineteen weeks. . . .

"5. Two beaten with Pitched Ropes, the blows amounting to an hundred thirty-nine, by which one of them was brought near unto death.

". . . 7. Twenty-five banishments. . . ."

Besides ruinous fines, brandings, cutting of ears, chainings and imprisonments; and three "Servants of the Lord" ruthlessly put to death. Wherefore the monarch is prayed to rebuke "the Bloody Proceedings of these Bloody Persecutors." (The facts must have been gross indeed when a Charles II felt forced to take action!)

These things, mind you, were in our own "cradle of Liberty," whither men had come that they might worship God freely after their own beliefs!

Is it for us whose forefathers were under the dominating fear of witches, to smile too loftily at the visions or miracles of those earnest and devoted, if childish, Jesuit Fathers?

Or to criticize too harshly the "Jesuitical" habits of the priests, who could even lie straight out to Indian parents, who objected to the "charm," so

as to baptize their children and save these infant souls by stealth? Or to call them bigoted when our own forebears were such "Bloody Persecutors" of all their fellow-pilgrims who disagreed with them on the most trivial and abstruse points of doctrine?

And it is well to remember that at the very time when Isaac Jogues and dozens of his colleagues were daring all in order to baptize a single Indian convert, even an infant,—not only was nothing being done in New England to christianize the Indians at their very gates, but, as shown above, hundreds of adult whites had never been christened because of the narrow exclusiveness of the Church. Moreover, the Dutch Governor in New Amsterdam and the English one in Virginia were so treating the Indians that in the very next two years the tribes fell upon the whites in both colonies and all but annihilated them.

Let us glance at a few more social facts.

The first class had just been graduated from Harvard College the year before—though forty years later two Dutch scholars and exiles for religion's sake, visiting Cambridge and going to the college, "expecting to see something curious, as it is the only college, or would-be academy of the Protestants in all America," were sadly disappointed. Here is their laconic report:

"In approaching the house, we neither heard nor saw anything mentionable; but, going to the other side of the building, we heard noise enough in an upper room to lead my comrade to suppose they were engaged in disputation. We entered, and went up stairs, when a person met us, and requested us to walk in, which we did. We found there eight or ten young fellows, sitting around, smoking tobacco,

with the smoke of which the room was so full you could hardly see; and the whole house smelt so strong of it that when I was going up stairs I said, This is certainly a tavern. We excused ourselves, that we could speak English only a little, but understood Dutch or French, which they did not. We inquired how many professors there were, and they replied not one, that there was no money to support one. We asked how many students there were. They said at first, thirty, and then came down to twenty; I afterwards understood there are probably not ten. They could hardly speak a word of Latin, so that my comrade could not converse with them. They took us to the library where there was nothing particular. We looked over it a little. They presented us with a glass of wine. This is all we ascertained there."

These same two keen-eyed Dutch gentlemen were a few days later refused admittance to a Boston tavern because they were so quiet the people began to whisper to each other they were "certainly Jesuits"!

The first printed book issued in the Colonies had appeared two years previous—the Bay Psalm Book, wherein three reverend ministers improved on the King James version of the Psalms as follows:

> "I'le dearly love thee, Lord my strength:
> The Lord is my rock and my towre,
> and my deliverer, my God,
> I'le trust in him *who* is my powre,
> My shield & my salvationes-horne,
> my high-fort;" etc.

A will of a settler at "Wyndsor" on the Connecticut River shows the trundle bed in the house was

worth more than three times as much as the farmer's 66 "akers" of upland—and the "standing bed with furniture" was valued at about six times as much as this piece of land.

The same two Dutchmen mentioned above went to New York and found on Staten Island the Dutch and French families very desirous and eager for a minister (there was none, though a hundred families lived there), but "the English are less disposed to religion and inquire little after it."

Such was the state of our own forefathers in America while the French Jesuit Fathers were braving torture and death to carry the Gospel to the savages of Canada and upper New York.

We have left the good Father to his daybreak reverie on the quiet reedy river overlong: but the slender figure that cased that indomitable spirit takes on a fresh significance after our little journey to the enlightened and progressive settlements of New England.

Father Jogues doubtless was thinking of the many memorable happenings which had transformed his quiet, bookish life since he had first made this dangerous journey to Ihonatira six years previous—contagion, famine, small-pox outbreaks among the converts, the malignant enmity of the Indian sorcerers, the attempts on life itself by savage braves, the frightful journeys through snow and ice and storm. His fellow-worker, Chabanel, then on his way to this region, confessed that he was so tempted by the Devil to give over his barren and disgusting labors after five years, that he only stayed by binding himself through a solemn vow to remain in Canada till the day of his death.

Isaac Jogues had no special aptitude for the work.

Beyond a certain wiriness, and a remarkable fleetness of foot, he was ludicrously unfit physically for such feats of strength and endurance as it demanded; he had not even any particular native force of mind or energy. But, dominated by the passion of saving souls, the retiring scholar had become indomitable.

His mind reviewed the eventful past, looked hopefully forward to a future when all the Hurons, nay those very demons the Iroquois themselves, should bow the knee before Christ and the Virgin. Even as this canoe in which he sat (amid the sacred vessels, the holy bread and wine that would be transmuted into Christ's body and blood) pushed its way through the wilderness of reeds, so must the True Faith penetrate the forest of heathen errors, if he and his fellows were but staunch in their unwearied service.

His ascetic face kindled with fresh enthusiasm as he gazed dreamily out upon the morning beauty of the surrounding wilderness.

"Suddenly," says Parkman, "the silence was frightfully broken.

"The war-whoop rose from among the rushes, mingled with the reports of guns and the whistling of bullets; and several Iroquois canoes, filled with warriors, pushed out from their concealment, and bore down upon Jogues and his companions.

"The Hurons in the rear were seized with a shameful panic. They leaped ashore; left canoes, baggage, and weapons, and fled into the woods. The French and the Christian Hurons made fight for a time; but when they saw another fleet of canoes approaching from the opposite shores or islands, they lost heart, and those escaped who could.

"Goupil was seized amid triumphant yells, as were also several of the Huron converts. Jogues sprang into the bulrushes and might have escaped; but when he saw Goupil and the neophytes in the clutches of the Iroquois, he had no heart to abandon them, but came out from his hiding-place, and gave himself up to the astonished victors. A few of them had remained to guard the prisoners; the rest were chasing the fugitives. Jogues mastered his agony, and began to baptize those of the captive converts who needed baptism.

"Couture had eluded pursuit; but when he thought of Jogues and of what perhaps awaited him, he resolved to share his fate, and, turning, retraced his steps. As he approached, five Iroquois ran forward to meet him; and one of them snapped his gun at his breast, but it missed fire. In his confusion and excitement, Couture fired his own piece, and laid the savage dead. The remaining four sprang upon him, stripped off all his clothing, tore away his finger-nails with their teeth, gnawed his fingers with the fury of famished dogs, and thrust a sword through one of his hands.

"Jogues broke from his guards, and, rushing to his friend, threw his arms about his neck. The Iroquois dragged him away, beat him with their fists and war-clubs till he was senseless, and, when he revived, lacerated his fingers with their teeth, as they had done those of Couture. Then they turned upon Goupil, and treated him with the same ferocity. The Huron prisoners were left for the present unharmed. More of them were brought in every moment, till at length the number of captives amounted in all to twenty-two, while three Hurons had been killed in the fight and pursuit. The Iroquois, about

seventy in number, now embarked with their prey; but not until they had knocked on the head an old Huron, whom Jogues, with his mangled hands, had just baptized, and who refused to leave the place. Then, under a burning sun, they crossed to the spot on which the town of Sorel now stands, at the mouth of the river Richelieu, where they encamped.

"Their course was southward, upon the river Richelieu and Lake Champlain; thence, by way of Lake George, to the Mohawk towns. The pain and fever of their wounds, and the clouds of mosquitoes, which they could not drive off, left the prisoners no peace by day nor sleep by night.

"On the eighth day, they learned that a large Iroquois war-party, on their way to Canada, were near at hand; and they soon approached their camp, on a small island near the southern end of Lake Champlain. The warriors, two hundred in number, saluted their victorious countrymen with volleys from their guns; then, armed with clubs and thorny sticks, ranged themselves in two lines, between which the captives were compelled to pass up the side of a rocky hill. On the way, they were beaten with such fury that Jogues, who was last in the line, fell powerless, drenched in blood and half dead. As the chief man among the French captives, he fared the worst. His hands were again mangled, and fire applied to his body; while the Huron chief, Eustache, was subjected to tortures even more atrocious. When, at night, the exhausted sufferers tried to rest, the young warriors came to lacerate their wounds and pull out their hair and beards.

"In the morning they resumed their journey. And now the lake narrowed to the semblance of a tranquil river. Before them was a woody mountain,

close on their right a rocky promontory, and between these flowed a stream, the outlet of Lake George. On those rocks, more than a hundred years after, rose the ramparts of Ticonderoga. They landed, shouldered their canoes and baggage, took their way through the woods, passed the spot where the fierce Highlanders and the dauntless regiments of England breasted in vain the storm of lead and fire, and soon reached the shore where Abercrombie landed and Lord Howe fell.

"First of white men, Jogues and his companions gazed on the romantic lake that bears the name, not of its gentle discoverer, but of the dull Hanoverian King. Like a fair Naiad of the wilderness, it slumbered between the guardian mountains that breathe from crag and forest the stern poetry of war. But all then was solitude; and the clang of trumpets, the roar of cannon, and the deadly crack of the rifle had never as yet awakened their angry echoes.

"Again the canoes were launched, and the wild flotilla glided on its way,—now in the shadow of the heights, now on the broad expanse, now among the devious channels of the narrows, beset with woody islets, where the hot air was redolent of the pine, the spruce, and the cedar,—till they neared that tragic shore where, in the following century, New England rustics baffled the soldiers of Dieskau, where Montcalm planted his batteries, where the red cross waved so long amid the smoke, and where at length the summer night was hideous with carnage, and an honored name was stained with a memory of blood.

"The Iroquois landed at or near the future site of Fort William Henry, left their canoes, and with their prisoners began their march for the nearest

Mohawk town. Each bore his share of the plunder. Even Jogues, though his lacerated hands were in a frightful condition and his body covered with bruises, was forced to stagger on with the rest under a heavy load. He with his fellow-prisoners, and indeed the whole party, were half-starved, subsisting chiefly on wild berries. They crossed the upper Hudson, and in thirteen days after leaving the St. Lawrence neared the wretched goal of their pilgrimage,—a palisaded town, standing on a hill by the banks of the river Mohawk.

"The whoops of the victors announced their approach, and the savage hive sent forth its swarms. They thronged the side of the hill, the old and the young, each with a stick or a slender iron rod bought from the Dutchmen on the Hudson. They ranged themselves in a double line, reaching upward to the entrance of the town; and through this 'narrow road of Paradise,' as Jogues calls it, the captives were led in single file,—Couture in front, after him a half-score of Hurons, then Goupil, then the remaining Hurons, and at last Jogues.

"As they passed, they were saluted with yells, screeches, and a tempest of blows. One, heavier than the others, knocked Jogue's breath from his body, and stretched him on the ground; but it was death to lie there, and, regaining his feet, he staggered on with the rest. When they reached the town, the blows ceased, and they were all placed on a scaffold, or high platform, in the middle of the place. The three Frenchmen had fared the worst, and were frightfully disfigured. Goupil, especially, was streaming with blood, and livid with bruises from head to foot.

"They were allowed a few minutes to recover

their breath, undisturbed, except by the hootings and gibes of the mob below. Then a chief called out, 'Come, let us caress these Frenchmen!'—and the crowd, knife in hand, began to mount the scaffold. They ordered a Christian Algonquin woman, a prisoner among them, to cut off Jogue's left thumb, which she did; and a thumb of Goupil was also severed, a clam-shell being used as the instrument in order to increase the pain. It is needless to specify further the tortures to which they were subjected, all designed to cause the greatest possible suffering without endangering life. At night they were removed from the scaffold and placed in one of the houses, each stretched on his back, with his limbs extended, and his ankles and wrists bound fast to stakes driven into the earthen floor. The children now profited by the examples of their parents, and amused themselves by placing live coals and red-hot ashes on the naked bodies of the prisoners, who, bound fast, and covered with wounds and bruises which made every movement a torture, were sometimes unable to shake them off.

"In the morning they were again placed on the scaffold, where, during this and the two following days, they remained exposed to the taunts of the crowd. Then they were led in triumph to the second Mohawk town, and afterwards to the third" (the tribe had but three fortified towns with a total population of about thirty-five hundred), "suffering at each a repetition of cruelties, the detail of which would be as monotonous as revolting.

"In a house in the town of Teonontogen, Jogues was hung by the wrists between two of the upright poles which supported the structure, in such a manner that his feet could not touch the ground; and

thus he remained for some fifteen minutes, in extreme torture, until, as he was on the point of swooning, an Indian, with an impulse of pity, cut the cords and released him. While they were in this town, four fresh Huron prisoners, just taken, were brought in, and placed on the scaffold with the rest. Jogues, in the midst of his pain and exhaustion, took the opportunity to convert them. An ear of green corn was thrown to him for food, and he discovered a few rain-drops clinging to the husks. With these he baptized two of the Hurons. The remaining two received baptism soon after from a brook which the prisoners crossed on the way to another town.

"Couture, though he had incensed the Indians by killing one of their warriors, had gained their admiration by his bravery; and, after torturing him most savagely, they adopted him into one of their families, in place of a dead relative. Thenceforth he was comparatively safe.

"Jogues and Goupil were less fortunate. Three of the Hurons had been burned to death, and they expected to share their fate. A council was held to pronounce their doom; but dissensions arose, and no result was reached. They were led back to the first village, where they remained, racked with suspense and half dead with exhaustion. Jogues, however, lost no opportunity to baptize dying infants, while Goupil taught children to make the sign of the cross.

"On one occasion he made the sign on the forehead of a child, grandson of an Indian in whose lodge they lived. The superstition of the old savage was aroused. Some Dutchmen had told him that the sign of the cross came from the Devil, and would cause mischief. He thought that Goupil was

bewitching the child; and resolving to rid himself of so dangerous a guest, applied for aid to two young braves.

"Jogues and Goupil, clad in their squalid garb of tattered skins, were soon after walking together in the forest that adjoined the town, consoling themselves with prayer, and mutually exhorting each other to suffer patiently for the sake of Christ and the Virgin, when, as they were returning, reciting their rosaries, they met the two young Indians, and read in their sullen visages an augury of ill. The Indians joined them, and accompanied them to the entrance of the town, where one of the two, suddenly drawing a hatchet from beneath his blanket, struck it into the head of Goupil, who fell, murmuring the name of Christ. Jogues dropped on his knees, and, bowing his head in prayer, awaited the blow, when the murderer ordered him to get up and go home. He obeyed, but not until he had given absolution to his still breathing friend, and presently saw the lifeless body dragged through the town amid hootings and rejoicings.

"Jogues passed a night of anguish and desolation, and in the morning, reckless of life, set forth in search of Goupil's remains.

" 'Where are you going so fast?' demanded the old Indian, his master. 'Do you not see those fierce young braves, who are watching to kill you?'

"Jogues persisted, and the old man asked another Indian to go with him as a protector. The corpse had been flung into a neighboring ravine, at the bottom of which ran a torrent; and here, with the Indian's help, Jogues found it, stripped naked, and gnawed by dogs. He dragged it into the water, and covered it with stones to save it from further muti-

lation, resolving to return alone on the following day and secretly bury it.

"But with the night there came a storm; and when, in the gray of the morning, Jogues descended to the brink of the stream, he found it a rolling, turbid flood, and the body was nowhere to be seen. Had the Indians or the torrent borne it away? Jogues waded into the cold current: it was the first of October; he sounded it with his feet and with his stick; he searched the rocks, the thicket, the forest; but all in vain. Then, crouched by the pitiless stream, he mingled his tears with its waters, and, in a voice broken with groans, chanted the service of the dead.

"The Indians, it proved, and not the flood, had robbed him of the remains of his friend. Early in the spring, when the snows were melting in the woods, he was told by Mohawk children that the body was lying, where it had been flung, in a lonely spot lower down the stream. He went to seek it; found the scattered bones, stripped by the foxes and the birds; and, tenderly gathering them up, hid them in a hollow tree, hoping that a day might come when he could give them a Christian burial in consecrated ground.

"After the murder of Goupil, Jogue's life hung by a hair. He lived in hourly expectation of the tomahawk, and would have welcomed it as a boon. By signs and words he was warned that his hour was near; but, as he never shunned his fate, it fled from him, and each day, with renewed astonishment, he found himself still among the living.

"Late in the autumn, a party of the Indians set forth on their yearly deer-hunt, and Jogues was ordered to go with them. Shivering and half-fam-

ished, he followed them through the chill November forest, and shared their wild bivouac in the depths of the wintry desolation. The game they took was devoted to Areskoni, their god, and eaten in his honor. Jogues would not taste the meat offered to a demon; and thus he starved in the midst of plenty. At night when the kettle was slung, and the savage crew made merry around their fire, he crouched in a corner of the hut, gnawed by hunger, and pierced to the bone with cold. They thought his presence unpropitious to their hunting, and the women especially hated him. His demeanor at once astonished and incensed his masters. He brought them firewood like a squaw; he did their bidding without a murmur, and patiently bore their abuse; but when they mocked at his God, and laughed at his devotions, their slave assumed an air and tone of authority, and sternly rebuked them.

"He would sometimes escape from 'this Babylon,' as he calls the hut, and wander in the forest, telling his beads and repeating passages of Scripture. In a remote and lonely spot, he cut the bark in the form of a cross from the trunk of a great tree; and here he made his prayers. This living martyr, half clad in shaggy furs, kneeling on the snow among the icicled rocks and beneath the gloomy pines, bowing in adoration before the emblem of the faith in which was his only consolation and his only hope, is alike a theme for the pen and a subject for the pencil.

"The Indians at last grew tired of him, and sent him back to the village. Here he remained till the middle of March, baptizing infants and trying to convert adults. He told them of the sun, moon, planets, and stars. They listened with interest; but

when from astronomy he passed to theology, he spent his breath in vain.

"In March, the old man with whom he lived set forth for his spring fishing, taking with him his squaw and several children. Jogues also was of the party. They repaired to a lake, perhaps Lake Saratoga, four days distant. Here they subsisted for some time on frogs, the entrails of fish, and other garbage. Jogues passed his days in the forest, repeating his prayers, and carving the name of Jesus on trees, as a terror to the demons of the wilderness.

"A messenger at length arrived from the town; and on the following day, under the pretense that signs of an enemy had been seen, the party broke up their camp, and returned home in hot haste. The messenger had brought tidings that a war-party, which had gone out against the French, had been defeated and destroyed, and that the whole population were clamoring to appease their grief by torturing Jogues to death.

"This was the true cause of the sudden and mysterious return; but when they reached the town, other tidings had arrived. The missing warriors were safe, and on their way home in triumph with a large number of prisoners. Again Jogues's life was spared; but he was forced to witness the torture and butchery of the converts and allies of the French. Existence became unendurable to him, and he longed to die. War-parties were continually going out. Should they be defeated and cut off, he would pay the forfeit at the stake; and if they came back, as they usually did, with booty and prisoners, he was doomed to see his countrymen and their Indian friends mangled, burned, and devoured.

"Jogues had shown no disposition to escape, and

great liberty was therefore allowed him. He went from town to town, giving absolution to the Christian captives, and converting and baptizing the heathen. On one occasion he baptized a woman in the midst of the fire, under pretense of lifting a cup of water to her parched lips. There was no lack of objects for his zeal. A single war-party returned from the Huron country with nearly a hundred prisoners, who were distributed among the Iroquois towns, and the greater part burned.* Of the children of the Mohawks and their neighbors, he had baptized, before August, about seventy; insomuch that he began to regard his captivity as a Providential interposition for the saving of souls.

"At the end of July, he went with a party of Indians to a fishing-place on the Hudson, about twenty miles below Fort Orange. While here, he learned that another war-party had lately returned with prisoners, two of whom had been burned to death at Osseruenon. On this, his conscience smote him that he had not remained in the town to give the sufferers absolution or baptism; and he begged leave of the old woman who had him in charge to return at the first opportunity. A canoe soon after went up the river with some of the Iroquois, and he was allowed to go in it. When they reached Rensaellerswyck, the Indians landed to trade with the Dutch, and took Jogues with them.

"The centre of this rude little settlement was Fort Orange, a miserable structure of logs, standing

* The Dutch clergyman, Megapolensis, at this time living at Fort Orange, bears the strongest testimony to the ferocity with which his friends, the Mohawks, treated their prisoners. He mentions the same modes of torture which Jogues describes, and is very explicit as to cannibalism: "The common people eat the arms, buttocks, and trunk; but the chiefs eat the head and the heart." This feast was of a religious character.

on a spot now within the limits of the city of Albany.* It contained several houses and other buildings; and behind it was a small church, recently erected, and serving as the abode of the pastor, Dominie Megapolensis, known in our day as the writer of an interesting though short account of the Mohawks. Some twenty-five or thirty houses, roughly built of boards and roofed with thatch, were scattered at intervals on or near the borders of the Hudson, above and below the fort. Their inhabitants, about a hundred in number, were for the most part rude Dutch farmers, tenants of Van Rensselaer, the patroon, or lord of the manor. They raised wheat, of which they made beer, and oats, with which they fed their numerous horses. They traded, too, with the Indians, who profited greatly by the competition among them, receiving guns, knives, axes, kettles, cloth, and beads, at moderate rates, in exchange for their furs. The Dutch were on excellent terms with their red neighbors, met them in the forest without the least fear, and sometimes intermarried with them. They had known of Jogues's captivity, and, to their great honor, had made efforts for his release, offering for that purpose goods to a considerable value, but without effect.

"At Fort Orange, Jogues heard startling news. The Indians of the village where he lived were, he was told, enraged against him, and determined to burn him. About the first of July, a war party had set out for Canada, and one of the warriors had offered to Jogues to be the bearer of a letter from him to the French commander at Three Rivers, thinking probably to gain some advantage under cover of a parley. Jogues knew that the French

* The site of the Phœnix Hotel.

would be on their guard; and he felt it his duty to lose no opportunity of informing them as to the state of affairs among the Iroquois. A Dutchman gave him a piece of paper; and he wrote a letter, in a jargon of Latin, French, and Huron, warning his countrymen to be on their guard, as war-parties were constantly going out, and they could hope for no respite from attack until late in the autumn. When the Iroquois reached the mouth of the river Richelieu, where a small fort had been built by the French the preceding summer, the messenger asked for a parley, and gave Jogues's letter to the commander of the post, who, after reading it, turned his cannon on the savages. They fled in dismay, leaving behind them their baggage and some of their guns; and returning home in a fury, charged Jogues with having caused their discomfiture.

"Jogues had expected this result, and was prepared to meet it; but several of the principal Dutch settlers, and among them Van Curler, who had made the previous attempt to rescue him, urged that his death was certain if he returned to the Indian town, and advised him to make his escape. In the Hudson, opposite the settlement, lay a small Dutch vessel nearly ready to sail. Van Curler offered him a passage in her to Bordeaux or Rochelle,—representing that the opportunity was too good to be lost, and making light of the prisoner's objection that a connivance in his escape on the part of the Dutch would excite the resentment of the Indians against them.

"Jogues thanked him warmly; but, to his amazement, asked for a right to consider the matter, and take counsel of God in prayer.

"He spent the night in great agitation, tossed by doubt, and full of anxiety lest his self-love should

beguile him from his duty. Was it not possible that the Indians might spare his life, and that, by a timely drop of water, he might still rescue souls from torturing devils and eternal fires of perdition?

"On the other hand, would he not, by remaining to meet a fate almost inevitable, incur the guilt of suicide? And even should he escape torture and death, could he hope that the Indians would again permit him to instruct and baptize their prisoners? Of his French companions, one, Goupil, was dead; while Couture had urged Jogues to flight, saying that he would then follow his example, but that, so long as the Father remained a prisoner, he, Couture, would share his fate.

"Before morning, Jogues had made his decision. God, he thought, would be better pleased should he embrace the opportunity given him. He went to find his Dutch friends, and, with a profusion of thanks, accepted their offer. They told him that a boat should be left for him on the shore, and that he must watch his time, and escape in it to the vessel, where he would be safe.

"He and his Indian masters lodged together in a large building, like a barn, belonging to a Dutch farmer. It was a hundred feet long, and had no partition of any kind. At one end the farmer kept his cattle; at the other he slept with his wife, a Mohawk squaw, and his children, while his Indian guests lay on the floor in the middle. As he is described as one of the principal persons of the colony, it is clear that the civilization of Rensellaerswyck was not high.

"In the evening, Jogues, in such a manner as not to excite the suspicion of the Indians, went out to reconnoitre. There was a fence around the house,

and as he was passing it a large dog belonging to the farmer flew at him, and bit him very severely in the leg.

"The Dutchman, hearing the noise, came out with a light, led Jogues back into the building, and bandaged his wound. He seemed to have some suspicion of the prisoner's design; for, fearful perhaps that his escape might exasperate the Indians, he made fast the door in such a manner that it could not readily be opened.

"Jogues now lay down among the Indians, who, rolled in their blankets, were stretched around him. He was fevered with excitement; and the agitation of his mind, joined to the pain of his wound, kept him awake all night. About dawn, while the Indians were still asleep, a laborer in the employ of the farmer came in with a lantern, and Jogues, who spoke no Dutch, gave him to understand by signs that he needed his help and guidance. The man was disposed to aid him, silently led the way out, quieted the dogs, and showed him the path to the river. It was more than half a mile distant, and the way was rough and broken. Jogues was greatly exhausted, and his wounded limb gave him such pain that he walked with the utmost difficulty.

"When he reached the shore, the day was breaking, and he found to his dismay that the ebb of the tide had left the boat high and dry. He shouted to the vessel, but no one heard him. His desperation gave him strength; and, by working the boat to and fro, he pushed it at length, little by little, into the water, entered it, and rowed to the vessel. The Dutch sailors received him kindly, and hid him in the bottom of the hold, placing a large box over the hatchway.

"He remained two days, half-stifled, in this foul lurking-place, while the Indians, furious at his escape, ransacked the settlement in vain to find him. They came off to the vessel, and so terrified the officers that Jogues was sent on shore at night, and led to the fort.

"Here he was hidden in the garret of a house occupied by a miserly old man, to whose charge he was consigned. Food was sent to him; but, as his host appropriated the larger part to himself, Jogues was nearly starved. There was a compartment of his garret, separated from the rest by a partition of boards. Here the old Dutchman, who, like many others of the settlers, carried on a trade with the Mohawks, kept a quantity of goods for that purpose; and hither he often brought his customers.

"The boards of the partition had shrunk, leaving wide crevices; and Jogues could plainly see the Indians as they passed between him and the light. They, on their part, might as easily have seen him, if he had not, when he heard them entering the house, hidden himself behind some barrels in the corner; where he would sometimes remain crouched for hours, in a constrained and painful posture, half suffocated with heat, and afraid to move a limb.

"His wounded leg began to show dangerous symptoms; but he was relieved by the care of a Dutch surgeon of the fort. The minister, Megapolensis, also visited him, and did all in his power for the comfort of his Catholic brother with whom he seems to have been well pleased, and whom he calls 'a very learned scholar.'

"When Jogues had remained for six weeks in this hiding-place, his Dutch friends succeeded in satisfying his Indian masters by the payment of a large

ransom." (Goods were given to the Indians to the value of three thousand livres.) "A vessel from Manhattan, now New York, soon after brought up an order from the Director-General, Kieft, that he should be sent to him. Accordingly he was placed in a small vessel, which carried him down the Hudson. The Dutch on board treated him with great kindness; and, to do him honor, they named after him one of the islands in the river.

"At Manhattan he found a dilapidated fort, garrisoned by sixty soldiers, and containing a stone church and the Director-General's house, together with store-houses and barracks. Near it were ranges of small houses, occupied chiefly by mechanics and laborers; while the dwellings of the remaining colonists, numbering in all four or five hundred, were scattered here and there on the island and the neighboring shores. The settlers were of different sects and nations, but chiefly Dutch colonists. Kieft told his guest that eighteen different languages were spoken at Manhattan. The colonists were in the midst of a bloody Indian war, brought on by their own besotted cruelty; and while Jogues was at the fort, some forty of the Dutchmen were killed on the neighboring farms, and many barns and houses burned.

"The Director-General, with a humanity that was far from usual with him, exchanged Jogues's squalid and savage dress for a suit of Dutch cloth, and gave him passage in a small vessel which was then about to sail. The voyage was rough and tedious; and the passenger slept on deck on a coil of ropes, suffering greatly from cold, and often drenched by the waves that broke over the vessel's side.

"At length she reached Falmouth, on the southern

coast of England, when all the crew went ashore for a carouse, leaving Jogues alone on board. A boat presently came alongside with a gang of desperadoes, who boarded her and rifled her of everything valuable, threatened Jogues with a pistol, and robbed him of his hat and coat. He obtained some assistance from the crew of a French ship in the harbor, and, on the day before Christmas [1643] took passage in a small coal vessel for the neighboring coast of Brittany.

"In the following afternoon he was set on shore a little to the north of Brest, and, seeing a peasant's cottage not far off, he approached it, and asked the way to the nearest church.

"The peasant and his wife, as the narrative gravely tells us, mistook him, by reason of his modest deportment, for some poor but pious Irishman, and asked him to share their supper, after finishing his devotions,—an invitation which Jogues, half famished as he was, gladly accepted. He reached the church in time for the early mass, and with an unutterable joy knelt before the altar, and renewed the communion of which he had been deprived so long.

"When he returned to the cottage, the attention of his hosts was at once attracted to his mutilated and distorted hands. They asked him with amazement how he could have received such injuries; and when they heard the story of his tortures, their surprise and veneration knew no bounds. Two young girls, their daughters, begged him to accept all they had to give,—a handful of sous; while the peasant made known the character of his new guest to his neighbors.

"A trader from Rennes brought a horse to the

door, and offered the use of it to Jogues, to carry him to the Jesuit college in that town. He gratefully accepted it; and on the morning of the fifth of January, 1644, reached his destination.

"He dismounted, and knocked at the door of the college. The porter opened it, and saw a man wearing on his head an old woollen nightcap, and in an attire little better than that of a beggar.

"Jogues asked to see the Rector; but the porter answered, coldly, that the Rector was busied in the Sacristy. Jogues begged him to say that a man was at the door with news from Canada. The missions of Canada were at this time an object of primal interest to the Jesuits, and above all to the Jesuits of France. A letter from Jogues, written during his captivity, had also reached France, as had also the Jesuit *Relation* of 1643, which contained a long account of his capture; and he had no doubt been an engrossing theme of conversation in every house of the French Jesuits.

"The Father Rector was putting on his vestments to say mass; but when he heard that a poor man from Canada had asked for him at the door, he postponed the service and went to meet him.

"Jogues, without discovering himself, gave him a letter from the Dutch Director-General attesting his character. The Rector, before reading it, began to question him as to the affairs of Canada, and at length asked him if he knew Father Jogues.

" 'I knew him very well,' was the reply.

" 'The Iroquois have taken him,' pursued the Rector. 'Is he dead? Have they murdered him?'

" 'No,' answered Jogues; 'he is alive and at liberty, and I am he.' And he fell on his knees to ask his Superior's blessing.

"That night was a night of jubilation and thanksgiving in the college of Rennes.

"Jogues became a center of curiosity and reverence. He was summoned to Paris. The Queen, Anne of Austria, wished to see him; and when the persecuted slave of the Mohawks was conducted into the presence, she kissed his mutilated hands while the ladies of the Court thronged around to do him homage. We are told, and no doubt with truth, that these honors were unwelcome to the modest and single-hearted missionary. . . .

"A priest with any deformity of body is debarred from saying mass. The teeth and knives of the Iroquois had inflicted an injury worse than the tortures imagined, for they had robbed Jogues of the privilege which was the chief consolation of his life; but the Pope, by a special dispensation, restored it to him."

If one were writing fiction, the tale of Isaac Jogues's heroism should end here. Surely this maimed and tortured priest had done his part for his Order. Surely, after his unspeakable torments and sufferings, after his long months of captivity, after his repeated escapes from death only by a series of veritable miracles, he had well earned the right to finish his days in the peace of some quiet French village or college, serving his God and caring for a Christian flock suited to his gentle and loving heart.

But this mild scholar was a soldier of the Cross such as can hardly be paralleled even among the self-immolating missionary Fathers of the Catholic Church. Amid the insidious flattery of reverencing great ladies, and the special veneration of his colleagues and superiors, he had but one thought: to

return and carry on his work of saving the souls of the fierce cannibals at whose hands he had suffered such unspeakable things.

Hardly had the spring opened, when he sailed again for Canada.

On July 5 of the following year he was at a conference with the Iroquois chiefs (who did not know of his presence), among whom appeared to his infinite delight his friend and faithful helper Guillaume Couture from whom he had parted over two years before: instead of escaping, as planned, he had become a Mohawk in dress and appearance, had gained great influence in the tribe, and had virtually persuaded the fierce warriors to send the embassy of peace.

Seated in the council on mats of spruce bark the painted and bedecked ambassadors indulged in flowery oratory and fair excuses and promises.

When the famous leader Kiotsaton expounded the significance of his fifteenth belt of wampum, he declared it told that the Iroquois had always wished to send Jogues back to his friends, and had intended to do so,—but that the rascally Dutch had prevented this by stealing the Father from his Mohawk friends.

"If he had but been patient," declared the injured innocent, Kiotsaton, "I would have brought him back myself. Now I know not what has befallen him. Perhaps he is drowned. Perhaps he is dead."

Jogues turned to the Fathers beside him with a rueful smile: "They had the pile laid to burn me. They would have killed me a hundred times, if God had not saved my life."

The supply of wampum belts, and of oratory, was at last exhausted. The mutual presents were accepted. The pipe of peace was smoked. Kiotsaton

departed, loaded with gifts, conjuring his brothers to obey "Onontio" (the Governor) and the French.

The thankful Jesuits and officials watched band after band of Indians from many other widely distributed tribes—Montagnais, Nipissings, Atticamegues, Algonquins of the Ottawas, Hurons in the sixty canoes of their fleet—paddle up to Three Rivers, which "swarmed like an ant-hill with savages," to conclude a solemn covenant of enduring peace with the French and with the Five Nations.

"There was peace in this dark and blood-stained wilderness. The lynx, the panther, and the wolf had made a covenant of love; but who should be their surety? A doubt and a fear mingled with the joy of the Jesuit Fathers; and to their thanksgiving to God they joined a prayer, that the hand which had given might still be stretched forth to preserve."

Well might they doubt that the panther had changed so suddenly into a house-cat. Nor was it long before the essential and cherished peace began to demand their best care lest it perish.

The intrepid Couture had gone back to winter with the Iroquois, mainly to hold them to their pledged faith; and his reports made it evident that, sincere as the dreaded warriors of the Five Nations had been in their desire for peace, an agent of influence was needed among them.

Naturally enough, Jogues was chosen.

"No white man, Couture excepted, knew their language and their character so well. His errand was half political, half religious; for not only was he to be the bearer of gifts, wampum-belts, and messages from the Governor, but he was also to found a new mission, christened in advance with a prophetic name,—*the Mission of the Martyrs.*

"For two years past, Jogues had been at Montreal; and it was here that he received the order of his Superior to proceed to the Mohawk towns. At first, nature asserted itself, and he recoiled involuntarily at the thought of the horrors of which his scarred body and mutilated hands were a living memento. It was a transient weakness; and he prepared to depart with more than willingness, giving thanks to Heaven that he had been found worthy to suffer and to die for the saving of souls and the greater glory of God.

"He felt a presentiment that his death was near, and wrote to a friend, 'I shall go, and shall not return.' An Algonquin convert gave him sage advice. 'Say nothing about the Faith at first, for there is nothing so repulsive, in the beginning, as our doctrine, which seems to destroy everything that men hold dear; and as your long cassock preaches, as well as your lips, you had better put on a short coat.'

"Jogues therefore exchanged the uniform of Loyola for a civilian's doublet and hose, 'for,' observes his Superior, 'one should be all things to all men, that he may gain them all to Jesus Christ.' It would be well if the application of the maxim had always been as harmless.

"Jogues left Three Rivers about the middle of May (1646), with the Sieur Bourdon, engineer to the Governor, two Algonquins with gifts to confirm the peace, and four Mohawks as guides and escort. He passed the Richelieu and Lake Champlain, well-remembered scenes of former miseries, and reached the foot of Lake George on th eve of Corpus Christi. Hence he called the lake 'Lac St. Sacrement'; and this name it preserved until, a century after, an ambitious Irishman, in compliment to the sovereign

from whom he sought advancement, gave it the name it bears.

"From Lake George they crossed on foot to the Hudson, where, being greatly fatigued by their heavy load of gifts, they borrowed canoes at an Iroquois fishing-station, and descended to Fort Orange. Here Jogues met the Dutch friends to whom he owed his life, and who now kindly welcomed and entertained him. After a few days he left them, and ascended the river Mohawk to the first Mohawk town.

"Crowds gathered from the neighboring towns to gaze on the man whom they had known as a scorned and abused slave, and who now appeared among them as the ambassador of a power which hitherto, indeed, they had despised, but which in their present mood they were willing to propitiate.

"There was a council in one of the lodges; and while his crowded auditory smoked their pipes, Jogues stood in the midst and harangued them. He offered in due form the gifts of the Governor, with the wampum-belts and their messages of peace, while at every pause his words were echoed by a unanimous grunt of applause from the attentive concourse. Peace speeches were made in return; and all was harmony. When, however, the Algonquin deputies stood before the council, they and their gifts were coldly received. The old hate, maintained by traditions of mutual atrocity, burned fiercely under a thin semblance of peace; and though no outbreak took place, the prospect of the future was very ominous.

"The business of the embassy was scarcely finished when the Mohawks counseled Jogues and his companions to go home with all despatch, saying that if they waited longer, they might meet on the

way warriors of the four upper nations, who would inevitably kill the two Algonquin deputies, if not the French also. Jogues therefore set out on his return; but not until, despite the advice of his Indian convert, he had made the rounds of the houses, confessed and instructed a few Christian prisoners still remaining here, and baptized several dying Mohawks. Then he and his party crossed through the forest to the southern extremity of Lake George, made bark canoes, and descended to Fort Richelieu, where they arrived on the twenty-seventh of June."

His political errand was accomplished. Now, should he return to the Mohawks, or should the Mission of the Martyrs be for a time abandoned?

"Lalemant, who had succeeded Vimont as Superior of the missions, held a council at Quebec with three other Jesuits, of whom Jogues was one, and it was determined that, unless some new contingency should arise, he should remain for the winter at Montreal. This was in July. Soon after, the plan was changed, for reasons which do not appear, and Jogues received orders to repair to his dangerous post.

"He set out on the twenty-fourth of August, accompanied by a young Frenchman named Lalande, and three or four Hurons. On the way they met Indians who warned them of a change of feeling in the Mohawk towns, and the Hurons, alarmed, refused to go farther. Jogues, naturally perhaps the most timid man of the party, had no thought of drawing back, and pursued his journey with his young companion, who, like other *donnés* of the missions, was scarcely behind the Jesuits themselves in devoted enthusiasm.

"The reported change of feeling had indeed taken

place; and the occasion of it was characteristic. On his previous visit to the Mohawks, Jogues, meaning to return, had left in their charge a small chest or box. From the first they were distrustful, suspecting that it contained some secret mischief. He therefore opened it, and showed them the contents, which were a few personal necessaries; and having thus, as he thought, reassured them, locked the box and left it in their keeping. The Huron prisoners in the town attempted to make favor with their Iroquois enemies by abusing their French friends,—declaring them to be sorcerers, who had bewitched, by their charms and mummeries, the whole Huron nation, and caused drought, famine, pestilence, and a host of insupportable miseries. Thereupon, the suspicions of the Mohawks against the box revived with double force; and they were convinced that famine, the pest, or some malignant spirit was shut up in it, waiting the moment to issue forth and destroy them. There was sickness in the town, and caterpillars were eating their corn; this was ascribed to the sorceries of the Jesuit. Still they were divided in opinion. Some stood firm for the French; others were furious against them. Among the Mohawks, three clans or families were predominant, if indeed they did not compose the entire nation,—the clans of the Bear, the Tortoise, and the Wolf. Though by the nature of their constitution it was scarcely possible that these clans should come to blows, so intimately were they bound together by ties of blood, yet they were often divided on points of interest or policy; and on this occasion the Bear raged against the French, and howled for war, while the Tortoise and the Wolf still clung to the treaty. Among savages, with no government except the intermittent one of councils,

the party of action and violence must always prevail. The Bear chiefs sang their war-songs, and, followed by the young men of their own clan, and by such others as they had infected with their own frenzy, set forth in two bands on the war-path.

"The warriors of one of these bands were making their way through the forests between the Mohawk and Lake George, when they met Jogues and Lalande. They seized them, stripped them, and led them in triumph to their town.

"Here a savage crowd surrounded them, beating them with sticks and with their fists. One of them cut thin strips from the back and arm of Jogues, saying as he did so.

" 'Let us see if this white flesh is the flesh of an oki' (a magician).

" 'I am a man like yourselves,' replied Jogues, 'but I do not fear death or torture. I do not know why you would kill me. I come here to confirm the peace and show you the way to heaven, and you treat me like a dog.'

" 'You shall die to-morrow,' cried the rabble. 'Take courage, we shall not burn you. We shall strike you both with a hatchet, and place your heads on the palisade, that your brothers may see you when we take them prisoners.'

"The clans of the Wolf and the Tortoise still raised their voices in behalf of the captive Frenchmen; but the fury of the minority swept all before it.

"In the evening,—it was the eighteenth of October,—Jogues, smarting with his wounds and bruises, was sitting in one of the lodges, when an Indian entered, and asked him to a feast.

"To refuse would have been an offense. He arose

and followed the savage, who led him to the lodge of the Bear chief. Jogues bent his head to enter, when another Indian, standing concealed within, struck at him with a hatchet.

"An Iroquois, called by the French Le Berger, who seems to have followed in order to defend him, bravely held out his arm to ward off the blow, but the hatchet cut through it, and sank into the missionary's brain. He fell at the feet of his murderer, who at once finished the work by hacking off his head. Lalande was left in suspense all night, and in the morning was killed in a similar manner. The bodies of the two Frenchmen were then thrown into the Mohawk, and their heads displayed on the points of the palisade which enclosed the town.

"Thus died Isaac Jogues, one of the purest examples of Roman Catholic virtue which this Western continent has seen. The priests, his associates, praise his humility, and tell us that it reached the point of self-contempt,—a crowning virtue in their eyes; that he regarded himself as nothing, and lived solely to do the will of God as uttered by the lips of his Superiors. They add that, when left to the guidance of his own judgment, his self-distrust made him very slow of decision, but that when acting under orders he knew neither hesitation nor fear. With all his gentleness, he had a certain warmth or vivacity of temperament; and we have seen how, during his first captivity, while humbly submitting to every caprice of his tyrants and appearing to rejoice in abasement, a derisive word against his faith would change the lamb into the lion, and the lips that seemed so tame would speak in sharp, bold tones of menace and reproof."

A superb figure, this gentle martyr who dared

all—save to fail in giving all, including life, for his Cause!

Isaac Jogues, Lalemant, Bressoni, Brébœuf, Garnier, Chaumont, Chabanel and the others of that intrepid band—they go far indeed to blot out Torquemada, the horrors of the Inquisition in Spain and the West Indies and Spanish America, and the other black pages which have been emphasized in the history of the Society of Jesus.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE DERVISHES AT OMDURMAN

On the last day of August, 1898, Kitchener's army of 22,000 British and Egyptian troops came within sight of Omdurman, the last stronghold of Mahdism, where the pale yellow dome of the Mahdi's tomb rose above a vast purplish splotch of mud houses by the side of the Nile, close to Khartum and nearly 1,400 miles up the Nile.

This was the climax of the campaign in which the Sirdar had been wiping out sixteen years of English humiliation: the loss of the Sudan, the massacre of Baker's levies, the annihilation of Hicks Pasha's force, the death of Gordon. He had taken heavy vengeance at the Atbara, crushing Mahmud's army, and capturing the redoubtable Mahmud himself. Now he had penetrated to the stronghold of the Khalifa, who still had 50,000 fanatical desert Baggara followers (Kipling's "Fuzzy-wuzzy," the only one who ever "bruk a British square"), all eager to die in this holy war against the infidel.

The following night, the British camp lay along the Nile beside the little village of Agaiga, seven miles below Omdurman; and by the first streak of dawn the cavalry was abroad, the gunboats lay in the river with steam up, and the troops, who had spent the night under arms, were in position for the culminating act of the drama.

G. W. Steevens, the correspondent of a London newspaper on this campaign, saw what followed:

"Light stole quietly into the sky behind us; there was no sound from the plain or the hills before us; there was hardly a sound from our own line. Everybody was very silent, but very curious. Would they be so mad as to come out and run their heads into our fire? It seemed beyond hoping for; yet certainly they had been full of war the day before. But most of us were expecting instantly the order to advance on Omdurman.

"A trooper rose out of the dimness from behind the shoulder of Gebel Surgham, grew larger and plainer, spurred violently up to the line and inside. A couple more were silhouetted across our front. Then the electric whisper came racing down the line; they were coming. The Lancers came in on the left; the Egyptian mounted troops drew like a curtain across us from left to right. As they passed a flicker of white flags began to extend and fill the front in their place. The noise of something began to creep in upon us; it cleared and divided into the tap of drums and the far-away surf of raucous war-cries. A shiver of expectancy thrilled along our army, and then a sigh of content. They were coming on. Allah help them! they were coming on.

"It was now half-past six. The flags seemed still very distant, the roar very faint, and the thud of our first gun was almost startling. It may have startled them too, but it startled them into life. The line of flags flung forward, and a mass of white flying linen swung forward with it too. They came very fast, and they came very straight; and then presently they came no farther. With a crash the bullets leaped out of the British rifles. It began

with the Guards and Warwicks—section volleys at 2,000 yards; then, as the Dervishes edged rightward, it ran along to the Highlanders, the Lincolns, and to Maxwell's Brigade. The British stood up in double rank behind their zariba; the blacks lay down in their shelter-trench; both poured out death as fast as they could load and press trigger. Shrapnel whistled and Maxims growled savagely. From all the line came perpetual fire, fire, fire, and shrieked forth in great gusts of destruction.

"And the enemy? No white troops would have faced that torrent of death for five minutes, but the Baggara and the blacks came on. The torrent swept into them and hurled them down in whole companies. You saw a rigid line gather itself up and rush on evenly; then before a shrapnel shell or a Maxim the line suddenly quivered and stopped. The line was yet unbroken, but it was quite still. But other lines gathered up again, again, and yet again; they went down, and yet others rushed on. Sometimes they came near enough to see a single figure quite plainly. One old man with a white flag started with five comrades; all dropped, but he alone came bounding forward to within 200 yards of the 14th Sudanese. Then he folded his arms across his face, and his limbs loosened, and he dropped sprawling to earth beside his flag.

"It was the last day of Mahdism and the greatest. They could never get near, and they refused to hold back. By now the ground before us was all white with dead men's drapery. Rifles grew red-hot; the soldiers seized them by the slings and dragged them back to the reserve to exchange them for cool ones. It was not a battle, but an execution.

"In the middle of it all we were surprised to find

that we were losing men. The crash of our own fire was so prodigious that we could not hear their bullets whistle; yet they came and swooped down and found victims. The Dervishes were firing at their extreme range, and their bullets were many of them almost spent; but as they always fire high they often hit. So that while you might have thought you were at a shoot of rabbits, you suddenly heard the sharp cry, 'Bearer party there, quick,' and a man was being borne rearward. Few went down, but there was a steady trickle to hospital. Bullets may have been spent, and Captain Caldecott, of the Warwicks, was one of the strongest men in the army; but that helped him nothing when the dropping ball took him in the temple and came out through the jugular. He lay an hour unconscious, then opened his eyes with 'For God's sake, give me water!' and died as he drank. All mourned him for a smart officer and a winning comrade. Most of all the two Highland battalions dropped men. The zariba behind which they were unwisely posted obliged them to stand, besides hampering them both in fire and when it came to movement; a little clump of enemy gathered in a hole in front of them, and by the time the guns came up to shell them out, the Camerons had lost some twenty-five and the Seaforths above a dozen.

"But loss on this scale was not to be considered beside the awful slaughter of the Dervishes. If they still came on our men needed only time and ammunition and strength to point a rifle to kill them off to the very last man. Only by now—small wonder—they were not coming on. They were not driven back; they were all killed in coming on. One section of fire after another hushed, and at eight o'clock the village and the plain were still again. The last

shell had burst over the last visible group of Dervishes; now there was nothing but the unbending, grimly expectant line before Agaiga and the still carpet of white in front.

"We waited half an hour or so, and then the sudden bugle called us to our feet. 'Advance,' it cried; 'to Omdurman!' added we. Slowly the force broke up, and expanded. The evident intention was to march in echelon of brigades—the Second British leading along the river, the First British on their right rear, the Maxwell's, Lewis's, and Macdonald's, with Collinson's still supporting. Lewis and Macdonald had changed places, the latter being now outermost and rearmost; at the time few noticed that. The moment the Dervish attack had died down the 21st Lancers had slipped out, and pushed straight for the Khalifa's capital.

"Movement was slow, since the leading brigade had to wait till the others had gone far enough inland to take their positions. We passed over a corner of the field of fire, and saw for certain what slaughter we had done. The bodies were not in heaps—bodies hardly ever are; but they spread evenly over acres and acres. And it was very remarkable, if you remembered the Atbara, that you saw hardly a black; nearly all the dead had the high forehead and taper cheeks of the Arab. The Baggara had been met at last, and he was worth meeting. Some lay very composedly, with their slippers placed under their heads for a last pillow; some knelt, cut short in the middle of a last prayer. Others were torn to pieces, vermilion blood already drying on brown skin, killed instantly beyond doubt. Others, again, seemingly as dead as these, sprang up as we approached, and rushed savagely, hurling spears at

the nearest enemy. They were bayoneted or shot. Once again the plain seemed empty, but for the advancing masses and for the carpet of reddened white and broken bodies underfoot.

"It was now twenty minutes to ten. The British had crested a low ridge between Gebel Surgham and the Nile; Maxwell's brigade was just ascending it, Lewis's just coming up under the hill. Men who could go where they liked were up with the British, staring hungrily at Omdurman. Suddenly from rearward broke out a heavy crackle of fire. We thought perhaps a dozen men or so had been shamming dead; we went on staring at Omdurman. But next instant we had to turn and gallop hot-heeled back again. For the crackle became a crashing, and the crashing waxed to a roar. Dervishes were firing at us from the top of Gebel Surgham, dervishes were firing behind and to the right of it. The 13th Sudanese were bounding up the hill; Lewis's brigade had hastily faced to its right westward, and was volleying for life; Macdonald's beyond, still facing northward, was a sheet of flashes and a roll of smoke. What was it? Had they come to life again? No time to ask; reinforcements or ghosts, they were on us, and the battle was begun all over again.

"To understand, you must hear now what we only heard afterwards. The dervish army, it appeared, had not returned to Omdurman on the night of the 1st, but had bivouacked—40,000 to 50,000 of them—behind Gebel Surgham, southwestward from Agaiga. The Khalifa had doubtless expected a sudden attack at daybreak, as at Firket, at Abu Aamed, on the Atbara; as we marched by night to our position before Omdurman, he must have designed to

spring on our right flank. When day broke and no enemy appeared he divided his army into three corps. The first, under Osman Azrak, attacked the village; the second, with the green banner of Ali Wad Helu—with him Abdullahi's eldest son, the Sheik-ed-Din, moved toward Kerreri Heights to envelop our right; the third, under Abdullahi himself and his brother Gakub, remained behind Surgham, ready, as need might be, to envelop our left, or to act as reserve and bar our road to Omdurman.

"What befell the first you know; Osman Azrak died with them. The second spread out toward our right, and there it fell in with the Egyptian cavalry, horse-battery, and camel-corps. When Broadwood Bey fell back before the attack, he sent word of its coming to the Sirdar, and received orders to remain outside the trench and keep the enemy in front, instead of letting them get around the right. Accordingly, he occupied the Heights of Kerreri. But the moment he got to the top he found himself in face of Wad Helu's unsuspected army corps—12,000 to 15,000 men against less than 2,000—and the moment he saw them they began swarming up the hill. There was just a moment for decision, but one moment is all that a born cavalry general needs. The next his galloper was flying with the news to the Sirdar, and the mounted troops were retreating northward. The choice lay between isolation, annihilation, or retreat on Agaiga and envelopment of the right. Broadwood chose the first, but even for that the time was short enough. The camels floundered on the rocky hillside; the guns dragged; the whole mass of dervishes pursued them with a pelting fire. Two guns lost all their horses and were abandoned; the camel-

corps alone had over sixty men hit. As for the cavalry, they went back very hard pressed, covering their comrades' retreat and their own by carbine fire. If the Egyptian army but gave Victoria Crosses, there were many earned that day. Man after man rode back to bring in dismounted officers, and would hardly be dissuaded from their endeavor when it was seen that the rescued were plainly dead. It was the great day of trial—the day the pick of our cavalry officers have worked for through a weary decade and more—and the Fayum fellah fought like a hero and died like a man. One or two short of forty killed and wounded was the day's loss; but they came off handsomely. The army of the green flag was now on Kerreri Heights, between them and the camp; but with Broadwood's force unbroken behind it, it passed from the meditated attack on the Egyptian right. In the pause three of the five gunboats caught it, and pepper-castered it over with shell and Maxim fire. It withdrew from the river towards the centre again; the instant a way was cleared the outpaced camel-corps was passed back to Agaiga. The cavalry hung upon the green flag's left, till they withdrew clean westward and inland; then it moved placidly back to the infantry again.

"This much for the right; on the left the British cavalry were in the stress of an engagement less perfectly conducted, even more hardily fought out. They left the zariba, as you heard, the moment the attack burned out, and pricked eagerly off to Omdurman. Verging somewhat westward, to the rear of Gebel Surgham, they came on 300 Dervishes. Their scouts had been over the ground a thousand yards ahead of them, and it was clear for a charge. Only to cut them off it was thought better to get a

little west of them, then left wheel, and thus gallop down on them and drive them away from their supports. The trumpets sang out the order, the troops glided into squadrons, and, four squadrons in line, the 21st Lancers swung into their first charge.

"Knee to knee they swept on till they were but 200 yards from the enemy. Then suddenly—then in a flash—they saw the trap. Between them and the 300 there yawned suddenly a deep ravine; out of the ravine there sprang instantly a cloud of dark heads, and a brandished lightning of swords, and a thunder of savage voices. Mahmed smiled when he heard the tale in prison at Halfa, and said it was their favorite stratagem. It had succeeded. Three thousand, if there was one, to a short four hundred; but it was too late to check now. Must go through with it now! The blunders of British cavalry are the fertile seed of British glory; knee to knee the Lancers whirled on. One hundred yards—fifty—knee to knee——

"Slap! 'It was just like that,' said a captain, bringing his fist hard into his open palm. Through the swordsmen they shore without checking—and then came the Khor. The colonel at their head, riding straight through everything without sword or revolver drawn, found his horse on its head, and the swords swooping about his own. He got the charger up again, and rode on straight, unarmed, through everything. The squadrons followed him down the fall. Horses plunged, blundered, recovered, fell; dervishes on the ground lay for the hamstring cut; officers pistoled them in passing over, as one drops a stone into a bucket; troopers thrust till lances broke, then cut; everybody went on straight, through everything.

"And through everything clean out the other side they came—those that kept up or got up in time. The others were on the ground—in pieces by now, for the cruel swords shore through shoulder and thigh, and carved the dead into fillets. Twenty-four of these, and of those that came out over fifty had felt sword or bullet or spear. Few horses stayed behind among the swords, but nearly 130 were wounded. Lieutenant Robert Grenfell's troop came on a place with a jump out as well as a jump in; it lost officer, centre guide, and both flank guides, ten killed and eleven wounded. Yet, when they burst straggling out, their only thought was to rally and go in again. 'Rally, No. 2!' yelled a sergeant, so mangled across the face that his body was a cascade of blood, and nose and cheeks flapped hideously as he yelled. 'Fall out, sergeant, you're wounded,' said the subaltern of his troop. 'No, no, sir; fall in!' came the hoarse answer; and the man reeled in his saddle. 'Fall in, No. 2; fall in. Where are the devils? Show me the devils!' And No. 2 fell in—four whole men out of twenty.

"They chafed and stamped and blasphemed to go through them again, though the colonel wisely forbade them to face the pit anew. There were gnashings of teeth and howls of speechless rage—things half theatrical, half brutal to tell of when blood has cooled, yet things to rejoice over, in that they show the fighting devil has not, after all, been civilized out of Britons. Also there are many and many deeds of self-abandoning heroism; of which tale the half will never be told. Take only one. Lieutenant de Montmorency missed his troop-sergeant, and rode back among the clashes to look for him. There he found the hacked body of Lieutenant Grenfell. He

Out of the ravine there sprang instantly a cloud of dark heads

dismounted, and put it up on his horse, not seeing, in his heat, that life had drained out long since by a dozen channels. The horse bolted under the slackened muscles, and de Montmorency was left alone with his revolver and 3,000 screaming fiends. Captain Kenna and Corporal Swarbrick rode out, caught his horse, and brought it back; the three answered the fire of the 3,000 at fifty yards, and got quietly back to their own line untouched.

"Forbearing a second charge, the Lancers dismounted and opened fire; the carbines at short range took an opulent vengeance for the lost. Back, back, back they drove them, till they came into the fire of the 32nd Battery. The shrapnel flew shrieking over them; the 3,000 fell all ways, and died.

"All this from hearsay; now to go back to what we saw. When the Sirdar moved his brigades southward he knew what he was doing. He was giving his right to an unbeaten enemy; with his usual daring he made it so. His game now was to get between the dervishes and Omdurman. Perhaps he did not guess what a bellyful of beating the unbeaten enemy would take; but he trusted to his generals and his star, and, as always, they bore him to victory.

"The blacks of the 13th Battalion were storming Gebel Surgham. Lewis and Macdonald, facing west and south, had formed a right angle. They were receiving the fire of the Khalifa's division, and the charge of the Khalifa's horsemen; behind these the Khalifa's huge black standard was flapping ravenlike. The Baggara horsemen were few and ill-mounted—perhaps 200 altogether—but they rode to get home or die. They died. There was a time when one galloping Baggara would have chased a thousand Egyptians, but that time is very long past.

The fellaheen stood like a wall, and aimed steadily at the word; the chargers swerved towards Macdonald. The blacks, cool as any Scotsmen, stood and aimed likewise; the last Baggara fell at the muzzles of the rifles. Our fire went on, steady, remorseless. The Remington bullets piped more and more rarely overhead, and the black heads thinned out in front. A second time the attack guttered and flickered out. It was just past two. Once more to Omdurman.

"Two minutes' silence. Then once more the howling storm rushed down upon us; once more crashed forth the answering tempest. This time it burst upon Macdonald alone—from the northwestward upon his right flank, spreading and gathering to his right rear. For all their sudden swiftness of movement the Dervishes throughout this day never lost their formation; their lines drove on as rigidly as ours, regiment alongside regiment in lines of six and eight and a dozen ranks, till you might have fancied the Macedonian phalanx was alive again. Left and front and right and rear the masses ate up the desert—12,000 unbroken fast and fearless warriors leaping round 3,000.

"Now began the fiercest fight of that fierce day. The Khalifa brought up his own black banner again; his staunchest die-hards drove it into the earth and locked their ranks about it. The green flag danced encouragement to the Allah-intoxicated battalions of Wad Helu and the Sheik-ed-Din. It was victory or Paradise now.

"For us it was victory or shredded flesh and bones unburied, crackling under the red slippers of Baggara victors. It was the very crux and crisis of the fight. If Macdonald went, Lewis on his left and Collinson and the supporting camel-corps and the

newly returned cavalry, all on his right or rear, must all go too. The Second British and Second Egyptian Brigades were far off by now, advancing by the left of Surgham Hill; if they had to be recalled the Khalifa could walk back into his stronghold, and then all our fighting have to begin anew. But Hunter Pasha was there and Macdonald Bey was there, born fighting men both, whom no danger can flurry and no sudden shift in the kaleidoscope of battle disconcert. Hunter sent for Wauchope's first British Brigade to fill the gap between Macdonald and Lewis. The order went to General Gatacre first instead of to the Sirdar: with the soldier's instinct he set the brigade moving on the instant. The khaki columns faced round and edged rightward, rightward till the fighting line was backed with 3,000 Lee-Metfords, which no man on earth could face and live. Later the Lincolns were moved farther still on to Macdonald's right. They dispute with the Warwicks the title of the best shooting regiment in the British army; the men they shot at will dispute no claim of the Lincolns for ever.

"But the cockpit of the fight was Macdonald's. The British might well avenge his brigade; it was his to keep it and kill the attack. To meet it he turned his front through a complete half-circle, facing successively south, west, and north. Every tactician in the army was delirious in his praise: the ignorant correspondent was content to watch the man and his blacks. 'Cool as on parade' is an old phrase; Macdonald Bey was very much cooler. Beneath the strong, square-hewn face you could tell that the brain was working as if packed in ice. He sat solid on his horse, and bent his black brows toward the green flag and the Remingtons. Then

he turned to a galloper with an order, and cantered easily up to a battalion-commander. Magically the rifles hushed, the stinging powder smoke wisped away, and the companies were rapidly threading back and forward, round and round, in and out, as if it were a figure of a dance. In two minutes the brigade was together again in a new place. The field in front was hastening toward us in a whity-brown cloud of dervishes. An order. Macdonald's jaws gripped and hardened as the flame spurted out again, and the whity-brown cloud quivered and stood still. He saw everything; knew what to do; knew how to do it; did it. At the fire he was ever brooding watchfully behind his firing-line; at the cease fire he was instantly in front of it: all saw him, and knew that they were being nursed to triumph.

"His blacks of the 9th, 10th, and 11th, the historic fighting regiments of the Egyptian army, were worthy of their chief. The 2nd Egyptian, brigaded with them and fighting in the line, were worthy of their comrades, and of their own reputation as the best disciplined battalion in the world. A few had feared that the blacks would be too forward, the yellows too backward; except that the blacks, as always, looked happier, there was no difference at all between them. The Egyptians sprang to the advance at the bugle; the Sudanese ceased fire in an instant silence at the whistle. They were losing men, too, for though eyes were clamped on the dervish charges, the dervish fire was brisk. Man after man dropped out behind the firing-line. Here was a white officer with a red-lathered charger; there a black stretched straight, bare-headed in the sun, dry-lipped, uncomplaining, a bullet through his

liver; two yards away a dead driver by a dead battery mule, his whip still glued to his hand. The table of loss topped 100—150—nearer 200. Still they stood, fired, advanced, fired, changed front, fired—firing, firing always, deaf in the din, blind in the smarting smoke, hot, dry, bleeding, bloodthirsty, enduring the devilish fight to the end.

"And the Dervishes? The honor of the fight must still go with the men who died. Our men were perfect, but the Dervishes were superb—beyond perfection. It was their largest, best, and bravest army that ever fought against us for Mahdism, and it died worthily of the huge empire that Mahdism won and kept so long. Their riflemen, mangled by every kind of death and torment that man can devise, clung round the black flag and the green, emptying their poor, rotten, home-made cartridges dauntlessly. Their spearmen charged death at every minute hopelessly. Their horsemen led each attack, riding into the bullets till nothing was left but three horses trotting up to our line, heads down, saying, 'For goodness' sake, let us in out of this.' Not one rush, or two, or ten—but rush on rush, company on company, never stopping, though all their view that was not unshaken enemy was the bodies of the men who had rushed before them. A dusky line got up and stormed forward: it bent, broke up, fell apart, and disappeared. Before the smoke had cleared, another line was bending and storming forward in the same track.

"It was over. The avenging squadrons of the Egyptian cavalry swept over the field. The Khalifa and the Sheik-ed-Din had galloped back to Omdurman. Ali Wad Helu was borne away on an angareb with a bullet through his thigh-bone. Gakub lay

dead under his brother's banner. From the green army there now came only death-enamored desperadoes, strolling one by one toward the rifles, turning aside to recognize a corpse, then, caught by a sudden jet of fury, bounding forward, checking, sinking limply to the ground. Now under the black flag in a ring of bodies stood only three men, facing the three thousand of the Third Brigade. They folded their arms about the staff and gazed steadily forward. Two fell. The last dervish stood up and filled his chest; he shouted the name of his God and hurled his spear. Then he stood quite still, waiting. It took him full; he quivered, gave at the knees, and toppled with his head on his arms and his face toward the legions of his conquerors."

## CHAPTER IX

### THE MISSIONARY WHO SAVED A CITY

A MISSIONARY to savage or semi-civilized lands would not get very far without courage; and every religion has sent out men who considered their own safety as naught beside their work. John C. Lambert tells the story of a Scotch Presbyterian in China, A. Macdonald Westwater, whose deeds impressed the soldiers of several nations.

"The Boxer madness had swung up to Manchuria from the south, and had raged across the country with the swift destructiveness of a prairie fire. Hordes of Chinese soldiers joined the anti-foreign movement, and everywhere there was 'red ruin and the breaking up of laws.' Christian missions and native Christians suffered most, for they had to bear the full brunt of the savage hatred stirred up against the 'foreign devils.' But the rioters did not stop short with massacring Christians and destroying native property. Boxerism soon turned to indiscriminate brigandage. And by and by the great city of Mukden, the capital of the three provinces of Manchuria, was looted, while for a distance of 500 miles the marauders marched along the railway lines, tearing up the rails, destroying stations, plundering and burning houses and villas on either hand.

"But the avengers were soon on the trail. Russian troops were poured into Manchuria, and a terrible work of reprisal was begun. Advancing

simultaneously from south and north, the Russians simply wiped out any village in which they found any railway material, and left the country behind them black and smoking on either side of what had once been the railway line.

"The terror of their name traveled before them. As they drew near to Hai-cheng the people fled *en masse,* though the better-off among them, in the hope of securing some consideration for their property, took the precaution of leaving caretakers behind in their houses and shops. But the troops of the Czar treated Hai-cheng as they had already treated many a meaner place. Of the numerous caretakers left in the city only six escaped from the pitiless massacre that followed the military occupation. Hai-cheng itself was looted and left absolutely bare. And then the Russians moved onwards, still destroying as they went, and making their way now towards the important city of Liao-yang.

"In Liao-yang, previous to the Boxer outbreak, a splendid work had been carried on for years by Dr. Westwater, an agent of the United Presbyterian, now the United Free Church, of Scotland. His 'Free Healing Hall,' as the name of his mission hospital ran in Chinese, had become a place of note in the city. In this hall, as one of the citizens, not himself a Christian, expressed it, 'the blind saw, the lame walked, the deaf heard; and all were counseled to virtue.'

"Compelled by the Boxer fury to lay down his work in Liao-yang for a time, the doctor sought and obtained permission to accompany the Russian punitive field force as a member of the Russian Red Cross Society with General Alexandrovski at its head. He was present in every battle fought during

the campaign, and immensely impressed the Russian officers by his surgical skill, which quite surpassed that of any doctor of their own. In this way he gained the good opinion and respect of the general in command, and was able to do something towards checking the frightful excesses of which, at first, the army was guilty.

"When the advancing troops reached Liao-yang, a small engagement was fought in which the Chinese were defeated. Following up their victory, the Russians were just about to enter the suburbs, when they were fired upon from the city walls and so brought to a halt. Meanwhile from the Korean Gate the inhabitants were pouring out in crowds, endeavoring to make good their escape before the Russians should take the city. Numbers of people were trampled to death in the panic-stricken rush, many were pushed into the river and drowned. To crown the horror of the scene, the Russian gunners got on to this black mass of struggling fugitives, and began to throw shells into the thick of it.

"It now seemed certain that Liao-yang would share the fate that had already befallen Hai-cheng —the fate of being deserted by a terrified population and given up to massacre and loot at the hands of native brigands as well as of Russian troops. Only one man stood between it and destruction, but that man had the soul of a hero, and proved himself equal to the occasion.

"Before the general had ordered an assault upon the city, Dr. Westwater had obtained an interview with him. His words were brief but to the point.

" 'I undertake,' he said, 'to enter Liao-yang by myself, and to persuade the people to surrender peacefully, but upon one condition.'

"'What is that?' asked the general.

"'That I have your solemn word of honor that no harm shall be done to the person of man or woman within the walls, and that there shall be absolutely no looting.'

"To a Russian commander this was a new way of dealing with an obstinate Chinese town. But Dr. Westwater's personality by this time had made a strong impression on him, and he at once gave his word of honor to observe the stipulated terms. The doctor then mounted his pony, and rode on all alone toward the walls of this lately Boxerized city—which, you will remember, he had been compelled to leave even when it was comparatively orderly and when there was no besieging army to rouse the fierce hate of any but the fanatics against foreigners.

"Obtaining entrance by one of the gates, and riding on through the streets, he could see no sign of any living creature. It looked at first as if the whole population had vanished, though most of them, he afterwards found, had simply shut themselves up within their houses. At last a Christian schoolboy approached, who had recognized him and come out to meet him. From this boy Dr. Westwater learned that at that very time the members of the Guild — the City Fathers of Liao-yang, as they might be called—were gathered together to take counsel regarding the city's fate.

"Riding on, he came to their hall of meeting, and introduced himself, as one whom most of them knew as a Christian doctor, but who was now come as an ambassador of peace from the head of the Russian army. And when he went on to inform them that the general had passed his deliberate word of honor to himself to do no harm to the place if it was quietly

surrendered, a thrill of astonishment and relief ran through the meeting. The word was quickly carried through the streets, and the confidence of the city was restored as if by magic. The people no longer thought of abandoning Liao-yang to its fate, but prepared with perfect calmness to receive their conquerors.

"The Russian general, on the other hand, was absolutely loyal to his word. To secure that his promises should be observed to the letter he appointed, not sergeants merely, but commissioned officers to go about the streets with the patrols. And this was the altogether unexampled result. During the whole of the Russian occupation of Liao-yang there was not a single instance of crime committed by the soldiery against the person or property of any inhabitant of the city.

"This gallant deed of the Scotch missionary doctor has been described by Mr. Whigham, the well-known Eastern traveler and war correspondent, as 'a fine thing done by a white man all alone,' and as the bravest deed of which he knows. And it was this that gained for Dr. Westwater from the people of Manchuria his enviable name of 'The savior of Liao-yang.'"

When he went home to Scotland on a furlough a year later the whole city turned out to honor him with a triumphal procession: with banners and bands the dignitaries escorted him to the railway station and bade him farewell.

When the great struggle between Russia and Japan convulsed the East, Dr. Westwater remained in Liao-yang with his family and witnessed that memorable week of battle from its walls. Presently his hands were full. A military correspondent de-

scribes him in these tense days: "Brave as a lion, Dr. Westwater went about alone, regardless of shell-fire and bullets, succoring the wounded and doing good"—sheltering the homeless, feeding the starving, performing scores of critical operations, yet always ready to help any fresh case which came to him.

"I saw the doctor just after he had completed seven amputations, and a score or more of cases remained to be dealt with. . . . He had no assistant —his only helpers a few Chinese who served as nurses."

No wonder that his name became a password of safety even with the wild bandits—who released at least one traveler and gave him back his money upon hearing that he was associated with Dr. Westwater of Liao-yang.

## CHAPTER X

### THE WOMAN WHO TRIED FOR LHASA

Remote, high and inaccessible; guarded by the "Abodes of Snow," where tower the loftiest mountains of the globe, as well as by a rigorously enforced policy of isolation, the city of Lhasa has ever been a lodestone to adventurous spirits.

Italian monks reached it at the beginning of the 17th century; a Roman Catholic legate got there in 1732—but was promptly sent back; Manning made his way in from India in 1811, and two French Abbés, Huc and Gabet, had a brief glimpse of it in 1845. The veil was lifted again for a moment when Younghusband's expedition crossed the Karola Pass and were received at the capital in 1904.

But the marvels described by these adventurers —the amazing mountains, the state of the Dalai Lama (the "Priest Ocean," Buddha reincarnate), the incredible cliffside monasteries, some having 7,000 monks in a single group, the strange customs —all these romantic tales have been so fragmentary as merely to whet the world's appetite for more facts about this unique land, which shares perhaps with Abyssinia the distinction of containing the most picturesque race in all the world.

Especially has the missionary zeal of every denomination been aroused by the thought of these five million mountaineers, priest-ridden to such an

extent that in some parts one man in seven is a monk, deluded by pretended miracles, supporting in ignorance and poverty a horde of hungry monasteries.

To be sure, there must be another side: witness that altogether lovable figure of "Kim's" lama searching for his arrow, who would surely not suffer by comparison with the priests of any religion. But enough remains to make the strongest appeal both to religious fervor and secular curiosity.

Yet it is an odd fact that no Protestant missionary has ever set foot in Lhasa; and the one who came nearest to it was a woman, quite alone, except for a couple of Chinese attendants.

In 1884, Miss Annie R. Taylor was the representative of the China Island Mission in Tau-chau, far up in the northwest of China and close to the border of Tibet. She did her work with quiet effectiveness, giving no outward sign of the larger ideas growing in her mind, which would have seemed absurd had they not sprung from such childlike confidence.

These crystallized three years later when she paid a visit to the celebrated Lama monastery of Kumbum, where Father Huc nearly half a century before had spent some months learning the Tibetan language. She gazed out to the westward into that mountain chaos, behind which lay Lhasa. It was, by all the dictates of common sense, impossible to reach that centre of this benighted land; trebly impossible for a woman, alone and without influence. But there is something in that boyish definition of "faith" as "believing things you know ain't so": she experienced that impelling sense of being called upon to meet an emergency, which has ever urged human beings to achieve the impossible. From that

day she resolved to devote herself to the attempt to penetrate to the "Forbidden City."

"Her first idea was to make India her point of departure, for Lhasa lies much nearer to India than to China, though the comparative shortness of this route is balanced by the fact that it leads right over the Himalayas. She went accordingly to Darjeeling, pressed on into Sikkim, which had not yet passed under British rule, and settled down near a Tibetan fort called Kambajong, with the view of mastering the language thoroughly before proceeding any farther. From the first the Tibetan suspicion of all strangers showed itself. The people would often ask her, in an unpleasantly suggestive manner, what they should do with her body if she died. Her answer was, that she had no intention of dying just then. The intentions of the natives, however, did not coincide with her own, and they next resorted to a custom they have of 'praying people dead.' Their faith in the power of prayer did not hinder them from giving Heaven some assistance in getting their prayers answered. One day the chief's wife invited Miss Taylor to dinner, and set before her an appetizing dish of rice and eggs. She had not long partaken of it when she fell seriously ill, with all the symptoms of aconite poisoning. On her recovery she wisely left this district, and settled down to live the life of the natives themselves in a little hut near the Tibetan monastery of Podang Gumpa.

"After a year spent in this way, for ten months of which she never saw the face of a white person, she realized the impracticability of making her way to Lhasa by the Himalayan route, which is far more jealously guarded than the one from the frontiers of China. She decided, therefore, to return to China,

and to make it her starting-point. Her time in Sikkim had not been wasted. In the first place, she had not only learned Tibetan thoroughly, but had acquired it in its purest form as spoken at Lhasa. In the next place, she had gained a friend and attendant who was to prove of invaluable service to her in her future wanderings. A young Tibetan named Pontso, a native of Lhasa, had met with a serious accident while traveling on the frontiers of India. Some one directed him to the white lady for treatment. He had never seen a foreigner before, but the kindness and care with which Miss Taylor nursed him in his sufferings completely won his heart. He became a believer in the religion which prompted such goodness to a stranger, devoted himself thenceforth to the service of his benefactress, and justified the trust she placed in him by his unfailing courage and fidelity.

"Taking Pontso with her, Miss Taylor now sailed to Shanghai, made her way up the Yang-tse for 2,000 miles, and then on to Tau-chau on the Tibetan frontier. By way of preparing herself still further for her projected march into the interior, she visited a number of lamaseries in that region, made friends with the lamas, and learned everything she could about the Tibetan religion and ways of life and thought.

"About a year after her return to Tau-chau the opportunity came for which she had been waiting. Among her acquaintances in the town was a Chinese Mohammedan named Noga, whose wife, Erminie, was a Lhasa woman. Noga was a trader, who had several times been to Lhasa, and on his last journey had brought away this Lhasa wife. According to a Tibetan custom, he had married her

only for a fixed term, and as the three years named in the bond were now fully up, Erminie was anxious to return to her native city, and Noga quite willing to convey her back. The only question was one of ways and means, and when they found that Miss Taylor wished to go to Lhasa, Noga made a proposal. He would himself guide her all the way to the capital, provided she supplied the horses and met all necessary expenses. Miss Taylor at once agreed to his terms, which, if the Chinaman had been honest, would have been advantageous to both parties. But Noga was a deep-dyed scoundrel, as Miss Taylor soon discovered to her cost.

"It was on the 2nd of September, 1892, that this brave Englishwoman set out on her heroic enterprise. She was accompanied by five Asiatics—Noga and his wife, her faithful attendant Pontso, a young Chinese whom she had engaged as an additional servant, and a Tibetan frontiersman, Nobgey by name, who asked permission to join the little company, as he also was bound for Lhasa. There were sixteen horses in the cavalcade, two mounts being provided for most of the travelers, while there were several pack-horses loaded with tents, bedding, cloth for barter, presents for chiefs and provisions for two months.

"They had not proceeded far into the wild country which begins immediately after the Chinese frontier is left behind, when their troubles commenced. They came suddenly upon a group of eight brigands who were haunting the mountain track for the express purpose of relieving passengers of their valuables. Fortunately the brigands had not noticed their approach, and were seated round a fire enjoying the favorite Tibetan meal of tea—a meal in

more senses than one, for Tibetans thicken the beverage with a handful of barley-meal, so that it becomes a kind of gruel. Moreover, the robbers were armed with old-fashioned matchlocks, the tinder-boxes of which it took some time to light, and as Miss Taylor's party, though weaker in numbers, were better armed, they succeeded in beating off their assailants.

"Three days later they overtook a caravan of friendly Mongols traveling in the same direction as themselves, and in view of their recent experience, thought it wise to amalgamate their forces. Their satisfaction at being thus reinforced was not long-lived. Almost immediately after, a band of brigands, 200 strong, swept down upon the caravan, entirely surrounded it, and began firing from all sides. Two men were killed and seven wounded; resistance was hopeless, and the whole company had to surrender. The Mongols and Nobgey were robbed of everything and had to turn back, but as the brigand code of honor forbids war upon women, Miss Taylor and her four attendants were allowed to pass on their way, not, however, without being deprived of two of the horses and a good part of the luggage.

"The next stage of the journey lay through the land of a strange people known as the Goloks. This is a fierce and warlike race, bearing some resemblance both in habits and dress to the Scotch Highlanders of other days. They draw up their sheepskin garments by a girdle so as to form a kind of kilt, and leave their knees bare, while covering the lower part of their limbs with cloth leggings fastened with garters of bright-colored wool. Like the Highlanders of long ago, they have a great contempt for law and authority, and acknowledge neither

Tibetan nor Chinese rule. The chief delight of their lives is to engage in forays upon people of more peaceful tastes and habits than themselves. Issuing in large bodies from their mountain glens under some fighting chieftain, they sweep down upon the people of some neighboring tribe, and carry off as booty their cattle, horses, sheep, tents, and other belongings. Among the Goloks Miss Taylor would have fared even worse than she had already done at the hands of the brigands but for the fact that the part of the tribe with which she first came in contact was ruled by a chieftainess, a woman named Wachu Bumo. On discovering that this white traveler was also a woman, Wachu Bumo took quite a fancy to her, and not only saw to it that she was treated courteously so long as she remained in the Golok valleys, but insisted on furnishing her with an escort of two Golok horsemen to see her safely on her way for some distance after she had left the country of these marauders.

"It is characteristic of Miss Taylor that in her little book, *Pioneering in Thibet,* she says hardly anything about her own hardships and sufferings in that long march through one of the wildest regions of the world. For a great part of the way, it must be remembered, the route ran among mountains covered with perpetual snow. Rivers had to be crossed which knew neither bridge nor ferry nor ford. Winter, too, was coming on, and they had often to advance in the teeth of blinding storms of sleet and snows. In England Miss Taylor had been considered delicate, but a brave spirit and a strong will carried her through experiences which might well have broken down the strongest physique. Shortly after they had left the land of the Goloks the cold

and exposure proved too much for her Chinese servant, a tall, powerful young man. Miss Taylor does not dwell upon the circumstances of his death, but a glimpse like the following is suggestive by its very reticence: 'We buried him at noon. A bright sun lightened up the snow-clad hills when the men dug up a few hard sods in some swampy ground close by, laid down the body in its shroud of white cotton cloth, and covered it as best they could with the frost-bound earth. At night the wolves were howling round the grave. This was in the Peigo country.'

"In a little mountain town called Gala, Miss Taylor made the interesting acquaintance of a couple, Pa-tegn and Per-ma, whose marriage had a flavor of romance unusual in Tibet. From infancy Pa-tegn had been dedicated to the priesthood, and had been brought up accordingly in a lamasery. But when about twenty years of age he suddenly fell in love with Per-ma. The course of his true love could not possibly run smooth, for celibacy is as binding on a Buddhist lama as on a Romish priest. But 'one fine day,' as Miss Taylor puts it, 'this Tibetan Abelard disappeared, and in company with Per-ma made his way to Lhasa.' Here he discarded his priest's robe and became a tailor. After a child had been borne to them they decided to return to Gala, and by means of a judicious present succeeded in soothing the outraged feelings of the local chief. In the house of this couple Miss Taylor stayed for some time to rest from her fatigues, and when she was setting out again persuaded Pa-tegn, who was an experienced traveler and knew Lhasa well, to come with her in place of the Chinese attendant she had recently lost. It was fortunate for her that she

secured his services. He proved a capable and devoted follower, and it would have gone ill with her, as she soon found out, but for his presence and help.

"They were now in the very heart of the mountains, and Noga, the Chinese guide, feeling that Miss Taylor was thoroughly in his power, began to appear in his true character. Both he and his wife had behaved very badly from the first, but it now became evident that his real purpose all along had been to rob and murder his employer before reaching Lhasa. More than once he made deliberate attempts on her life, but on each occasion the vigilance of Pontso and Pa-tegn defeated his villainy; and at last he contented himself with deserting her altogether, carrying off at the same time, along with his wife, a horse, a mule, and the larger of the two tents.

"The little party of three—Miss Taylor and two Tibetans—was now reduced to such straits for lack of food that the only remaining tent had to be bartered for the necessaries of life; and though it was now the middle of December in that awful climate, they had henceforth to sleep in the open air. When night fell they looked about for holes in the ground, so that they might have a little shelter from the high and piercing winds which in those elevated regions are constantly blowing. A march of several days brought them to the Dam-jau-er-la Pass, one of the loftiest and most dreaded passes in Tibet. Here the cold is so paralyzing that it is not uncommon for some travelers in a caravan to be completely overpowered by it, so that they drop down helpless by the wayside. There they are simply left to perish, since any halt on their account might mean death to others of the party.

"At length the waters of the Bo-Chu were crossed, the boundary of the sacred province of Ü, in which Lhasa stands, and the goal of their journey seemed almost in sight. But alas for their hopes! In the middle of a deep gorge through which the path ran, two fully armed Tibetan soldiers sprang out from behind the rocks, ordered them to halt, and took them prisoners. This was on January 3, 1893. Miss Taylor soon learned to what this arrest was due. Noga, after deserting her, had hurried on in front for the purpose of lodging information that he had met two Tibetans conducting a European lady toward Lhasa. Guards were accordingly placed at all the approaches, and Miss Taylor had walked into a prepared trap. For several days she was kept a prisoner, surrounded by about twenty soldiers, and having no better shelter by day or night than a narrow coffin-shaped hole in the ground. At last she and her two attendants were brought before some chiefs who had been summoned from Lhasa, and a trial was entered into which lasted for days, communication with the capital being kept up all the while by special messengers. Word came from Lhasa that the white lady was to be treated courteously, and this injunction was carefully attended to. But the issue of the trial was never in doubt. When only three days' march from the Sacred City, nearer than any of the later European travelers had succeeded in getting, Miss Taylor had to turn back and retrace every step of the weary way from the frontiers of China.

"The return was even more trying than the advance, not only because hope was now turned to disappointment, but because winter in all its rigor now lay upon the land. The Tibetan authorities, though

firm, were not unkind, and supplied Miss Taylor with provisions, some money, and two horses. But the Tibetan climate made up for any gentleness on the part of the Lhasa chiefs. The cold was almost unspeakable, and the food they tried to cook over their dung fires had often to be eaten half raw and little more than half warm, since at the great elevations of the mountain passes water boiled with very little heat. For twenty days at a stretch they had to sleep on the ground in the open air, the snow falling around them all the while; for tent they had none and there was no sign of any human habitation. Their greatest difficulty, however, was to keep their horses from starving in that frozen land. In Tibet the emergency ration for horses in winter is raw goat's flesh, which they eat greedily; but Miss Taylor could not afford to buy goats. All that could be spared to the poor steeds was a little tea with cheese and butter stirred into it, with the result that the animals ate the woolen clothing of their riders whenever they got a chance."

After a frightful journey lasting more than seven months, Miss Taylor reached China safely. She had put six years of effort into her attempt to reach the Forbidden City, with such pluck as few women have ever displayed. And she had failed.

But instead of repining, she at once took advantage of a new trading treaty between England and Tibet. Associating with her two women friends, she went up into the Chumbi Valley of the Himalayas, and established at Yatung a station where her trading gives her a regular status under this treaty and enables her to heal and teach among the Tibetans to whom she determined so long ago to devote herself.

# PART III

## VALOR AND MAGNANIMITY

*Among the Cheyenne Indians (and probably the Arapahoes) there was a custom which had been binding from times immemorial.** *If a brave were not prepared to accept this obligation, he declined his election to the position of chief. If he failed to live up to it, he might still be the nominal leader, but his influence and prestige were gone: he was a true chief no longer.*

*This unwritten code prescribed that a chief must care for the widows and orphans, that he must act as peacemaker in his own tribe,* AND THAT HIS DIGNITY FORBADE HIM TO TAKE PERSONAL VENGEANCE FOR ANY INJURY COMMITTED AGAINST HIMSELF. *He might be abused, or even struck, but until this had happened four times he could not even show resentment. If a brave stole his wife, it was disgraceful to receive the usual payment. He was a chief.*

*I have found no other case of what might be called enforced magnanimity—the formal obligation, because of official rank, to be great-minded—though an undefined* NOBLESSE OBLIGE *was a very real impulse among the aristocracy of Europe.*

*And magnanimity, of course, has marked the fine spirits of the world in all ages, and in the most unlikely surroundings.*

*Autocrat as he was, and descendant of bloody Tamerlane and Genghis Khan the "Scourge of Asia,"—Akbar, the Mogul conqueror of India, had it: he used his boundless power to win for himself*

* George Bird Grinnell's original studies of the Cheyennes.

*the title of "Guardian of Mankind"; he abolished slavery as a result of war; he galloped on his swiftest charger to forbid personally the sacrifice of a luckless widow by the fiery Suttee; he erected a splendid memorial to his vanquished enemy.*

*This great-mindedness is the expression of a large nature which contains strong, lofty places not accessible to pettiness, jealousy or egotism. Such a man is apt to be valiant because he is impelled by some high conviction that grips him. Whatever he is thinking about, it is not chiefly his own safety, glory or profit. There is no room in the mind of a Bayard or a Mishitch for personal tremors.*

*And since it is surely the source of a man's driving impulses which give form and character to his courage, as they do to every other expression of himself—there is a particularly impressive quality about the acts of those who live on this plane of loftiness.*

*Robert E. Lee had this Olympian elevation of feeling. A brilliant and audacious general, skilfully contending for years against overwhelming odds, his desperate case never produced in him that secret panic which lies at the root of most cruelty and reprisal. He could issue to his ragged army that memorable General Order when, in June, 1863, they crossed into enemy territory:*

*"The Commanding General considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenseless that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them,*

*but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army, and obstructive to the ends of our present movements. It must be remembered that we make war only on armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrong our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy, and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth and without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain."*

*In these tales of the Cid, Bayard, Napier—and in dozens not printed here—the special deed narrated may be less significant in itself than for what it implies. It surely must make a reader feel: "That is a man to have known, to have reverenced, to have followed."*

## CHAPTER XI

### THE NOBLE CHAMPION OF SPAIN

About a hundred and fifty years before stout Bishop Absalon to the north was herding his heathen flock with sword and crozier,* and just about the time when Northmen who had sailed to far-off Greenland were following their home folk in forsaking Odin for the White Christ,—the Christian land of Spain lay under the paynim's heel.

Many generations grew up to own the Moor their master, after a chance raid by Tarík, from Africa across to Tarík's Rock (*Djebel Tarík*—Gibraltar) had grown, through the overthrow of Roderick, "Last of the Visigoths," into the conquest of a whole nation. But always there had been a sturdy, unsubdued remnant of mountaineers up in the Pyrenees, the men of Asturia, Cantabria, Navarre and Aragon; and while these fought each other almost as fiercely as they did the Mohammedan invaders, when the Mussulman central power broke up in wars of rival caliphs, the chance came for a warrior-king of the ancient blood.

In 1037 Ferdinand became King of Castile and of Leon, thus laying a foundation in the building of Spain. To his east was fair Navarre and four other little states. Southward, more than half of the Peninsula was split into independent Emirates—Saragossa, Toledo, Valencia, Cordova, Grenada, Bada-

*See "Three Musketeers of the North," Part II, page 67.

joz, Seville—where Moorish chieftains still held sway. It was a time when the Spanish knight did not need to look toward the east to find incitement to a crusade. The enemy of centuries was in his own habitation. The Moorish governments which hemmed him in on the south made stout men-at-arms as surely as an abundance of game makes good hunters.

"In those days arose Rodrigo of Bivar, who was a youth strong in arms and of good customs; and the people rejoiced in him, for he bestirred himself to protect the land from the Moors."

Descended on one side from one of the two judges chosen by the people to rule them when the counts of Castile were deposed, and on the other from the ancient line of the counts of the Asturias, he had the true Spaniard's pride in his lineage. He soon showed that as a young man he had also the old Spanish idea of family honor.

There was strife between Diego, Rodrigo's father, and the Lord of Gormaz; and the latter insulted his neighbor and gave him a blow.

"Now Diego was a man in years and his strength had passed from him, so that he could not take vengeance, and he retired to his home to dwell there in solitude and lament over his dishonor. And he took no pleasure in his food, neither could he sleep by night, nor would he lift up his eyes from the ground, nor stir out of the house, nor commune with his friends, but turned from them in silence as if the breath of his shame would taint them.

"Rodrigo was yet but a youth, and the Count was a mighty man in arms, one who gave his voice first in the Cortes, and was held to be the best in war, and so powerful that he had a thousand friends

among the mountains. Howbeit all these things appeared as nothing to Rodrigo when he thought of the wrong done to his father, the first which had ever been offered to the blood of Layn Calvo. He asked nothing but justice of Heaven, and of man he asked only a fair field; and his father seeing of how good heart he was, gave him his sword and his blessing. This sword had been the sword of Mudarra in former times, and when Rodrigo held its cross in his hand, he thought within himself that his arm was not weaker than Mudarra's.

"And he went out and defied the Count, and slew him, and smote off his head and carried it home to his father. The old man was sitting at table, the food lying before him untasted, when Rodrigo returned, and pointing to the head which hung from the horse's collar, dropping blood, he bade him look up, for there was the herb which should restore to him his appetite. The tongue, quoth he, which insulted you is no longer a tongue, and the hand which wronged you is no longer a hand. And the old man arose and embraced his son and placed him above him at the table, saying, that he who had brought home that head should be the head of the house of Layn Calvo.

"After this, Diego being full of years fell asleep and was gathered to his fathers. And the Moors entered Castile, in great power, for there came with them five Kings, and they passed above Burgos, and crossed the mountains of Oca, and plundered Carrion, and Vilforado, and Saint Domingo de la Calzada, and Logroño, and Najara, and all that land; and they carried away many captives, both male and female, and brood mares and flocks of all kinds.

"But as they were returning with all speed, Rod-

rigo of Bivar raised the country, and came up with them in the mountains of Oca, and fell upon them and discomfited them, and won back all their booty, and took all the five Kings prisoners.

"Then he went back to his mother, taking the Kings with him, and there he divided the whole spoil with the hidalgos and his other companions, both the Moorish captives and all the spoil of whatever kind, so that they departed right joyfully, being well pleased with what he had done. And he gave thanks to God for the grace which had been vouchsafed to him, and said to his mother, that he did not think it good to keep the Kings in captivity, but to let them go freely; and he set them at liberty and bade them depart. So they returned each to his own country, blessing him for their deliverance, and magnifying his great bounty; and forthwith they sent him tribute and acknowledged themselves to be his vassals."

Later there came messengers from these five Kings. And they came before Don Rodrigo, he being with King Ferdinand, and called him Cid (Seyd), signifying Lord, and would have kissed his hand in token of fealty; but he bade them first kiss the hand of his sovereign, and he rendered to King Ferdinand a fifth of the tribute they brought.

The monarch would not accept it, but commanded that from that time Ruydiez should be called the Cid. And as his fame grew the people dubbed him *el Campeador* (because his duty was to select the encampment for the host); wherefore Cid Campeador is his name to this day.

Now there came to King Ferdinand, Ximena, the beautiful youngest daughter of that Lord of Gormez whom the Cid had slain in his father's quarrel.

She prayed the sovereign to grant her Don Rodrigo as husband, that the blood feud might thus be blotted out, avowing her love, honor and faith for this young champion.

The Cid received the suggestion gladly. With two hundred of his peers in arms, he came to Valencia in festival guise; the Bishop united him and Doña Ximena in the solemn old cathedral; and the King did them great honor, and showered upon him noble gifts, adding to his lands more than he had before possessed. Moreover, "he loved him greatly in his heart, because he saw that he was obedient to his commands, and for all that he heard him say,"—as well as for his deeds against the invaders.

Rodrigo brought his young bride home. His very love for her drove him to an act of knight-errantry. Delivering her into the care of his mother, he vowed a vow that he would never again see her till he had won five battles in the field. And with that he departed for the Moorish frontier.

First he overcame in the lists the champion of the King of Aragon, with whom his own monarch was contending for the city of Calahorra. Though Don Martin Gonzalez was esteemed the best knight in all Spain, and boasted that his opponent would never again see his fair lady Ximena, Rodrigo first wounded him shrewdly as they ran with lances, and then despite his own sore hurts, hewed him from his horse, maintaining Ferdinand's right to Calahorra.

Envy bred enemies as his renown increased. The Counts of Castile secretly plotted with the Moors to engage in battle on the day of the Holy Cross, and contrive that Rodrigo should be slain. But the Moorish kings who were his vassals betrayed the treason to him. King Ferdinand empowered him to

carry out sentence of banishment against these false noblemen, chief among whom was Count Don Garcia, and himself went on a pilgrimage to Santiago.

There came before the Cid, Doña Elvira, wife of this Garcia, and fell upon her knees.

Rodrigo took her by the hand and raised her up, declaring he would not hear her till she was arisen.

"I beseech you, cousin," said she, rising, "since you have banished me and my husband, that you would give us a letter to some king who is one of your vassals, enjoining him to befriend us, and give us something for your sake whereon we may live."

So the Cid gave her a letter to the King of Cordova, who received her and her husband well for the love of Rodrigo, and gave Don Garcia the city of Cabra that he and his people might dwell therein.

The people of Estremadura sent to Rodrigo praying that he would come to their aid against the Moors who were ravaging their land. Not only did he smite the invaders and recover booty, including a thousand horses, worth a hundred thousand maravedis—"dividing the whole among his people without covetousness"—but he carried sword and fire into the heart of the enemy's country, storming the strong city of Visen after an eighteen-day siege, in face of fierce resistance, and adding that town, Lamego and, after a mighty struggle lasting five months, the stronghold of Coimbra to the dominions of King Ferdinand.

In the great mosque of Coimbra, now consecrated to Saint Mary, the Cid received his reward for these valorous achievements.

With his own hands, the King girded upon him the sword of knighthood, and welcomed him to the Order by a kiss. To heighten the honor, the Queen

presented him with his charger; and the Infanta fastened on his golden spurs. Then, at the King's bidding, the new knight, now called Ruydiez, knighted nine noble squires. And finally before the high altar King Ferdinand took his naked sword and bestowed upon him the accolade.

The German Emperor complained to the Pope that the King of Spain did not acknowledge his sovereignty and pay him tribute as did all other kings; and Pope Victor II, being a German, rebuked King Ferdinand, admonishing him that if he did not submit, he would proclaim a crusade against Spain and turn loose France, Germany and all other Christian countries against her.

Overawed by this prospect, King Ferdinand's honorable counselors advised him there was no help for it but to submit, bitter as this alternative was. The Cid had not been present at this Council: having performed his vow, with battles to spare, he had hastened as a bridegroom to his home and his young wife. When he heard what had passed, he was grieved to the heart.

He came to King Ferdinand in the midst of his nobility:

"In an ill day, Sir, were you born in Spain," quoth he, "if it be in your time to be made tributary, which it never was before; for all the honor which God has given you, and whatever good he hath done to you, is lost if it should be so.

"And, Sir, whoever hath given you this counsel is not a true man, neither one who regardeth your honor nor your power. But send to defy them, since they will have it so, and let us carry the war home to them.

"You shall take with you five thousand knights,

all of whom are hidalgos, and the Moorish Kings who are your vassals will give you two thousand knights; and, Sir, you are such a one as God loves, and he will not that your honor should perish."

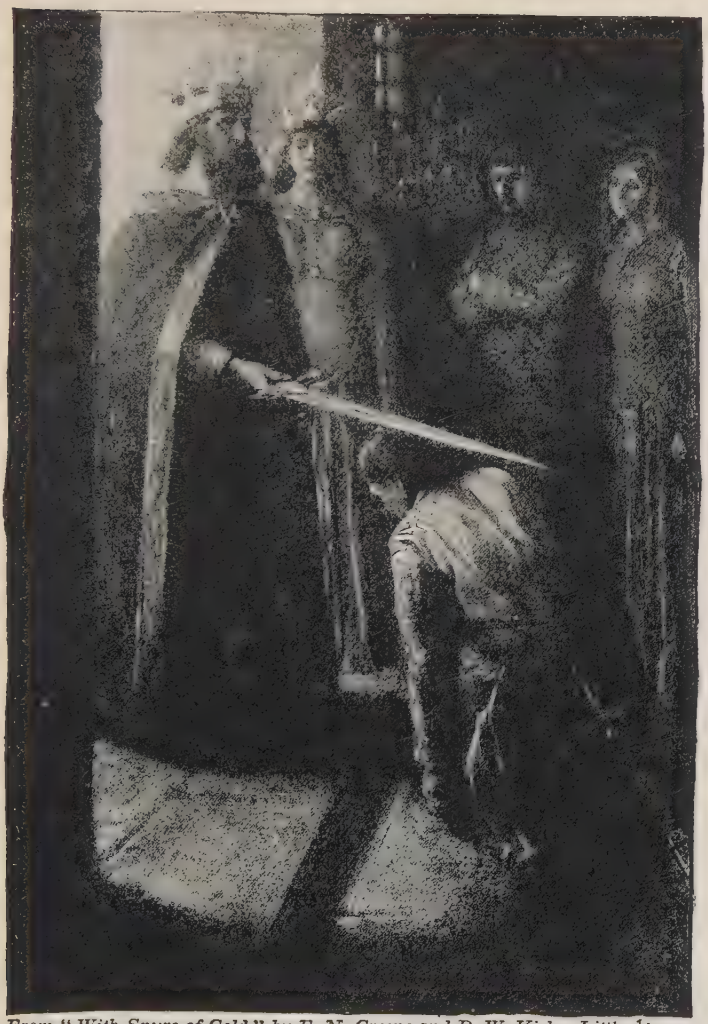
Whereat the Spanish monarch swore he was well counseled by him, "for the King was of a great heart."

So letters were despatched His Holiness praying him not to launch the thunders of the Church, but stating stoutly that Spain and her sons who had conquered the land had never been tributary, and rather would every man die than be so; others went to the Emperor and his vassal kings, defying them to commit this gross injustice: if it were attempted the Spanish knights would not await their coming but would go seek them where they were.

Whereupon they set forth, eight thousand and nine hundred knights with the Cid leading the advanced guard; and they harried the hostile land of Aspa so that all men trembled.

Then there came against them Count Raymond of Savoy, with twenty thousand knights of France. Advancing beyond Tolosa, he made ready to block the road against the Spanish King. But the Cid, going ahead to prepare the royal lodgings, attacked him with his advance fragment of the force, utterly defeated the great army and took Count Raymond prisoner. The Savoyan Lord besought his captor to release him, offering as ransom his daughter "the which was right fair." The Cid granted his prayer, and set him free, handing over the maiden to King Ferdinand.

Stirred by this defeat, the whole mighty power of France swept down upon them. Again without waiting for the main army, the Cid charged at the head



*From "With Spurs of Gold," by F. N. Greene and D. W. Kirk. Little, Brown and Company*

King Ferdinand took his naked sword and bestowed upon him the accolade

of his knights against these overwhelming numbers, driving them in headlong rout from the field.

The German Emperor had no taste for more of this sort of tribute. His Imperial Council, daunted by the tales of the irresistible Campeador, "the conqueror of battles," once more appealed to the Pope—this time to intercede for them, and to beg the Spaniards to turn back as they "did not require tribute" any longer.

By the Cid's counsel, Ferdinand replied that if the Pope would send a Cardinal empowered to covenant that this demand should never again be made upon Spain; and if ambassadors from the Emperor and his subject kings would come and ratify this solemn covenant, he would consent. Meanwhile, he would remain with his victorious army beyond Tolosa. His Holiness was much dismayed, but his good and honorable councilors advised him he must submit, "for none was so hardy as to fight against the good fortune of the Cid."

So there came Master Roberto, and representatives of all the Christian monarchs, and signed this treaty, which was presently confirmed by the Pope and the Emperor and the other Kings "and sealed with their seals."

Whereat the King of Spain returned with great honor to his own land. "And from that time he was called Don Ferdinand the Great, the Emperor's Peer." And the pillar of his greatness was the Cid Campeador.

There came a day when the great King waxed old. His building up of the kingdom, his wars upon misbelievers, his foundings of churches and monasteries, his honorings of saints and martyrs, were at an end. And he devised within himself how to so

dispose of his realm as to avoid contention among his sons when he was gone.

It seemed to him best to divide the kingdom—most of Castile and part of Navarre to his eldest son Sancho; Leon, Asturias, and Campos to Alfonso the next; and Galicia and Portugal to the youngest, Garcia. Even the two daughters received each a portion of the realm.

So, commending his soul to God, and the Cid his bulwark to the Infante Don Sancho, he died, and was buried with his fathers in the Church of St. Isidro.

But this which Ferdinand the Great had thought best "proved to be the worst, and great evil came thereof." For contention bred speedily betwixt the three rival young kings.

King Don Sancho of Castile had speedy need of the Cid. Under this irresistible leader his army soon defeated his namesake of Navarre, who had laid claim to a part of his dominions, subdued the Moorish Emir of Zaragoza, and completely conquered the King of Aragon, establishing that land as tributary and bound to appear at the Cortes.

"In all these wars did my Cid demean himself after his wonted manner; and because of the great feats which he performed the King loved him well, and made him his Alferez; so that in the whole army he was second only to the King."

But the young sovereign's proud heart was inflamed by these conquests, and he cast covetous eyes upon his brother's dominions, so recently united with his own under his father.

A pretext came soon. His youngest brother Garcia seized by force the greater part of the lands bequeathed to one of the sisters. That helpless lady

lamented aloud over this injustice and prophesied an evil end to the oath-breaker.

King Sancho assembled his Ricos-omes (grandees) and knights. From his throne he addressed them:

"The King my father divided the kingdom which should have been mine, and therein he did unjustly; now King Don Garcia my brother hath broken the oath and disherited Doña Urraca my sister. I beseech ye therefore counsel me what I shall do, and in what manner to proceed against him, for I will take his kingdom away from him."

The Cid and other honorable noblemen urged him not to forswear himself, but he vowed that nothing in the world should prevent him but death. Alfonso of Leon refused to join him, but permitted his forces to pass through those dominions. His first thrust was defeated by the Knights of Portugal; he gathered a great army, and taking the Cid with him, met Don Garcia's force before Santarem. Through the valor of Don Rodrigo Frojaz, "one of the worthy knights of the world," King Sancho's immediate host was defeated and he was captured, but a sally of a small body released him. Then in this crisis, while his excellent brother was chasing the flying Castilians, up came the Cid, who had been in the battle, with three hundred knights.

When the anxious monarch with his handful of followers saw that green pennon advancing, his heart rejoiced.

"Now let us descend into the plain," he cried, "for he of good fortune cometh.

"Be of good heart, for it is the will of God that I should recover my kingdom, for I have escaped from captivity, and seen the death of Don Rodrigo

Frojaz who took me, and Ruydiez the fortunate one cometh."

So they spurred down to meet the green banner, and the King welcomed him right joyfully:

"In happy times you are come, my fortunate Cid; never vassal succored his Lord in such season as you now succor me, for the King my brother had overcome me."

"Sir," replied the Campeador, "be sure that you shall recover the day, or I will die; for wheresoever you go, either you shall be victorious or I will meet my death."

Upon the victorious Don Garcia, returning from pursuit and singing full joyfully, the knights behind the green banner fell like a thunderbolt; the Portuguese knights were cut to pieces or routed; King Garcia was captured and imprisoned; and Sancho added to his realm Galicia and Portugal.

No scruples could stay him now. He called upon Alfonso to deliver up Leon to him. Upon his refusal he attacked him; and on the second attempt my Cid and his green pennon again snatched victory from defeat when Sancho had fled the field. Bidding the dismayed King take heart since "to fail or to prosper is as God pleases," he rallied the panic-stricken fugitives and early in the morning surprised the Leonese in their boastful security, destroying the army before it could fairly arm itself.

Alfonso was taken. But a rally of his men resulted in the capture also of King Sancho. Thirteen Leonese knights took him in ward, and galloped off to secure their prize which might balance all they had lost.

The Cid beheld his master's plight. Alone and

having no lance, since his had been broken in the mêlée, he set spurs to his charger and galloped after them. His impetuous pursuit presently brought him up to them.

"Knights," he called, "give me my Lord and I will give you yours."

"Ruydiez," they replied (all knew those arms), "return in peace, and seek not to hinder us, otherwise we will carry you away prisoner with him."

At that the Campeador waxed wroth:

"Give me but a lance and I will, single as I am, rescue my Lord from all of ye: by God's help I will do it."

In scorn of his single effort against them all, they gave him a lance. But so fierce was his onslaught, that presently he had laid eleven of the thirteen low, had subdued and granted mercy to the remaining two, and had changed Don Sancho from a captive to a conqueror, the ruler of all the kingdoms held by Ferdinand, though "his beard was but just coming."

Alfonso was permitted to become a monk. He seized his chance and fled to the Moors of Toledo. The ambitious young Sancho was still not satisfied: he sent the Cid to demand of his sister Urraca her town of Zamora, offering her various possessions in exchange, and threatening to take it by force if she refused. The ambassador returned with the reply that she would rather die with the men of Zamora than give up the town for price or exchange.

The King was exceeding wroth.

"You have given this counsel to my sister," he raged, "because you were bred up with her."

"Faithfully have I discharged your bidding, and as a true vassal," declared the Cid proudly. "How-

beit, O King, I will not bear arms against the Infanta, your sister, nor against Zamora, because of the days which are past;—and I beseech you do not persist in this wrong."

King Sancho swore a mighty oath: "If it were not that my father left you commended to me, I would order you this instant to be hanged. But for this which you have said I command you to quit my kingdom in nine days."

The Cid went to his tent in anger, and made ready to depart. But all the grandees and counts protested to the King at the sentence of banishment, and pointed out what might happen if the Campeador should take his green pennon to the deposed Alfonso among the Moors.

Repenting his unwisdom, Sancho despatched Don Diego Ordonez to overtake the Cid and beg him to forget the words spoken in temper.

Taking the counsel of kinsmen and friends, who thought it far better to remain in their own land than go among the Moors, the Cid turned back. King Sancho met him with five hundred knights, confirmed all his messenger had promised, and restored his Alferez to his dignities and power as his right hand—to the loud rejoicing of the army and the open sorrow of them at Zamora, who had counted themselves safe when they heard of his banishment.

"Nevertheless, my Cid would not bear arms against the Infanta, nor against her town of Zamora, because of the days which were past."

King Sancho attacked Zamora hotly. So desperate was the resistance that when over a thousand were slain in a three-day assault, he drew off and laid siege. Famine did surer work. When it was

decided by those within that the city must submit in nine days more, one Vellido Dolfos went to Doña Urraca and undertook to relieve the city.

"I do not bid thee commit any evil thing, if such thou hast in thy thought," said the hard-pressed Princess; "but I say unto you that there is not a man in the world to whom, if he should relieve Zamora and make the King my brother raise the siege, I would not grant whatsoever he might require."

Secretly Vellido went forth, rode straight to King Sancho, and offered to show him how to gain the town. So securely did he gain Sancho's confidence, by having had an altercation with his own leader just before leaving, in which he had urged surrender, that open warnings of his treachery failed to shake his position. Presently taking the King alone under pretext of pointing out the secret postern by which his forces might enter, Vellido suddenly thrust him through from behind with the gilded royal hunting spear.

The Castilians found him wounded unto death. They brought him back, not daring to withdraw the spear lest he die instantly. But a master of Burgos, well skilled in these things, sawed off the ends of the spear, and bade the attendants call a confessor, as his time was short.

"Sir," said the formerly exiled Don Garcia de Cobra, "the curly-haired one" of Grañon, "think of your soul, for you have a desperate wound."

"Blessed be you, Count," said the dying ruler, "who thus counsel me, for I perceive that I am slain; the traitor Vellido has killed me, and I well know that this was for my sins, because I broke the oath which I made unto the King my father."

The Cid came forward and knelt beside him.

"I, Sir," said he, "remain more desolate than any of your vassals, for, for your sake, have I made your brethren my enemies, and all in the world who were against you, and against whom it pleased you to go. The King your father commended me to them as well as to you, when he divided his Kingdom, and I have lost their love for your sake, having done them great evil. Now then, Sir, remember me before you depart."

And King Sancho bade his grandees and Counts and Bishops and Archbishops to present the matter to King Alfonso and assure him that if he would ever listen to the Campeador he would be well advised.

Then they all kissed his hand, and he advised them to beg Alfonso to forgive him the wrong. "And when he had said this he asked for the candle, and presently his soul departed."

Don Alfonso came to Zamora, and the subjects of Sancho received him for their Lord and King on condition that he would swear he had not plotted his brother's death. All kissed his hands in homage save only Ruydiez, my Cid.

"Since now ye have all received me for your Lord and given me authority over ye," demanded Alfonso, "I would know of the Cid Ruydiez why he will not kiss my hand and acknowledge me; for I would do something for him, as I promised unto my father King Don Fernando, when he commended him to me and to my brethren."

At that the Campeador arose.

"Sir," said he, "all whom you see here present suspect that by your counsel the King Don Sancho your brother came to his death; and therefore, I say

unto you that, unless you clear yourself of this, as by right you should do, I will never kiss your hand, nor receive you for my Lord."

"Cid," replied the King, "what you say pleases me well; and here I swear to God and to St. Mary that I never slew him, nor took counsel for his death, neither did it please me, though he had taken my kingdom from me. And I beseech ye therefore all, as friends and true vassals, that ye tell me how I may clear myself."

So it was settled that he and twelve of the knights who had come with him from Toledo should take this oath before the high altar of the Church of St. Gadea in Burgos.

Thither rode they all. Upon the appointed day King Alfonso heard mass in St. Gadea. Before his sisters, his knights and all the nobility of the land, he came forward on a high stage that the people might see.

Taking the book of the Gospels, my Cid opened it and laid it upon the altar. The King laid his hands upon it.

"King Don Alfonso, you come here to swear concerning the death of King Don Sancho your brother, that you neither slew him nor took counsel for his death; say now, you and these hidalgos, if ye swear this."

And the King and the hidalgos answered and said: "We swear it."

The Cid continued: "If ye knew of this thing, or gave command that it should be done, may you die even such a death as your brother the King Don Sancho, by the hand of a villain whom you trust; one who is not a hidalgo, from another land, not a Castilian."

"Amen," said the King and the knights. But the King's color changed.

A second time the Cid repeated the oath. In like manner the King and the twelve knights said "Amen." And again the King's countenance changed.

For the third time the Cid pressed the oath upon him. A third time the King and knights repeated "Amen." But the wrath of the King was exceeding great:

"Ruydiez, why dost thou thus press me, man? To-day thou swearest me, and to-morrow thou wilt kiss my hand."

And from that day forward there was no love towards my Cid in the King's heart.

For some years, nevertheless, the Campeador was the King's right hand as he had been to the Kings his father and brother. Always, however, there lurked in the monarch's mind that scene of humiliation; and there were not wanting envious enemies among the Counts, ever working against my Cid.

King Alfonso had befriended the Moorish Emir of Toledo. It chanced that Ruydiez, in driving back a great power of Moors who were laying Gormaz waste, pursued them right to Toledo, taking seven thousand prisoners. The grandees who hated him for his good fortune told the King his vassal had broken the royal oath, and with design to stir up the Moors against them. Alfonso went with all speed to Burgos and summoned him to appear before him. Answer came that Ruydiez would meet him between Burgos and his own castle of Vivar.

They met on the road. The Cid approached, and

would have kissed his hand, but the King withheld it.

"Ruydiez," he broke out, hotly, "quit my land."

At that the Cid clapped spurs to his mule and jumped into a field of his own inheritance.

"Sir, I am not in your land, but in my own."

"Go out of my kingdom without delay," commanded the King, beside himself.

"Give me then thirty days' time, as is the right of the hidalgos."

But the King swore he would not; and that if he were not gone in nine days, he would come and look for him.

The people of the land were exceeding sorrowful at these happenings; but the Counts rejoiced.

The Campeador summoned his friends and kinsmen and vassals, told them of his banishment, and asked who would follow him. Up spoke Alvar Fañez:

"Cid, we will all go with you, through desert and through peopled country, and never fail you. In your service will we spend our mules and horses, our wealth and our garments, and ever while we live be unto you loyal friends and vassals."

All confirmed these words. Thanking them, the Cid made ready to depart. The Lady Ximena and his two daughters he placed in the Monastery of St. Pedro. All else that was his which could be taken he carried with him into exile.

As he left his ancient home, he turned and looked back. The doors were open, the hall deserted; there were no cloaks hanging up, nor seats upon the porch—nothing but empty, gaping chests; the hawks' perches were bare. Tears came into his eyes:

"My enemies have done this," said he. . . . "God be praised for all things." Praying to Holy Mary Mother that he might have strength to subdue the paynim and wrest from them enough to requite his faithful followers, he set forth.

When the Cid entered Burgos with sixty streamers in his company, the folk wept at their windows to see him going; but the King had forbidden them to give him so much as a lodging, on pain of losing all their gear and their eyes as well; so that none dared even to speak to him, or reply to the calls of his people when they knocked upon the fastened door of the inn.

The Cid rode up to the door, took his foot from the stirrup, and gave it a kick. Still there was no sign of life within.

A little girl of nine years came out of a house near by.

"O Cid," said the child, "the King hath forbidden us to receive you. We dare not open our doors to you, for we should lose our houses and all that we have, and the eyes in our head. Cid, our evil would not help you, but God and all his Saints be with you."

With that she disappeared again inside the silent house.

The Cid turned away. He rode to St. Mary's Church, alighted, fell on his knees, and prayed fervently.

Then he who had been its buckler against the Moors rode out of Burgos, the chief city of his native Castile, to the lonely sands by the River Glera. The King's right hand, the Campeador who chose the encampment for the host, pitched his tent in this solitude, since there was no Spanish roof to

shelter his head. Only by a stratagem did he obtain money from two usurers with which to purchase food and to pay the Abbot of St. Pedro's for the care of his wife and little children.

He set his face southward. Crossing the wild ridges of the Sierra, he sought what fortune and his right arm would bring him among his enemies the Moors.

Better had it been for the paynim of those lands had a pestilence been loosed upon them. Across the country ruled by the Emirs of Toledo and Valencia he fought his way, taking vast spoil of captives, horses, flocks and apparel; and there was none might say him nay. Every foot soldier received his due share in the silver into which this booty was transformed by sale to Moorish merchants. All were rich. The banished leader sent back word to King Alfonso that he and his companions would yet do him service upon his heathen foes. Alcala on the Henares he took, and the strong town of Alcocer. And when Alcamin of Valencia sent three thousand horsemen under two kings to take him alive and bring him to make atonement for these conquests, his knights spurred after his banner into the press of the followers of Mahound and smote half of them to death, while the Campeador, crying "I am Ruydiez, the Cid of Bivar!" cut through many a cuirass and wounded King Fariz with the last of three mighty strokes, so that he fled, nor drew rein till he reached his mountain castle of Teruel.

Thirty horses of the best of the famous Arabian steeds, being a fifth of what he had taken, each saddled and bridled with a sword hanging from the saddle-bow, the Cid sent back by the faithful Alvar Fañez to King Alfonso in Castile; and a wealth of

captured banners to hang in the cathedral at Burgos with a great bag of gold and silver to pay for a thousand masses; also fifty marks to the Abbot of St. Pedro's, besides much to Doña Ximena, with a message that if he lived she and their daughters should be rich.

"This country is all spoiled," were his parting words to his messenger, "and we have to help ourselves with sword and spear. You are going to gentle Castile; if when you return you should not find us here, you will hear where we are."

A broad trail he blazed. While Alfonso was remarking that it was "betimes in the morning for a banished man to ask favor of his Lord"—but accepting the thirty caparisoned steeds, because they were won from the heathen, he gave back Alcocer to King Fariz upon payment of three thousand marks of silver ($10,000), and went forth to carve himself a new dwelling-place with his sword.

They of Zaragoza knew but too well where he was. When Alvar Fañez returned to him at the high knoll above Monte-Real, ever after known as the Knoll of the Cid, Medina and Daroca and Molina and all the country along the river Martin paid him tribute.

"God, how joyful was my Cid with the fleecy beard that Minaya had purchased the thousand masses, and had brought him the biddings of his wife and daughters! God, what a joyful man was he!"

Half of all the kingdom of Zaragoza was placed under his protection, and he held it against Moors and Frenchmen; and presently his own King had to call upon him. For Alfonso's castle of Rueda far to the west was taken from him by treachery, and his son the Infante Don Sancho, with fifteen knights and grandees, foully murdered.

He sent for his banished Alferez, and told him he might return from exile.

The Cid replied he would only accept this favor if the King would swear in future to give a banished hidalgo the full thirty days which were his right, and to proceed against none till he had been lawfully heard, and to honor the privileges and charters of the towns and impose no tax against their rights.

Alfonso assented to all. Then Ruydiez said he would never return to Castile until Rueda was taken and justice done upon the traitors. Which he did. Also he crushed the King of Aragon who had allied himself with the Moors. Then he went back to Castile, and the King granted him many lands and honors, and confirmed all his Moorish conquests, present and future, as his and his children's forever.

For him he fought many enemies. For him he captured Toledo, in the year of Christ 1085, and became the first Christian Alcayde of that famous city. And after many mighty deeds, he besieged even Valencia, far down on the eastern sea-coast, and brought the people therein "into the waves of death" from famine, and took the great city for his own, having as sovereign only King Alfonso.

Wisely and firmly he ruled it, "my Cid Campeador, Lord of Valencia." He brought from the Monastery of St. Pedro Doña Ximena his wife, and his daughters Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, now tall maidens whom grandees were shortly to seek in marriage, sending great sums to the Abbot, and to provide fitting splendor for the ladies.

With a great and glittering retinue of knights they crossed the mountains and came to Valencia. When they were within three leagues, the joyful tidings were brought to the Cid.

"Two hundred knights did he order out to meet them, others he bade to keep the Alcazar, and the other high towers, and all the gates and entrances.

"And he commanded that they should bring him Bavieca. It was but a short time since he had won this horse; my Cid, he who girt on sword in a happy hour, did not yet know if he was a good goer, and if he stopt well. The Bishop Don Hieronymo, he pricked forward and entered the city. He left his horse and went to the Church, and collected all the clergy; they put on their surplices, and with crosses of silver went out to meet the ladies, and that good one Minaya (Alvar Fañez).

"He who was born in happy hour made no tarriance; they saddled him Bavieca and threw his trappings on. My Cid wore light armor, and his surcoat over it: long was his beard. He went out upon this horse and ran a career with him; Bavieca was the name of the horse, and when he was running all marveled at him: from that day Bavieca was famous all over Spain.

"At the end of the course my Cid alighted and went toward his wife and his daughters. Who can tell the joy that was made at their meeting? They fell at his feet and their joy was such that they could not speak. And he raised them up and embraced them, and kissed them many times, weeping for joy that he saw them alive.

"You dear and honored wife, and ye my daughters, my heart and my soul: enter with me into Valencia;—this is the inheritance which I have won for you."

Many and great were the rejoicings of that winter day, "throwing at the board and killing bulls."

"My Cid led them to the Alcazar, and took them

up upon the highest tower thereof, and there they looked around and beheld Valencia, how it lay before them, and the great Garden with its thick shade, and the sea on the other side; and they lifted up their hands to thank God."

With spring the Lord of Valencia had to defend his title. King Yussuf, son of the Emperor of Morocco, came against him with an army of fifty thousand Moors.

The Cid made all ready like a careful general. Then he took Doña Ximena by the hand and led her and his daughters up to that same highest tower of the Alcazar. "And they looked toward the sea and saw the great power of the Moors, how they came on and drew nigh, and began to pitch their tents round about Valencia, beating their tambours and with great uproar.

"And Ximena's heart failed her, and she asked the Cid if peradventure God would deliver him from these enemies.

" 'Fear not, honored Lady,' said he; 'you are but lately arrived, and they come to bring you a present, which shall be a marriage portion for your daughters. Fear not, for you shall see me fight by the help of God and Holy Mary Mother; my heart kindles because you are here! The more Moors the more gain!'

"The tambours sounded now with a great alarum, and the sun was shining.

" 'Cheer up,' said my Cid. 'This is a glorious day.'

"But Ximena was seized with such fear as if her heart would have broken; she and her daughters had never been in such fear since the day that they were born.

"Then the good Cid Campeador stroked his beard and said:

"'Fear not; all this is for your good. Before fifteen days are over, if it please God, those tambours shall be laid before you, and shall be sounded for your pleasure, and then they shall be given to the Bishop Don Hieronymo, that he may hang them up in the Church of St. Mary, Mother of God.'"

This vow he made, and kept with many days to spare. From that tower the very next morning the trembling Doñas watched the green pennon, as, crying "God and Santiago!" the Cid charged the foe at the head of his knights, mounted upon Bavieca "in whom he had great pleasure." Four thousand lacking thirty were they against fifty thousand; but their spirit was that of the Bishop Don Hieronymo, who prayed of his lord: "A boon, Cid Don Rodrigo; I have sung mass to you this morning: let me have the giving the first wounds in this battle!"

Such mortality did the Campeador himself make among the Moors "that the blood ran from his wrist to his elbow"; three times he came up with King Yussuf as they pursued the fleeing Moors; and while the thrice-wounded Saracen escaped at last to the castle of Gueyra, three-fourths of his host lay dead upon the field or were made captive, and the fragment that remained fled away in the ships.

"And the spoil was so great that there was no end to the riches, in gold and in silver, and in horses and in arms, so that men knew not what to leave and what to take."

Back into Valencia galloped the conqueror with a hundred knights.

"His wrinkled brow was seen, for he had taken

off his helmet, and in this manner he entered, upon Bavieca, sword in hand.

"Great joy had Doña Ximena and her daughters, who were awaiting him, when they saw him come riding in; and he stopt when he came to them, and said:

" 'Great honor have I won for you, while you kept Valencia this day! God and the Saints have sent us goodly gain, upon your coming. Look, with a bloody sword, and a horse all sweat, this is the way that we conquer the Moors! Pray God that I may live yet awhile for your sakes, and you shall enter into great honor, and they shall kiss your hands."

Two hundred horses and Yussuf's royal tent went to Alfonso this time from his vassal; and the sight of this wealth at court brought two of the proudest princes of Spain as husbands for the conqueror's daughters.

Then after three years of peace came Bucar, brother of Yussuf, who had died of chagrin over his defeat, to perform the oath he had made to take vengeance on the Lord of Valencia. Twenty and nine Kings were among the captains of his host, so vast was it. The Cid was glad of their coming.

A messenger from King Bucar, after a long silence of fear as he looked upon his dreaded countenance, bade him surrender Valencia and return to Castile, else would he, his wife and his daughters be taken by the Emperor's son and his nine and twenty Kings, and so tormented that Christians should whisper thereof forevermore.

"Go tell thy Lord King Bucar," replied the Cid, "I will not give him up Valencia: great labor did I endure in winning it, and to no man am I beholding for it in the world, save only to my Lord Jesus

Christ, and to my kinsmen and friends and vassals who aided me to win it.

"Tell him that I am not a man to be besieged, and before he expects it he shall meet me in the field; and would that even as he has brought with him twenty and nine Kings, so he had brought all the Moors of all Pagandom, for, with the mercy of God in which I trust, I should think to conquer them all.

"Bear this answer to your Lord, and come here no more with messages, neither on this account nor on any other."

Hardly had the messenger left when the Cid ordered the great assembly bell to be sounded, and bade his knights to be in readiness to attack the enemy at the first cockcrow in the morning.

Confessed and having taken the communion, they sallied forth at dawn, two thousand horsemen in coats of mail and five thousand five hundred foot soldiers. "That honorable one of the shaven crown," Bishop Don Hieronymo, was, as before, at his own prayer foremost in the fray. He pricked forward; "two Moors he slew with the first two thrusts of the lance; the haft broke and he laid hand on his sword. God,—how well the Bishop fought! two he slew with the lance and five with the sword; the Moors came round about him and laid on a load of blows, but they could not pierce his armor.

"He who was born in happy hour had his eyes upon him, and he took his shield and placed it before him, and lowered his lance, and gave Bavieca the spur, that good horse. With heart and soul he went at them, and made his way into their first battle; seven the Campeador smote down, and four he slew.

"In short time they joined battle in such sort that many were slain and many overthrown, on one side

and on the other, and so great was the din of strokes and of tambours that none could hear what another said, and they smote them cruelly, without rest or respite."

Twenty and nine Kings were all too few to stand against these paladins. Soon the Moorish bodies were so piled about the field that the horses could scarce make their way among them. Right through their camp the Cid's knights chased the flying enemy.

"Seven full miles did the pursuit continue. And while they were thus following their flight, the Cid set eyes upon King Bucar and made at him to strike him with the sword; and the Moorish king knew him when he saw him coming.

" 'Turn this way, Bucar!' cried the Campeador. 'You who come from beyond the sea, to see the Cid with the long beard. We must greet each other and cut out a friendship!'

" 'God confound such friendship,' cried King Bucar, and turned his bridle, and began to fly towards the sea, and the Cid after him, having great desire to reach him.

"But King Bucar had a good horse and a fresh, and the Cid went spurring Bavieca who had had hard work that day, and he came near his back; and when they were nigh unto the ships, and the Cid saw that he could not reach him, he darted his sword at him, and struck him between the shoulders; and King Bucar being badly wounded rode into the sea, and got to a boat, and the Cid alighted and picked up his sword."

The poorest man among the Christians was made full rich that day upon the Campo del Quarto. The fifth share of the spoil that fell to the Cid was six hundred horses, twelve hundred prisoners, great

numbers of sumpter beasts and camels, and gold, silver, pearls and precious stones of which no man could give full account.

Even in Morocco across the sea the Moors trembled at his name. The lord of Valencia went long unmolested. The Great Soldan of Persia sent messengers with rare gifts of myrrh and balsam in golden caskets, and wrought vessels of gold and silver, and cunning stuffs, and a chess-board "which was one of the noble ones in the world: it was of ivory riveted with gold, and with many precious stones round about it; and the men were of gold and silver"; and he prayed for his friendship and aid.

At the end of five years, Bucar, now Emperor of Morocco and still smarting under his disgrace, stirred up the whole paynimry of Barbary, even as far as Montes Claros to cross the sea and take vengeance upon Valencia. A vision came to the Cid in the night, telling him he must leave the world in thirty days, but that being dead he should still win the coming battle.

And he sickened of a fatal malady. On the twenty-ninth day he gave his commands to Bishop Don Hieronymo and Alvar Fañez and to other trusty knights.

He died; and they anointed and embalmed his body.

Three days afterward arrived King Bucar, with thirty and six Kings and a Negro Amazon Queen, besides an innumerable host, ringing the city about with fifteen thousand tents.

As they had been commanded, the Cid's knights fastened his body securely upon the saddle so that it sat upright on Bavieca. So cunningly had it been embalmed that his countenance looked natural, his

eyes were open, and no man who saw him and knew not the fact would have thought him aught but alive. His shield was hung round his neck, and his good sword Tizona was fastened to his hand, even as he had wielded it.

With his green banner fluttering, these hidalgoes charged upon the Moors, their leader's body riding Bavieca into the thick of the mêlée. And they shattered the enemy, and killed twenty and two of those thirty-six Kings, and slew the Negro Amazon Queen, and tens of thousands besides. "And King Bucar and those who escaped with him hoisted sails and went their way, and never more turned their heads."

Ten years did the dead Cid sit in the royal ivory chair, clad in Persian purple, the sword Tizona in his hand, before the altar of San Pedro of Cardeña.

Then, seated as he was, they placed him in a vault, dug before the altar, beside the grave of Doña Ximena, and his shield and green banner they hung upon the walls.

## CHAPTER XII

### WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH

For four centuries one Frenchman has been known to the world as "The Chevalier, without fear and without reproach." And there was something about Pierre Terrail, Seigneur de Bayard, which makes him stand out to-day even as he did to the chroniclers of his own time. There were many knights without fear: small chance had the coward in the Middle Ages, save in the cloister. But the combination of personal daring, cool, skilful leadership, and generous magnanimity which the Chevalier Bayard displayed, render him a sort of embodiment of the best in the age of chivalry.

His Loyal Servitor, who wrote the "Very Joyous, Pleasant and Refreshing History" of his master's "Feats, Exploits, Triumphs and Achievements," thus summed up the object of his devotion:

"He loved and feared God above all things; he never swore or blasphemed; and in all his affairs and necessities he ever had recourse to Him; being fully persuaded that by Him and His infinite goodness all things are ordered; nor did he ever leave his chamber without recommending himself to Him in prayer. He loved his neighbor as himself, and never possessed a crown but it was at the service of the first who needed it. He was a great almsgiver, and gave his alms in secret; he succored

widows in distress, and during his life had given in marriage a hundred poor orphan girls, gentlefolk and others. If a gentleman under his command was dismounted, he remounted him, and in a manner not to offend his delicacy, often exchanging a Spanish charger worth two or three hundred crowns for a nag worth but six, and giving the gentleman to understand that the latter was just the horse to suit himself. So graciously did he confer his gifts. He was a sorry flatterer; and never swerved from speaking truth, were it to the greatest of princes.

"He looked with contempt upon this world's wealth, and was at his death no richer than at his birth.

"In war none excelled him. In conduct he was a Fabius Maximus; in enterprise a Coriolanus; and in courage and magnanimity a second Hector. Dreadful to the enemy; gentle and courteous to his friends. Three qualities marked him for a perfect soldier: he was a greyhound in attack, a wild boar in defense, and a wolf in retreat."

Let us follow this generous, kindly, large-minded warrior through one of his most noted adventures —his defense, single-handed, of the bridge over the Garigliano River. This happened about fifteen years before he threw himself into the little town of Mézières with 1,000 men, successfully beat off the Emperor's army of 35,000, and saved France which lay defenseless; but his saying on the latter occasion well expressed the man himself from the beginning of his career:

"No place is weak," he declared to those who said Mézières must be abandoned, "which has good soldiers to defend it."

That one stout heart made strength he showed

on the present occasion, during the endless Italian Wars.

William Gilmore Simms gave the story from the old chronicles:

The troops of the French were posted somewhat disadvantageously on the marshy banks of the Garigliano, over which they had succeeded in throwing a bridge, which would facilitate their marching upon Naples. This being passed, it was calculated that the whole intermediate tract of country between them and the capital would lie open to the invaders, with no greater obstacles in their way than the presence of Gonsalvo.

This itself was something of an obstacle. He with the Spanish forces lay in waiting, the river only separating the opposing armies. His troops were in high spirits from recent and continued successes. The French from the same cause were doubtful and dispirited. Besides, they lacked confidence in their leader, the Marquis of Mantua, who was a foreigner of small talents and no enterprise. Gonsalvo was not unwilling to give his enemy battle.

There were two ways of crossing the river: by the bridge which the French had raised, and of which they were in possession, and by a ford at some distance from it, which they also guarded. It was determined that a feint should be made at the ford, while a strong body of men should attempt the bridge.

The passage of the ford was entrusted to one Pedro Paz. This was, in several respects, a very remarkable person. Though one of the most fearless and sagacious warriors, he was yet scarcely more than half the height of an ordinary man; a

hunchback to whom Richard Crookback was a model of manly beauty; of whom, when he was mounted on horseback, you could see little above the saddle save an enormous head and pair of shoulders. But never did character more completely give the lie to outward seeming. Don Pedro could use his lance and steed with any of his comrades; and, admitted to council, it was acknowledged that none surpassed him in the exhibition of a judgment at once bold and circumspect, adventurous and sage.

This doughty warrior, the preparation of the coöperating parties being all completed, proceeded somewhat ostentatiously to effect the passage of the river by the well-known ford. He had under him a couple of hundred horsemen, each of whom carried a foot-soldier behind him. The ruse was so far successful as to draw upon Señor Pedro the attention of the whole French army. At the first alarm—on the first wild intimation that the van of the whole Spanish army was about to cross the river at the ford—the French, turning out simultaneously, hurried to prevent the passage. They apparently succeeded in doing so, and, satisfied that no further danger was to be apprehended from this quarter, they retired to their tents, fully believing that they would be vexed with no more alarms this day.

Bayard alone was wary and suspicious. He knew and felt, quite as painfully as any other person, the inferior abilities of the generals by whom the French troops were sacrificed rather than commanded. Fortunately he was well armed, mounted, and near the bridge when the more serious attempt was made in that quarter by the Spaniards.

He had with him but a single companion, one Pierre de Tardes, surnamed *Le Basque,* an equerry

to the King of France; and not a single follower. These two, hearing the tread of horse, looked forth to the Spanish side of the river, and discovered about two hundred horsemen making directly for the bridge.

The danger was imminent, for the loss of the bridge at that moment involved the safety of the whole army. To sound the alarm and fly would have been the probable course, under such circumstances, with nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand. To dream of arresting the torrent by the single will and resistance of one man would scarcely be thought of by one person in the million. Yet such was the instinct of our chevalier. It does not seem to have been a matter of reflection with him. It was a thing of course that he should keep the post at all hazards.

"Speed you, my friend," he said to the equerry, "and gather some of our men to maintain the bridge, or we are all ruined. I will endeavor to keep the enemy in play till you return; but hasten, for there is no time to be lost."

The equerry disappeared on the instant; and Bayard, crossing the bridge, upon the other end of which the Spaniards were about to pass, chose his position with care.

Putting his lance in rest, he charged the head of the advancing column at the very threshold, tumbling two of them headlong into the river, from whence they never emerged, and two more upon the banks, at the very first thrust of his weapon. This brought upon him a host; but their very numbers, impeding their progress in the narrow gorge which he defended, contributed somewhat to his security. Never

*Courtesy of Dodd, Mead and Company.*

He charged the head of the advancing column, . . . tumbling two of them headlong into the river

were charges more desperate or more successful than those which he made that day.

Great was the surprise of the Spaniards to behold one man thus furiously darting upon their squadrons. At first they regarded him as one delivered up and devoted to destruction; but not so when they sank beneath his assault, and were hurled, by his adroit exercise of horse and lance, by threes and fours, headlong into the stream.

Astounded, almost appalled at first, they recoiled before him; but soon recovering, they gave him enough to do. With his back to the railing of the bridge, so that they might not assail him from behind, he confounded them by the rapidity, the dexterity, and the force of his movements. As many as might do so assailed him at the same moment. These he not only had to encounter and resist as well as he was able, but he had to do this and keep his position at the same time, so that none of them might contrive to get between him and the bridge. This was no easy performance. But Bayard was not only a brave and skilful warrior—skilful beyond his time—but he was one of those wondrous horsemen whose powers of managing the steed is a mystery, such as the Arab possesses but ordinary riders cannot understand.

With an eye that seemed to look out from every part of his body at the same time, and a hand and weapon that seconded his every glance, he beheld, and foiled his assailants, crowding in on every side. The powerful, but docile and well-trained animal that bore his weight, seemed imbued with his own spirit; and the two together wrought so admirably and so successfully that the Spaniards were persuaded of a miracle—such as they themselves so fre-

quently beheld wrought in their own behalf on the field of battle, when their patron saint took up the cudgels of war, and came to their rescue at the lucky moment. They could make no impression on our chevalier—could advance no footstep; and, looking upon him as a fiend rather than as a mortal, were compelled to admire the skill and courage which promised still to baffle their best attempts.

How long a conflict so unequal might have been maintained, it is not easy to conjecture. Reason assures us that it must terminate at last in the exhaustion and overthrow of the single champion, however gloriously endowed with ability and strength. In sheer desperation and shame the baffled host would press upon him and bear him forward as a leaf borne by the storm, by the very impulse of their headlong weight and movement. But he was relieved before it was too late.

Smiting fiercely with his sword (his lance having long since been shivered) he heard the approaching gallop of his companions. The war cry of his faithful men-at-arms rose behind him, and crowned his defense with triumph. As they came thundering down across the bridge, he assumed the offensive; the Spaniards yielded before him; and, leading his comrades, the exulting chevalier pressed fiercely upon them in pursuit.

This was an error. The party that came to the relief of Bayard, and which Pierre de Tardes had hastily collected in the emergency, consisted of only a hundred men. They were soon encountered by a large body of the Spanish horse, seven or eight hundred in number, hurrying forward to support their comrades, or to make secure the post which it was

supposed they had acquired. At sight of these, Bayard arrested the pursuit.

"We have done enough, my comrades," said he, "in having saved the bridge. Let us now retire, keeping as close together as we can."

But they were not permitted to retire so quietly. The retreat was begun in an orderly manner, but soon became a flight. Bayard, who usually led into action, in a retreat always brought up the rear. Such was his position now. But, in taking it, he had not allowed for the hard service which his horse had already endured that day. The faithful animal soon showed signs of distress and exhaustion, and the knight presently found it impossible to keep up with his companions.

As the Spaniards pressed more closely upon them they began to scatter, and a concentrated rush of their battalions tumbled several of the Frenchmen from their saddles, and drove the survivors out of sight—all but Bayard.

His steed was the first to falter. He had wheeled about to do battle as the enemy drew nigh, and was forced backward in the shock, his horse sinking up to his haunches in a ditch. Surrounded by twenty or thirty assailants, fettered as it were by the situation of the animal, the chevalier continued to bear about him bravely, giving hard blows, and never thinking of surrender.

"Yield, Señor!" was the cry of the Spaniards.

"I fear I cannot choose but yield," replied Bayard, "since alone I cannot well withstand you all."

They deprived him of the battle-axe with which he had been fighting, leaving him in possession of his sword. Had they conjectured the name and quality of their prisoner, they would not have been guilty

of this error. But he had kept his secret. His face concealed by his visor, his person in armor,—they only knew that they had captured a very powerful and valiant knight, but had no idea that he was the man of all others whom they most desired to make captive. Bayard knew the danger to himself, to his life probably, of letting his name be known. He had long been the terror of their cavalry, and had no reason to think that his life would be spared when he fell into their hands in the heat of battle. When questioned of himself, accordingly, he gave them another name for his own—then considered a perfectly proper *ruse de guerre.*

They never thought to exact from him his parole of honor. Secure of their prize and confident in their numbers, they scorned to betray any doubts that they could keep him safe among them, and rode slowly away with their captive on their return to camp. The party having him in charge brought up the rear of their battalion, the greater body having withdrawn from the ground after the dispersal of the French, and when they learned that the advance force had failed to secure the bridge.

But the good knight was not abandoned by his comrades. When they reassembled at the bridge, and found that he was not among them, the alarm was given instantly. The first to speak was the Chevalier Guiffray, a gentleman of Dauphiny and near neighbor of Bayard.

"Ah, gentlemen," said he, "we have lost everything since the good Captain Bayard is not with us. He is either slain or taken. And shall we, whom he hath led so well, and for whom he hath won such honor this very day,—shall we not see what has become of him? I vow to God that I will have tid-

ings of him, at all hazards, though I return alone to seek them!"

The resolve of the knight Guiffray was that of all. All were equally afflicted and equally resolute. "We will all return!" was the cry, and each man alighted to tighten the girths of his horse. They were soon remounted and speeding away at a great gallop after the Spaniards who were carrying away the flower and perfection of all gentility.

They were successful in overhauling the retiring enemy before they had regained the camp. Their first cry, as they rushed upon them, informed them of that which the wary Bayard had kept secret:

"Turn ye, Spaniards, turn; and think not thus to carry off with ye the flower of all knighthood!"

The Spaniards did face about, and being still numerous, received the shock of the assault with spirit and firmness. But in this shock several of them were dismounted. In the moment of rush and struggle which followed, Bayard freed himself from his guards and threw himself from his jaded steed to the ground.

At that fortunate moment, the equerry, *Le Basque*, succeeded in tumbling out of his saddle a brave Spaniard, named Salvador de Borgia. This man had been well mounted. To seize upon the bridle of the freed horse—to leap into the seat without touching the stirrup—to draw his sword and lay about him among the enemy, was for the chevalier the work of a single moment and impulse.

His well-known battle-cry, "France! Bayard! Bayard who was late your prisoner!" struck terror into the Spaniards, and sufficiently taught them who had been their captive. They lost heart as the French gained it, by this discovery.

"Let us away to camp," was the cry among them. "We shall do nothing great to-day!"

This cry struck a panic through their ranks. They fled shamefully from a contest in which their numbers and previous successes should have insured them a complete victory.

The approach of night found the French safe in camp, overjoyed at having helped to extricate their "guidon of honor" from the hands of the enemy. Here, for a week, nothing was spoken of but the prowess of the chevalier.

It was at this period and because of his defense of the bridge that he received for his device a porcupine with the appropriate motto:

*"One alone is equal to an army."*

This gallant chevalier fell before the stone bullet of an arquebus while generously striving to extricate the army from the dangers of which he had warned his unheeding general.

"My life is my country's," said he, as he went to certain death. "My soul I commend to God."

His sorrowful men-at-arms thus apostrophized the cruel Death which had claimed the best of their time as they left him by his command:

"Yet, though thou hast deprived him of life, and we of him as our shepherd, know from us, O Death! that thou canst not play thy part so cunningly as to take from him the glory he hath won.

"Thy stroke which hath taken him from this life hath but rendered his memory safe through all succeeding ages.

"He shall survive to the satisfaction and delight of the valiant and true men that shall come hereafter!"

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE CONQUEROR OF THE UNHAPPY VALLEY

The sun rose red and hot over the desert of Scinde. The golden clouds floating upon a crimson sky lost their superb heralding colors. As far as the eye could reach there was naught but sand—calm and level like the sea, or wrinkled into waves like the sea, or leaping high into steep ridged hillocks as does the sea when scourged by a mighty hurricane.

Here and there the blankness was broken by the whitened bones of camels or horses that had perished in this baking waste; and there was something inexorable and overwhelming about the monotonous repetition that met eye and mind. Even the wilderness of naked, blistering rocks, haunted by the Giant Face whose eyes of terror no traveler might escape, seemed preferable to the man who gazed southward: and as for the forlorn cracked earth and straggling stunted mimosas bordering the last difficult streambed,—those seemed like a garden of delight by comparison.

He looked again over his straggling company, whose novel aspect became grotesque in the long shadows that bobbed and jerked over the sand in the level rays of the threatening sun. The mirage played monstrous tricks: those in advance were distorted into hugeness; bodies and loads seemed to float in air; a shining blue lake appeared where all was parched and dry.

There were nearly two hundred camels, most of them carrying a pair of soldiers apiece. The natives who led the pack beasts were in picturesque costumes of every shape and hue. Fifty horsemen plodded along in the light blue of the British cavalry. And, most incongruous of all, there were two field howitzers, which a cluster of men were straining to haul up a steep bluff, where the binding sand held the wheels as in a vise. It all seemed far more unreal in that desert solitude than the mysterious Giant Face itself, at thought of which the Scinde herdsmen or even the swashbuckling Afghan raider cowered in fear.

But one look at this leader's face would have convinced the most ignorant observer that there was a very definite purpose in this seemingly mad excursion into the desert land of Scinde. He was about sixty years old; his hair was iron-gray; he wore spectacles; every line of his body showed the wear and tear of many years of hard work and hard knocks. In point of fact, it was a third of a century since he had been left for dead on the battlefield of Corunna, with five terrible wounds; he had added to these scars at Busaco the following year; and only a few months before this desert expedition he had received a severe injury to his leg while reviewing his troops.

There was no suggestion of weakness or frailty about him, however. The dark eyes behind those spectacles were alert, piercing, resolute. His hawk nose, and his whole lean frame had an expression of tense nervous energy. He was not only a commander but a man, ready for a man's utmost.

This English officer was Sir Charles James Napier, and in this first week of January, 1842, he was

engaged in what the Duke of Wellington pronounced one of the most remarkable military feats on record. This was the situation.

There was trouble in the border state of Scinde, and with an army penetrating into Afghanistan, England could take no chances there. So after ten years of inaction and suppressing Chartist riots, the veteran general had been sent out to this northwest corner of India to meet whatever might develop. Arriving at Kurrachee after a perilous voyage on a cholera-scourged vessel, with victims dying by scores, to be instantly tossed overboard amid the storm—he had soon obtained a clear view of his difficult task. Three sets of Ameers, descendants of the original Beloochee conquerors, ruled Scinde; and they did their part in making it deserve its nickname of the Unhappy Valley. The million or so mixed natives of this forlorn and fever-poisoned land were virtually slaves, pitilessly taxed, delivered over to venal officers, forced to act as beaters for their sport-loving rulers, who valued their great hunting preserves, or *shikargahs,* as much as their wives and children.

There had been bad feeling for some years between the Ameers and the British authorities; and after the English disaster to the north at Cabul, these princes began active intrigue with their neighbors against the foreigners. Napier was a soldier; he found again surging up in him that craving for military glory which he had censured in himself, but he had never lost his warm sympathies and generous feelings for the weaker.

"The wild beast only thrives here," he wrote, "and the Ameers torment even him: their diversions are destruction, their sole business to hoard gold!

Their extortions impoverish their own treasury, they kill the goose for the golden eggs; but the last egg, I suspect, is laid. My object will be to resuscitate the goose; but while doing so the Ameers may go by the board; if so, it is their own fault. Did God give a whole people to half a dozen men to torment? I will strive to teach the Ameers a better use of their power; and if they break their treaties the lesson shall be a rough one."

Matters grew worse. The new treaty was not signed. Napier believed the Ameers were about to attack. Feeling in himself "a spring that defied all difficulties," this man of sixty moved swiftly to meet the outbreak.

He reached Khyrpore, up the Indus, to find that the younger Ameers had fled with their followers to the impregnable desert stronghold of Emaumghur. He could get no information about the route, or the watering-places; poisoned wells and elusive sharp-shooters might well defeat him without the desert and the fortress. But he determined to give the chiefs a swift example of what they might expect.

So at midnight of January 5 he had set out into the trackless desert with only five hundred men,—and had found it necessary to send back three-fourths of his handful of cavalry for lack of forage.

For six nightmare days the little column had toiled over rock and sand, undaunted by heat, thirst, the difficulties of travel, the expectation of attack from an unseen foe. When the animals failed, they dragged their cannon by hand. But always the hawk-nosed leader held them straight as an arrow for the mysterious citadel.

He was filled now with the gravest anxieties. They were short of water. They must reach Emaumghur

soon or combat a worse enemy than the Beloochee hordes. And when they did reach it: if it were a quarter as formidable as report made out, how could he hope to carry it with his two howitzers and his tiny force? There was only one answer: they must push on; and they must capture the fort when they got there. He had the resolute man's satisfaction of having left himself no alternative but the impossible thing that needed doing.

A shout went up from the leaders of the column. The general spurred his tired horse forward. There was exultation on those haggard faces, in spite of parched lips and bloodshot eyes and the grimness that comes of grappling with the Indian desert. For there ahead, sparkling in the sun's rays, rose a cluster of eight round towers from above a massive four-square wall. It was Emaumghur, the boasted sanctuary of the Ameers.

Without a moment's delay, Napier formed his little troop for the attack and advanced upon the citadel. His two cannon were placed in readiness, but awaited the result of this reconnoitring effort.

Nearer and nearer they drew. And still there was no shrill defiance from those walls, no crack of sharpshooters, no murderous volley.

The ponderous gate stood wide. They marched in, wondering, alert, ready for anything. But Emaumghur was empty and deserted. Overawed by the resolute advance of the "Feringhees," the Ameer and his followers had abandoned their stronghold a few hours before and fled across the desert.

When he looked at the great walls and realized what would have been his position if the garrison had stood a siege, Napier felt his escape had been narrow indeed. It was no wonder that the natives

had considered the place impregnable. He determined to destroy it, both for the effect upon the enemy, and lest some future turn of the conflict should require another march upon it which might have a different ending. Three busy days were spent in mining the walls and setting explosives.

Then one morning the desert silence was shattered by an appalling roar. A swirling cloud of smoke arose, shot through by leaping flames, while a volcano of stone and wood fragments filled the air. Then the wastes without rolled in on what had been Emaumghur. The refuge of the Ameers was no more.

Hurrying back to the valley of the Indus, Napier spent some weeks in negotiations with the Ameers, though he did not agree with Major Outram, the Resident, that these chiefs were earnestly desirous of peace. Finally he felt he could, as the responsible officer, delay no longer in breaking up the forces which were concentrating against him. Thirty thousand Beloochees, he heard, were at Meeanee, ready to crush his three thousand, two-thirds of whom were native troops.

Adopting a maxim of Wellington's he resolved never to retreat no matter what the odds. "Not to be anxious about attacking such immensely superior numbers is impossible; but it is a delightful anxiety," he wrote. He had striven earnestly to decide, without any thought of himself, what was his duty. Now the matter had been settled. After forty years' stern service as a soldier he was to fight his first battle as an independent commander. The odds were more than ten to one, and the result would decide his reputation as a general. But he had no doubts.

"I am as sure of victory," he remarked, "as a man who knows that victory is an accident can be."

Outram, attacked by the enemy at Hyderabad, had joined him, and went ahead to burn the woods on the road to Meeanee. Before day Napier's army set forth.

At eight o'clock they sighted the Beloochee camp at a great horseshoe of the Fullailee River, then dry. Their position was strong. Two dense woods (hunting preserves or "shikargahs" of the Ameers) guarded each wing. On the right was a mud wall, lined with matchlock-men. The high river bank made a strong rampart for the infantry, and their cannon were in two masses in front of this. Behind these defenses were thirty-five thousand warriors, drunk with bhang and fanaticism, and eager to annihilate the foreigner.

Careful study of the ground convinced Napier there was but one chance of success—a bold, frontal attack.

Forming his baggage in a circle, guarded by the Poonah Horse and some infantry companies, he drew up his column in battle array within three hundred yards of the wall—infantry in the centre, artillery and sappers on the right, the Scinde Horse and Bengal Cavalry on the left.

Then he moved forward his guns, under a heavy cannonade, and silenced the enemy's artillery. Riding close to the Shikargah he noticed at an opening in the wall that there were neither loop-holes to fire through, nor scaffolding on the top. He ordered Captain Tew with his 22nd Grenadiers to hold this opening at any cost, thus bottling up six thousand of the enemy with a few hundred of his own force. Hardly had Tew taken his position when he was

shot dead; but the Grenadiers had been told to stay, and they stayed. That opening was sealed throughout the battle.

"And now the infantry regiments, advancing in echelon under a galling fire, were approaching the enemy's front. Encouraged by the rattle of the grenadiers' musketry, the 22nd marched past the wall. A hundred yards from the Fullailee they caught sight of the fierce, dark faces of the Beloochees above the bank, bending over their leveled matchlocks. The General gave the word: the bugle sounded; and with a wild yell the British soldiers charged. Up the bank they rushed, and were about to leap down, when they saw a myriad swaying swords flashing in the sunlight before their faces, and in amazement started back. But in a moment they pressed on again, and with fixed bayonets hurled themselves upon their terrible enemies; and now, one after another, the sepoy regiments came up and plunged into the thick of the fight. Again and again, as the British guns roared out, a hail of grape-shot flew down the river bed, and hurtled through the dense masses of the Beloochees; yet, heedless of the slaughter, many leaped upon the guns only to be blown away, while along the bank the shouts of the striving multitudes were mingled with the frequent clash of the bayonet and the sword. Twice or three times, in spite of the example, in spite of the passionate entreaties of their officers, the sepoy regiments shrank back; and even the British swerved before the onset of their desperate foes. Officers and men were falling fast; and it seemed doubtful if the British could win the battle.

"Then, conspicuous among the thronging combatants, appeared the eagle face of the British General; he drove his horse through the ranks of the

22nd, and, waving his helmet, called upon the men to make one conquering charge. Still it was all in vain. The bayonet alone could not decide the battle. But soon the British, planting themselves almost on the edge of the bank, fired into the striving mass with such swiftness that, as their foremost enemies rolled over dead or dying, those behind could hardly spring clear of the corpses and strike before a fresh volley hurled them back.

"In the narrow space, barely five yards wide, that separated the contending hosts, Napier slowly walked his horse up and down, more than once scorched by the fire, though never struck, and always at hand to rally the wavering.

"Writhing heaps of bodies were lying close under the bank; and still the Beloochees would not give way. Moreover, the officer commanding the Bombay Grenadiers, misunderstanding his instructions, had neglected to storm Katree, the village on the enemy's right, and kept his men in a position where they were of little use.

"The crisis had arrived: now or never, Napier saw, the battle must be won. Exhorting his men to hold on, he sent an order to Colonel Pattie, his second-in-command, to charge with all the cavalry on the Beloochee right. But the order had been anticipated. Captain Tucker, of the 9th Cavalry, had already persuaded the colonel to allow the cavalry to act. While the third squadron drove masses of the enemy into and along the river, and the second expelled numbers from the village enclosures, the first, with the Scinde Horse, rode straight for the further bank. As they galloped across the plain near the village, some fifty of the Scinde horsemen, failing to clear the ditches that intersected it, were

flung from their saddles; but the rest, spurring on, dashed over the high bank of the river and across its bed; and then, while the Scindees charged the camp of the Ameers, the Bengal troopers swept down upon the enemy's rear, and threw the whole line into disorder.

"Distracted by this unexpected onslaught, the Beloochees hesitated; the British infantry saw the wavering of their line, and, springing forward with a triumphant shout, forced them from the bank, till the battle was renewed in the middle of the river-bed. Driven out of the wood, the thousands whom Tew's grenadiers had held in check joined the left of the line. With desperate fierceness the conquered Beloochees still fought on, but at last they knew that they were beaten, and turning, though still glancing grimly around, with a swinging stride they slowly stalked away. Large bodies, indeed, still lingered near the village, and looked as though they would make another rush; and it was not until the whole of the British guns had been turned against them that they too sullenly dispersed."

They left over five thousand of their warriors on the field of Meeanee. Napier's loss was two hundred and fifty-six killed and wounded.

At midnight, when all his weary men were resting, Napier rode alone over the battlefield. His feeling was not one of exaltation, but gratitude at having avoided defeat. And the finest part of the man demanded an answer to one urgent question as the soldier gazed upon the horrible groups, lying stiff and cold, of what had a few hours before been resolute manhood. It got an answer from a conscience which never hesitated to face the truth:

"This blood is upon the Ameers, not on me."

Next morning came messengers asking what terms the victor would grant the Ameers.

"Life and nothing more," was the reply. "And I wish your decision before twelve o'clock, as I shall by that time have buried my dead, and given my soldiers their breakfast."

The foe had had enough. Came presently to camp Nusseer Khan, Shahdad, and young Hoossein of the Ameers. They would surrender Hyderabad. They were beaten. They were the General's prisoners of war. And they laid at his feet the jeweled swords which were among their most treasured possessions.

Now Charles Napier had always burned to achieve glory and renown and material recognition. Forty years he had waited while spending his utmost strength and blood. There was something about those gorgeous swords that seemed to typify and embody his long-deferred success. They were his, by all the rules and customs of war. Only one who has been deprived for most of a lifetime of the material rewards of honest work can realize how tremendous this seems when it does come at the eleventh hour.

Moreover, he detested the whole brood of Ameers as one of the main causes of the misery of the Unhappy Valley, as well as treacherous enemies to his own government.

Yet his large spirit was touched at the abjectness of these who had yesterday been potentates. He could not bear to gratify his own triumph at the cost of adding even to a defeated enemy's misery.

Telling them that the Governor General must decide upon their fate, he assured them that they should be treated with respect as befitted princes.

And for his personal part, he handed them back

their jeweled swords, to save them this final humiliation.

For the first time, too, in the long history of British wars, Napier's report of his victory personally named a number of private soldiers for heroic conduct in the action. Small wonder that his men were fond and proud of him! He wrote in his journal the day after Meeanee:

"The Twenty-second gave me three cheers after the fight and one during it. Her Majesty has no honor to give that can equal that."

# PART IV

## COURAGE OF MIND AND CHARACTER

*Thoughtful people have always recognized a difference between courage of body and that of mind. The old myth of "primitive hardihood," the delusion which we feel has driven the Teuton race into unthinkable crimes against humanity, holds that we must preserve something of the unreasoning, ferocious readiness to attack of the cave-man in order to avoid becoming over-sensitive, weak, cowardly.*

*Yet there is a mass of testimony from the Great War, as from a myriad other sources, to show that even when it comes to physical bravery, it is the men of "refinement," the high-strung, sensitive students, artists, writers and poets who have particularly shown the supreme contempt for danger and death.*

*It is true, too, that much of the conspicuous bodily courage is due to habit: the particular risk has become commonplace. Another kind of chance may cause the reckless soldier to hesitate. Alan Breck, with his feet on the heather and a sword in his hand, was ready for a troop: in a storm at sea his fortitude vanished. The quality that causes one to contemplate* ALL *dangers calmly surely comes from the mind.*

*And this manifests itself in a thousand ways less showy than charging a hostile battery. No one who beholds Thomas Carlyle resolutely setting out to rewrite his burned manuscript, Grant conquering his besetting weakness, Palissy pursuing his ideal*

*through those bitter years of want and discouragement—no one can doubt the result had these men been tested in some other way.*

*The root of the matter was in them. The tree and fruit could be no other.*

## CHAPTER XIV

### A SERBIAN VOIVODE

The whole world marveled during the first months of the Great War at the success of little Serbia against Austria. The armies of Franz Josef were forced to give up the attempt to capture Belgrade. Deciding that the Serbian capital was impregnable, they concentrated their forces on the northwest and advanced proudly into the land, expecting to conquer it completely in a couple of weeks.

Two attempts were beaten back by the aroused mountaineers; but the superhuman efforts required exhausted the defenders, and the invaders captured the important centre of Valievo. Convinced now that they held Belgrade in the hollow of their hand, the Austrians began an enveloping movement.

Though Serbia had won practically every battle where the forces were anywhere near equal, many of the stoutest-hearted patriots now began to feel further resistance was useless. But the headquarters staff sent a man to meet the emergency—largely under the urgency of the man himself.

He was nearly sixty years old, this General Mishitch. Born as the son of a peasant near this very town of Valievo, he had gone through the Military Academy, fought gallantly in the earlier war with Bulgaria, and so distinguished himself in the Balkan War of 1912 that he had reached the rank of general with an important position on the general staff.

Always he had remained a simple man with peasant virtues. A tremendous worker and fighter, tireless, calm, methodical, he still had in him a fire that blazed out fiercely when aroused. And he was notable for his confidence even among a people "with whom optimism is a national characteristic." Naturally the soldiers worshipped him and believed him invincible.

Through all the anxious days of that fall when those in authority debated the part of wisdom, he had counselled a vigorous offensive as the true prudence. When things looked most critical and the council of war was divided, he turned to the Crown Prince:

"Sire," he exclaimed, "do not seek salvation in retreat."

The staff decided to strike as he advised. He himself was detached and placed in command of the First Army.

A correspondent saw his setting out.

"It was a night in late November, 1914. The Serbian arsenal town of Kraguievatz was knee deep in slush and refuse. Through the darkened streets there passed eastward a constant stream of fugitive peasants, their worldly chattels piled high upon creaking oxen wagons. Hospitals had been already evacuated, the dismantling of the arsenal had commenced, the air was filled with the unceasing rumble of ever-nearing Austrian guns, and we sat in the only passable café taking what all the world thought would be our last solid meal in the national Woolwich.

"Truth to tell, events were going ill for Serbia. Fatigued by incessant warfare, almost without ammunition, the armies of King Peter had been

retreating steadily for six weeks, and now came the news that the First Army had lost the impregnable mountain range of Suvobor, bringing the enemy within cannon-range of our dinner-table. In the circumstances, circumstaces which afforded justification for pessimism *à l'outrance,* it was a merry enough party—you will never quite crush the optimism of the Serb—and a close friend of mine, who succeeded in forgetting the horrors of the Albanian retreat in a couple of days and has since discovered a wealth of humor 'neath that tragedy, whispered that one never knows one's luck and nodded significantly across the table at General Mishitch.

"General Mishitch had then been released from his position of sub-chief to the general staff and ordered to take command of the First Army. That night he was leaving for the front, and I well remember the words with which I bade him adieu: 'It smacks of mockery to wish you luck, General, but I hope that when next we meet it will be my privilege to call you Voivode (Field Marshal).'

"In a few days he accomplished wonders. A general with a genius for command, he inspired rank and file with renewed courage, and when that remarkable (almost impertinent) order to counter-attack arrived from headquarters, he sent his men forward and stormed and recaptured the heights of Suvobor. The whole line then advanced and speedily flung the Austrian hordes into a panic from which they never recovered until the remnants who escaped were miles inside their own frontiers. Thus did 200,000 war-worn, hungry, and ill-equipped Serbian soldiers—the demoralized of yesterday—inflict upon 300,000 Austrian invaders one of the most striking and decisive defeats of the World War. It

had taken the 'Swabos' a month and a half to reach Suvobor from the Drina River. It took them exactly 10 days to get back again. They left behind 60,000 killed and wounded, 40,000 prisoners, and an enormous war-booty, and the Austro-German attempt to join up with Bulgaria and Turkey was set back for 10 months.

"Five days after our farewell at Kraguievatz, I met General Mishitch in the midst of the battle of Valievo, half-way to the Drina, and having seen a telegram from the Crown Prince at the corps headquarters, I was able to greet him as Voivode (Field Marshal) Mishitch.

"Our reoccupation of Valievo was touching, if not imposing. Some faded flags here and there; an incomplete battalion with one bugler; a group of old men representing the municipality—this was what the victorious general found as he rode in. It resembled the return to a bereaved house after the funeral. The chaos of the roads, although indicative of the enemy's total collapse, finished by being depressing. The gleam of blue uniforms lying in the mud amid the countless battered tins of preserved food, made us avert our eyes. We dared think of nothing but the immediate work before us. Thus we rode past dismantled artillery, broken guns, children's photographs strewn in the mud amid scraps of shrapnel, half-empty cartridge cases, Bibles, broken gourds, and splendid, new top-boots. The climax of confusion seems to have been our firing on them with their own cannon from Suvobor heights. They must have recognized the purple-red-white smoke of their own shells. We learned from prisoners that the officers pretended we had Greek ammunition originally purchased from Austrian fac-

tories; but the men were not deceived. We found shovels sticking in their badly dug trenches—trenches that were viewed with contempt by our practised diggers of three consecutive wars. Their graves were better done, and almost each had a cross, while sometimes there was one huge cross about 12 feet high near a crowd of little mounds. We coaxed to us easily numbers of stray horses, and Tyrolean mules never seen in these parts before. They are strong, sturdy animals, better than buffaloes for artillery purposes. Cabs, such as we had seen in the streets of Trieste and Agram, lay about, their shafts pointing desolately skywards. Everything had a hopeless air.

"At Mionitza I saw our general again, after he had cleared all the Kolubara district, including his native village, Struganik. He was talking with the peasants, one of whom, in fustian, fur cap, and sandals, was unmistakably his brother. The two Mishitches have the same erect carriage, sparse moustache, and clear blue eyes. At this moment both had their hands in their pockets, one in his peasant (chakshir), the other in his uniform pantaloons. There was nothing to choose between the attitude of the men. Both were free in speech and movements, simple, workmanlike, confident. They had not been reared on 'white coffee and yeast rolls,' but their easy manner came from love of freedom and determination to remain free. Finer types of the gentle, manly Southern Slav you could not see!

"There was a great smashing of crockery when the housewives of Valievo regained their homes, and a burning of bread-troughs, for the legend ran that socks and shirts had been washed in these. Knowing the scrupulous care with which food vessels are

kept apart in Serbia—in remoter regions the women are more pedantic on this point—it is easy to understand that the country is suffering from lack of ware after the invasion."

But this well-earned success was followed by disaster. Allied reinforcements did not arrive. Belgrade fell before the Austrian guns. Food and supplies were unobtainable: a pair of boots cost sixty or seventy dollars; a pound loaf of bread sold for eight.

The leaders of the three Serbian armies were cut off from all communication with headquarters.

"It devolved upon the field commanders to decide as to the final abandonment of Serbia. Their conference lasted two days, and, according to all reports, was stormy. General Mishitch was for an offensive even at that date. With those emaciated regiments out there in the frozen fields, killing their transport-beasts for food, burning their transport-wagons for fuel, and having enough of neither, with most of his ammunition gone, together with a great part of the very insufficient artillery which the army had possessed, he still felt that there was a chance, and that is all that is necessary for the Serbian soldier. They are not fools, they do not die needlessly, as the Montenegrins are popularly reported to do; but if there is a chance, life counts nothing to them. During the months that I lived with them, slept with them on the ground, ate their bread, saw their battle-lines, I learned this beyond all else: soldier for soldier, I believe them to be the best fighters in the world. Most soldiers are brave men; the Serb is also a marvelous stoic, a rare optimist, and built of steel. But the odds there were too great. The other two generals favored the course which

was carried out with a very remarkable degree of success—a general retreat through the mountains with as many of the smaller guns and as much ammunition as possible. So the evacuation of Ipek was announced."

As ever, Mishitch accepted the facts.

Still in command of the First Army, the Voivode led his battered regiments in that terrible march across the mountains of Albania and Montenegro. Even in his most dashing forward movements he was never greater than as leader of this heart-breaking march into exile; and his personal example through the unspeakable hardships suffered by the ragged, hungry, shivering Serbians was an inspiration to all.

Nor did he lose heart even then when all seemed over. The disorganized army was built up again at Corfu. With all his energy Mishitch worked to restore their morale and the fighting spirit which had so often disregarded crushing odds. He knew his countrymen; it was "the army that cannot die."

How well he succeeded was shown in the fall of 1916, when his re-created force, in conjunction with the Allies, attacked along the Macedonian frontier, and the Serbians by a series of reckless assaults captured the city of Monastir—the first success of the Macedonian expedition in nearly a year. Once more the Serbs stood upon their native soil. Through it all the peasant field-marshal was the "genius of the campaign."

A magnificent fighter and man, this Voivode Mishitch! And the great spirit he always showed may be recognized in a single glimpse of him in the flush of victory—for that is the moment which often betrays the real man.

It was in the earlier campaign against his ancient enemy the Turks, so ardently hated by their Balkan neighbors. A former military attaché at Constantinople was with General Mishitch as he swept hotly forward.

"A Turkish company held up our advance on one occasion. They held the high ground and fought desperately. I do not know how many of our men were killed, but when we got into the trench, there were but four Turks of the company left alive.

"By a miracle the Turkish captain was unhurt. His clothes had been pierced in seven places by bullets, but he had not been touched. He was brought before Voivode Mishitch.

" 'Give him his sword,' shouted the Voivode. 'How dare you bring such a soldier as this before me when he is not wearing his sword!'

"That night we started back for headquarters, and General Mishitch called for his car.

" 'The Turkish captain rides with me,' said the general. 'No doubt he is tired.' "

## CHAPTER XV

### A SEARCH THAT LASTED SIXTEEN YEARS

About the year 1540 a man named Bernard Palissy was living in the crooked-streeted town of Saintes, in southwestern France. He was a painter of glass-windows, when he could get any to paint; a modeller of images and general draughtsman on occasion; and when these artistic trades failed to produce a living for his young wife and two babies, he was glad to exercise his professional skill as a land surveyor.

He had reached the age of thirty. His intensely active mind had absorbed all sorts of knowledge from his apprentice years of wandering: with small education, he was a keen naturalist, and an observer who combined both the artist's enthusiasm and the scientist's love of exact facts. And he was beginning to feel that there was something in him, calling for use, which was being starved by the drudgery of making surveys of contested boundaries. Even at that he could barely earn enough to pay for the food and clothing and poor house on the outskirts of town where at night he heard the dogs barking on one side and the owls hooting on the other.

There was less and less demand for the glass-painting which did give some scope of expression;

he had tried painting portraits, but without influence or patronage from the nobility these commissions were few and paid for at starvation wages; yet there was a natural buoyancy in the young artist, and an unrealized sense of inner power, that kept up his hope, and enabled him to cheer his thrifty peasant wife when she fell to worrying because they were not "getting ahead."

He came home one day in such a state of excitement that Madame Palissy at first thought he must have received some most profitable order. It was something of a struggle for her to sympathize when she learned that all this enthusiasm and talk was about an "earthen cup" he had seen. But he explained it was such a cup, or vase, as one could not imagine—shaped so delicately and enameled with so wonderful a glazed surface. Never in his travels had he beheld such a piece of earthenware; the man did not live in all France who could make enamel like that; in Italy, some was produced, to be sure, but nothing like this. It must have come from the miraculous East, as people said. It was a marvel of beauty. If only he could find out how that glazed surface on the clay was secured!

All this did not appeal very strongly to the good lady. But when her Bernard explained that if he could discover how to make such enamels, he would have a secret which would bring all people to him for his wares instead of the coarse jars and pipkins and Beauvais stoneware vessels which were almost the only products of French pottery,—the thing began to seem a little more worth while.

As for Bernard himself, he was like a man who has met his fate. Here was a scientific secret to be solved, a new art to be developed, a bountiful

source of fame and money for his family if he succeeded. He was a good designer, draughtsman, modeller. He had no fear of being able to handle all that side. But the glaze! That was the crux of the thing.

"Thereafter," says he, "regardless of the fact that I had no knowledge of clays, I began to seek for the enamels as a man gropes in the dark."

In a fever of eagerness he started in that very day, without the least knowledge or any suggestion as to materials or processes.

"On that day I pounded up all the materials I could think of, and, having pounded and ground them, I bought a quantity of earthen pots, and breaking them to pieces, I covered them with the substances I had ground, making a memorandum of the drugs I had used in each; then having built a furnace according to my fancy, I put these pieces to bake to see if my drugs would give any color.

"Now, because I had never seen earthenware baked, I never could succeed, even when the mixtures were good, because sometimes the work was too much heated, and at other times not enough. . . . So, being oftentimes thus disappointed, with great cost and labor, I was all day pounding and grinding new materials, and building new furnaces at a great expense in money, and much consumption in wood and time. . . .

"When I had imprudently spent several years in these attempts, with much sorrow and sighing because I could not succeed in my desire, I again bought several earthen vessels, and, having broken them up, covered three or four hundred of the pieces with experimental enamels, and carried them to a pottery distant a league and a half from my resi-

dence, with a request to the potters to allow me to bake these experiments therein.

"God willed it that thus, as I was beginning to lose courage, and, as a last attempt, had gone to a glass-house, having with me a man loaded with more than three hundred different samples, there was found one of these samples which became melted within four hours after being in the furnace; the which gave me such joy, that I thought I had become another creature, and believed that I had then discovered the perfection of white enamel. But my thoughts were still far from the truth, this trial being very successful in one point of view, and very bad in another: successful, in so far as it gave me an insight into the knowledge I have since attained; bad, in that it was not in proper dose or measure.

"I was so great a fool in those days, that, as soon as I had produced the white, I set about making earthen vessels, although I had never learned the earthenware manufacture; and, having spent seven or eight months in constructing these vessels, I began to build a furnace like a glass-furnace, the which I built with unspeakable toil, for I had to do the masonry by myself, and to mix my mortar, and draw the water for tempering the same; also I had to carry the bricks on my own back, for that I had no means of keeping a man to assist me in the said business.

"I baked my ware for the first firing, but at the second firing I had such sorrow and such work as no man would believe; for, instead of resting from my past labors, I had to work for the space of more than a month, night and day, to grind the materials of which I had made this beautiful white at the glass-house; and when I had ground these materials,

I covered therewith the vessels that I had made; which done, I lighted my furnace at the two doors, as I had seen the glassmen do; but it was unfortunate for me, because, although I was six days and six nights at the furnace without ceasing to throw wood in at the two mouths, I could not make the enamel melt, and I was reduced to despair. Yet, although I was exhausted with fatigue, I began to consider that in my enamel there was too little of the material which was to flux the others; which seeing, I began to pound and grind the same material, without, however, allowing my furnace to cool; wherefore I had double labor, pounding, grinding, and heating the said furnace.

"When I had thus mixed my enamel, I was obliged to go and purchase more pots, in order to try the said enamel, inasmuch as I had consumed all the vessels I had made; and having covered the pots with the enamel, I put them into the furnace, still keeping up the full heat of the fire. But thereupon I met with another misfortune, which gave me great vexation; for, my wood having run short, I was obliged to burn the stakes from my garden fence, which being consumed, I had to burn the tables and boards of my house, in order to melt my second composition. I was in such anguish as I cannot describe, for I was all shriveled and dried up with the work and the heat of the furnace. It was more than a month since I had had a dry shirt on. Then, for my consolation, my neighbors laughed at me, and even those who ought to have helped me reported about the town that I burned my flooring-boards, and by such means they made me lose my credit and pass for a fool.

"Others said that I sought to coin false money,

which was an evil report that made me shake in my shoes; and I would then walk through the streets stooping, like a man that is ashamed. I was in debt in several places, and had usually two children at nurse, without being able to pay the wages. No person helped me, but, on the contrary, they laughed at me, saying, 'Serve him right to die of hunger, for he neglects his business.' All these news came to my ears when I walked through the streets. Nevertheless, there remained some hope which encouraged and sustained me, inasmuch as the last trials had turned out pretty well; and I then thought that I knew enough to gain my livelihood at it, although I were very far therefrom (as thou shalt know hereafter); and think it not amiss if I discourse thereof at length, in order that thou mayest attend to what may be of use to thee.

"When I had rested for some time, regretting that no one had pity upon me, I said to my soul, What saddens thee, seeing that thou hast thy desire? Work now, and shame thy detractors. But, on the other hand, my mind would say, Thou hast no means of pursuing thy object: how, then, wilt thou keep thy family, and buy the things necessary for the four or five months that must pass before thou canst enjoy the fruits of thy labor?

"Now, while I was in such sadness and hesitation of spirit, hope gave me a little courage; and, having thought that I should be far too long in making the whole charge for the furnace with my own hands—in order to gain time and bring out more quickly the discovery which I had made of the secret of this enamel—I hired a common potter, and gave him some drawings for him to make vessels from, to my order; and while he was doing this, I worked at

some medallions. But it was a wretched affair; for I was obliged to keep the said potter at a tavern on credit, because I could not have him in my house. When we had worked for the space of six months, and the work we had got through was ready to be fired, it became necessary to build a furnace and dismiss the potter, to whom, for want of money, I had to give some of my clothes by way of payment.

"Now, as I had nothing with which to build my oven, I set to work pulling down the one that I had made after the fashion of a glass-furnace, that the materials might serve for the new one; but whereas the said furnace had been so very hot for six days and nights, the bricks and mortar thereof had fused and vitrefied in such manner that, in breaking it down, my fingers were cut and gashed in so many places that I was obliged to eat my porridge with my hands wrapped in a cloth. When I had pulled down the furnace, I had to build the other, which was not done without great trouble; and the more so, because I had to carry the stones and mortar without any assistance or rest.

"This done, I gave the aforesaid work the first firing, and then, by borrowing and otherwise, I found means to procure the materials for the enamels to cover it, as it had borne the first firing well. But when I had bought these materials, there remained a work which had wellnigh made me give up the ghost; for, after having tired myself during several days by pounding and calcining my ingredients, I had to grind them, without any assistance, in a hand-mill, which usually required two powerful men to turn it. The desire which I felt to succeed in my undertaking made me do things which I should have otherwise thought impossible.

"When the colors were ground, I covered all my vessels and medallions with the enamel; then, having arranged the whole of it in my furnace, I began to heat it, expecting to make a fortune of three or four hundred livres by the charge. I continued the firing until I had some sign and hope that my enamels had melted, and that the baking was going on well. Next day, when I came to draw the charge, having first extinguished the fire, my grief and sadness were so increased that I lost all command, for, although my enamels were good and the work sound, nevertheless an accident had happened to the furnace which had spoiled all. . . .

"It was because the mortar with which I had cemented my furnace was full of pebbles, the which, feeling the heat of the fire, split into several pieces, making sundry detonations and reports in said oven. Now when the splinters of the said stones flew against my work, the enamel which had already melted and become sticky, held these stones, and fastened them all over the said vases and medallions, which would otherwise have been beautiful.

"I was more vexed than I could tell thee, and not without cause, for my charge cost me more than six score crowns. I had borrowed the wood and materials, as I also had a part of my household necessaries, while I was doing this work. I had kept off my creditors with the hope of payment from the money to arise from the sale of the goods, wherefore several of them came in the morning when I was going to take the goods out of the oven, thereby redoubling my vexation, because in taking out the work I gained nothing but shame and confusion; for every article was sprinkled with little bits of flint, which were so strongly fastened round the vessels, and stuck in

by the enamel, that when I rubbed my hand over it, the said flints cut like razors; and although the work was in this manner spoiled, yet some desired to purchase it at a low price.

"But because this would have been a disgrace and cheapening of my credit, I completely destroyed the whole of the said articles, and went to bed for very sadness, seeing that I had no means of supporting my family. I met with nothing but reproaches at home; instead of consolation, I found curses. My neighbors, who had heard of the business, said I was a madman, and that I might have received more than eight francs for what I had broken. And all these remarks were added to my troubles.

"When I had lain some time in bed and had considered with myself that, if a man falleth into a ditch, it is his duty to try to get out of it; such being my case, I betook myself to painting, and by several means was at pains to earn a little money; then I said to myself that all my losses and risks were past, and that there was no longer any thing to prevent my producing good articles: so I set to work, as before, at the former art.

"I had a great number of earthen crocks made by certain potters to inclose my vases when I put them into the oven: the idea proved a good one, and I have adhered to it up to the present time. But I was such a novice that I could not distinguish between too much and too little firing: when I had learned to guard against one danger another presented itself, which I should never have thought of. At length I found out how to cover vessels with divers enamels mixed like jasper: this supported me for some time. But when I had discovered the

means of making rustic pieces, I was more troubled and confounded than before; for, having made a certain number of basins, and fired them, some of my enamels turned out beautiful and well fused, others badly fused, and others burnt, because they were composed of various materials which were fusible at different heats; the green of the lizards was burnt before the color of the serpents was melted; also the color of the serpents, tortoises, cray-fish, turtles, and crabs was melted before the white had acquired any beauty.

"All these defects caused me so much labor and sadness of spirit, that, before I could make my enamels fusible at the same degree of heat, I thought I should have passed even the doors of the grave; for, from working at such matters, in the space of more than ten years I had so fallen away in my person that there was no longer any form or appearance of calf to my legs or roundness in my arms, insomuch that my legs were all one thickness, in such manner that, as soon as I began to walk, the strings with which I fastened the bottom of my hose dropped about my heels, together with my stockings.

"I frequently used to walk in the meadow of Saintes, considering my vexation and my afflictions; and, above all, that I could meet with no peace in my own house, or do any thing that was thought right. I was despised and scorned by all. Nevertheless, I always contrived to make some ware of divers colors which afforded me some sort of a living. The hope which supported me gave me such a manly courage for my work, that oftentimes, to entertain persons who came to see me, I would en-

deavor to laugh, although within me I felt very sad. . . .

"I was all night at the mercy of the wind and rain, without having any succor, help, or consolation, unless from the owls screeching on one side, and the dogs howling on the other. Sometimes there arose storms and tempests, which blew in such manner up and down my furnaces that I was obliged to leave them altogether, with loss of my labor. And it has happened to me several times, that, having left my work, and having nothing dry about me, on account of the rain which had fallen, I would go staggering about without a light, and tumbling from side to side, like one drunk with wine, full of great sorrow, inasmuch as, having been long at work, I saw my labor lost. Now, going to bed thus dirty and wet, I found in my room a persecution worse than the first, which now makes me wonder that I did not die of vexation."

But in spite of his wife's reproaches and all his other bitter trials, Palissy persisted. Nor was he satisfied when at the end of sixteen weary years he had won enough knowledge to make his work sought after by the wealthy connoisseurs. He had in him an ideal, a passion for perfection, that ever drove him on to fresh labors.

Success and fame came, though he never accomplished what he had set out to do. He had accomplished a greater work: the manufacture of his own character.

What an excellent piece of craftsmanship this was was shown when the aged Huguenot (he had for many years been a convert to the new faith), after passing safely through the terrors of the St. Bar-

tholomew massacre, was arrested and sentenced to death in a fresh outbreak of religious persecution.

Though over eighty he faced his fate calmly. Friends secured a stay of sentence, but for four years he remained a prisoner in the Bastille. Then one evening he fell asleep and did not wake.

## CHAPTER XVI

### CLIVE'S DUEL

In the year 1743 a young Englishman named Robert Clive sailed for India to take a position as clerk with the East India Company. He was in his eighteenth year; his school record was that of an incorrigible idler at his books, a rebel against authority, a daredevil delighting in startling the townsfolk by climbing the church steeple, or forming a gang of his fellows to levy tribute from the shopkeepers on pain of having their windows broken.

The ship was detained nine months in Brazil, and the youngster spent all his money. He landed at Madras penniless, and speedily acquired a reputation in his small circle as a difficult, insubordinate, moody, passionate young man who would never rise in the service. He was miserable, homesick, in poor health, and took to gaming in desperation. All the wise elders predicted he would lose his post presently and be sent home in disgrace. Twice he attempted to shoot himself. The pistol each time missed fire.

Yet eight years later, the great Pitt was pronouncing him a "heaven-born general," and all Europe was ringing with his unparalleled exploit in defending Arcot—the first real British victory over their French rivals in the struggle to control India. In another ten years he was Baron of Plassey in commemoration of his dashing victory in this, one of the

decisive battles of the world. And in a few more years, as governor and commander-in-chief, he practically completed the addition of this vast empire to the British Crown, established a government which justified the conquest, and completely reorganized the army there.

Throughout this almost incredible twenty-five years, the name of Clive became a synonym for a daring personal courage which hesitated at nothing, when occasion demanded. He was soldier and leader as well as general; and it was largely his flaming personal heroism which attached his sepoys to him, with a devotion, as Macaulay said, which "surpassed anything that is related of the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon."

It was, however, in a half-forgotten and somewhat sordid episode of those early unhappy years that Robert Clive seemed to reach a pinnacle of resolution. Browning seized upon the hazy facts for his searching poem of the "unique" occasion, fit for a museum of "mind-freaks," when Clive felt fear.

The lonely young "writer," lacking any proper outlet for his energies, had become a devotee of the card-tables, where the play, though for comparatively small stakes, was intensely earnest.

Most of the gamesters were officers, and the arrogant military caste of that day considered a young factor as a hopeless social inferior: since it was necessary to have some outsiders in the game he was tolerated so long as he kept his place and paid his losses; but these high-colored, domineering captains and majors took little pains to hide their feeling that it was a condescension on their part to admit him even thus far to their pastimes.

This was galling enough to an ambitious and re-

pressed young man; and Clive himself had a haughty pride which was intensified by his lack of money and position. Clashes would have been far more frequent but for the coolness with which the civilian met each situation, and his self-possessed smile when fortune ran against him.

One evening he was playing with a ruffling, scarlet-clad bully who embodied all the worst faults of the soldier clique. His contempt for Clive was expressed in word and manner. Even his anger, as he continued to lose, was that of one towards an intruder of a lower class.

The young civilian met everything with a controlled, sardonic appreciation of the situation. Presently, however, as the cards were cut, his alert gaze caught a movement of the hand beneath the ruffles —and sensed the insulting fact that the fellow hardly cared whether he were observed or not, trusting to his confidence of browbeating this outsider.

The civilian rose: "Captain, you forced a card. You cheated, sir!"

Purple with rage and hardly believing his ears, the officer sputtered out: "Just repeat what you said."

"I said you forced a card, and cheated."

"Possibly clerks make these jokes to each other," remarked the captain in a deadly tone. "You are among gentlemen now and even your ignorance cannot save you. Down on your knees, sir, and beg my pardon this instant—or we shall see if a bullet can let some first ideas of manners into you."

"You cheated," replied Clive, in a voice that carried through the room.

The dozen men present sprang to their feet, up-

setting tables and crying out at this gross insult to the uniform.

"Here, pistols! That must be wiped out on the spot, Captain. Give the scoundrel a lesson he'll not forget."

Tables and chairs were tossed aside to make a clear space. In a few moments the two antagonists stood facing each other across the room. They were to shoot at will; when one had fired, the other was free, if able, to advance and make sure work.

Young Clive found himself possessed with a burning desire to annihilate the cowardly, swaggering ruffian, a hatred which shook him to the centre. Indeed, his anger was so overpowering that it was his undoing: a jerk of his nerves caused him to press the trigger before he meant to. The ball buried itself harmlessly in the wall.

It was his own death-warrant. No shadow of a doubt about that. He was completely at the officer's mercy.

The Captain strode forward with a savage chuckle of triumph, claiming his right to make a certain thing of it. One step away he halted, and levelled his weapon till the muzzle almost touched the young man's forehead.

"Now, you miserable hound of a clerk,—withdraw your charge, or I'll blow the lie out of you."

Clive looked him in the eye. "You know you cheated. You know it now. Shoot! That will fit the rest."

The man's face became distorted. Twice he pressed the pistol actually against the civilian's temple, and seemed to try to pull the trigger—while every other man present stood in breathless anticipation.

Then, to the amazement of his friends, he threw the weapon on the floor. "God!" he muttered, thickly. "I can't do it. The boy didn't wink an eye. Well, then—I did cheat." And he stumbled out of the room.

The thunderstruck company recovered their senses when he had disappeared. Then there was a chorus. The fellow was a disgrace to the service; he should be drummed out to the Rogue's March. As for Mr. Clive, the best amends they could make, on behalf of the army, was to certify the full facts in public with the testimony of all present that no officer could have behaved better than had this civilian.

Young Clive listened to all this, and looked them up and down.

"One moment, please," came his cold voice. "Not one of you gentlemen suggested, when I made my accusation, that I might possibly be, not necessarily correct, but even mistakenly in good faith. When that man held my life in his hand, not a voice was raised in protest. Whatever he is, he spared me.

"No living soul but us twelve knows what has happened. If it is ever mentioned, I shall know from what group it came. If any man here ever refers to it, by word or gesture, he has me to deal with. And I promise not to show any such mercy as your friend did."

That was all. It is said the secret was kept. Even the name of the captain was never disclosed. But I fancy there was little surprise among that group of spectators when, a few years later, the civilian Robert Clive proved to the world his power of dominating circumstance and his fellow-men, and his capacity for large-minded justice even to his enemies.

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE TESTING OF A WRITER'S COURAGE

A HACKNEY-COACH drove up to an old-fashioned brick house in Great Cheyne Row, near the river in Chelsea, London.

It was well filled by three people, one of whom held a bird-cage in her lap, and all sorts of parcels, while the roof was piled high with a miscellaneous assortment of battered luggage.

The passengers got out in this street of flagstones, sunk stories and iron rails. It was a damp, cloudy day; but at the fresh June air, and the sight of the row of sturdy old pollarded lime trees, the little canary in the cage broke into song. The man—tall, thin, angular, straight—turned to his wife at this outburst, and a smile lit up his rugged face with its resolute chin and projecting lower lip.

They went inside number 5. Furniture, just moved in, was scattered about in wild disorder. Seated on two trunks, master and mistress looked around with a kind of cheerful solemnity, while Bessy the Scotch maid "did" a fire; and having thus "raised a reek" and made formal household sacrifice, they presently spreak a towel on a box lid and took their first dinner in the new home.

This man's name was Thomas Carlyle. He was nearing forty years of age. He had just "burnt his

ships behind him" and taken the plunge from "a six years' imprisonment" in a gaunt and lonely farm house on the Dumfriesshire moors to the tumultuous activity of London—resolved to make here one final effort at the literary life which had for fifteen years denied him more than a mere skimped existence in return for his grinding labor.

His boyhood had been bare enough, in all except family affection and the mental inspiration of books. While he was not forced like his father to "scraffle for food and clothes," shooting hares with a crazy gun to get meals, and skins to barter for a coat,—there was little luxury in the two-family house where his stone-mason father and uncle lived. They were barefoot days, of oatmeal, milk and potatoes, of careful thrift, in a taciturn family, whose head was a stern "walled in man," inspiring respect, admiration, fear—but never free intercourse or love.

School and college brought education, but little relief in material matters. He walked a hundred miles to Edinburgh University just before his fourteenth birthday, and spent nearly five years in humble lodgings, receiving food supplies from home, managing his life with the utmost economy. At 19 he was trying to support himself by tutoring at $300 a year, while continuing at the six years' studies remaining before he could be ordained. He had taken no prizes, had made few friends, and was considered too sarcastic for his years. But he had begun to read and think far more widely than most of his companions.

There had followed years dreary and disappointing. He felt work with his hands would be less hateful than schoolmastering; yet he plodded along at it as the one way of making a living. He had barely

reached manhood when he began to suffer with torturing dyspepsia, "like a rat gnawing at the pit of his stomach," and this disorder made life's difficulties the more unbearable. The ministry proved to be not for him; he turned to law; he patiently drudged through the dull grinding out of encyclopædia articles, glad to earn ten dollars a week; he translated a geometry and German classics, tried his hand at poetry, wrote biography, spent himself on articles and essays for the magazines—having no inconsiderable success from time to time, yet driven to conclude after ten years of it that "magazine work is below street sweeping as a trade"; he had tried dozens of times to secure positions in some established line of industry, ready to throw all of his exceptional powers into anything that would afford an honest living—without getting the chance; he had helped both his brothers when rare good fortune brought him well-paying pupils, advancing a large proportion of his earnings to get them started in life.

He had married, and added to his mental strains the intolerable burden of finding himself barely able to scrape along, even though his wife, who had had all that money could buy, was condemned to slave and cook and wash and scour and mend, while the hard work and loneliness—and his own difficult nature—seriously affected her spirits and health.

Sick of hack-writing and scrappy articles, he had put his whole heart into a book, "Sartor Resartus," which his most exacting critic pronounced a work of genius: not a publisher would take the risk of issuing it; and when parts appeared in a magazine, the prevailing verdict was that the author was insane, while people wrote to cancel their subscrip-

tions if any more of that stuff was to be inflicted on them.

Yet in spite of everything, he had kept up courage and held grimly to work at whatever came to mind and hand. Though he saw even his friends felt that nothing could be made of him, practically speaking; though the failure of his first books and his uncompromising radicalism had almost destroyed the small market for his writings; nevertheless he was possessed with the conviction that there was in him something large and significant, to which the world must hearken.

All employment seemed closed to him except what he could make for himself: he accepted the challenge and would offer the world the best there was in his mind. Though it looked as if writing would yield him "neither bread nor stomach to digest bread," write once more he would since that was the only work in sight.

So in this June of 1834 he was putting his fortune to a final test. He had sold all his belongings at Craigenputtock except enough to furnish this London house. The thousand dollars in hand would with strict economy keep them going for a year. By that time he must finish the book he had decided on for his supreme effort, the French Revolution.

If it succeeded, his years of persistence were justified.

If not, he had resolved to cut loose from it all, abandon literature, and with spade and rifle seek happier fortune in some frontier region of America.

In this mood of "Do or perish" he plunged into the study of his subject. He was a most conscientious writer and terribly in earnest: every fact must be verified, every conclusion sustained. The subject

was "high and huge." Hundreds of books and pamphlets, borrowed from friends or at the Museum library, had to be studied and digested. Days were spent in looking for authentic pictures.

This relentless and taxing research was carried on with almost no relief of friendly intercourse, under a crushing sense of the gravity of the situation, where not a sixpence was coming in, and each week saw their little capital dwindle.

Months of reading and making notes and thinking left his elusive subject still vague and perplexing in his mind, yet time was flying and he *must* get ahead.

In September he wrote that after "two weeks of blotching and bloring" he had actually produced—two clean pages of manuscript!

As he went on he began to "crush the secret" out of the facts he had gathered about that "wild tornado." It loomed larger and more meaningful than ever. He threw all his energies, the ripe thoughts of many years into the story. Through sickness and depression he stuck to it like a bur.

And in spite of occasional depression, he knew it was good, his best so far, without falsehood or triviality so far as in him lay. His genius recognized itself. This was a real thing, a work of true literary art that was so painfully shaping itself beneath his pen.

On February 7 the first volume was finished. Seven months of his year were gone. Over half his capital was spent—and for practically two years his writings had brought him nothing.

He had put the chapters of this precious manuscript as finished into the hands of a friend, John Stuart Mill—"the nearest approach to a real man that I find here"—for criticism and suggestion.

Then, wiping it clean out of his mind, he girded up his loins and attacked the second volume. This involved a new mood, a new approach. But he succeeded in achieving the change from the opening book, and, always mindful that he was running a race against unfaltering Time, he pressed forward with his story.

A month later Carlyle was sitting with his wife one evening in the Cheyne Row house. All day he had been working "like a nigger," in his own words, at the "Feast of Pikes" in his second volume. As was apt to be the case after these hours of fierce concentration, his one hope was to get the book done, his one satisfaction the thought of completed sections.

They heard a rap at the front door. Hurried footsteps came up the stairs.

The door of the sitting-room was thrust open and their good friend Mill entered. Deadly pale, he tried to speak, but no sounds came.

"Why, Mill," said Carlyle, "what ails ye, man? What is it?"

The visitor staggered, and Carlyle supported him with his arm. Presently he managed to gasp out a request that Mrs. Carlyle would go down and speak with someone in his carriage.

Husband and wife had often discussed a misfortune they had feared in connection with their friend. Thinking this had come to pass, Mrs. Carlyle went out.

Carlyle led Mill to a seat. The picture of desperation, the latter informed him in broken sentences that the manuscript of the first volume entrusted to him had been destroyed. Left out in too careless a manner, it had been torn up as waste paper by a

servant and burned: nothing was left but four or five bits of leaves!

Ruskin once said to Froude that Carlyle was "born in the clouds and struck by the lightning."

The literal fulfilment of this expression would hardly have been a more terrific shock than this news. He had put his very soul into that manuscript, months of steadfast, excessive, sickly toil. He had used up half of his allotted year, in the face of the difficulties briefly referred to. As was his custom, even his notes had been destroyed. The whole thing was just wiped out. And the end of his money was but a little way ahead.

But irritable as Thomas Carlyle often was under the pin-pricks of the daily routine, when it came to great matters he had the bigness and resistance of a mountain.

His first thought seemed to be of what Mill himself must be going through. He minimized the loss, and presently led the conversation to other topics.

Sending the carriage away, he embarked on one of his volcanic and fascinating conversations. Few men could listen to his talk unmoved. For two hours he kept his distressed friend, as he had often kept him before, chatting, philosophizing as if nothing had occurred.

Mill finally left about midnight, still in a pitiably relapsed state.

As they heard the front door close, Carlyle said to his wife:

"Well, Mill, poor fellow, is terribly cut up; we must endeavor to hide from him how very serious this business is to us."

That was a bad night for Thomas Carlyle. He knew only too well that he had forgotten the whole

structure of this first section, that it would be impossible to regain the same white-hot spirit that had given it birth. He seemed the plaything of malignant powers. Trying to sleep, strange dreams of horror haunted him; something seemed to grip his heart tight, with hard, cutting pressure.

Next day he wrote in his Journal:

"I have determined so far that I *can* still write *a* book on the French Revolution, and will do it. Nay, our money will still suffice. It was my last throw, my *whole* staked in the monstrosity of this life—for too monstrous, incomprehensible, it has been to me. I will not *quit* the game while faculty is given me to try playing. I have written to Fraser to buy me a '*Biographie Universelle*' (a kind of increasing the stake) and fresh paper: mean to huddle up the Feast of Pikes and look farther what can be attempted."

Brave words are easy. But he did it.

Mill, knowing his financial state, insisted on making good the money loss. Carlyle refused his offer of two hundred pounds, but finally accepted one hundred as a fair valuation of his half year's work. He was approximately as well off for money as if the accident had not occurred. He drove himself to the task of re-creating his lost volume.

It was even harder than he had anticipated. His eyes, his digestion, his ideas suffered from the crushing toil, labor without joy, threshing over old straw, to which he held his thoughts only by sheer will.

He had to stop work altogether for two weeks at a time—an unheard of thing for him. He wore himself "to the hue of saffron." He felt like a man who was "killing himself in accomplishing zero."

But there was in this homely Scotchman some

fibre of those Heroes whom he was to make live again for his dazzled readers.

By September 23 he could write "that unutterable MS." was finished, and wrapped up to lie till the other two volumes were completed.

Fifteen months later, on a damp January night, the last word of Volume III was penned. He himself declared that, worth anything or not, for a hundred years no book had come "more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man."

And the world confirmed this and more. Mill had the satisfaction of hailing the book in his *Westminster Review* as a work of genius, above all rules, and a law to itself. Surely the public responded to this new prophet. The "History of the French Revolution" gave Thomas Carlyle at one step his unique position in English literature.

Well had he earned it. And earned a position likewise among the truly valiant souls.

It is such as he that remind men fainting under discouragements that no honestly exerted force can be utterly lost; that in the "still death-defiance" of the utmost pressure of ill fortune lies the "most absolute sovereignty conceivable by the mind."

## CHAPTER XVIII

### A CHAMPION OF THE POOR

Something less than fifty years ago there was riding around San Francisco on a mustang pony a little erect man, carelessly dressed, with a full sandy beard, a big head, and alert blue eyes looking keenly out from beneath a broad and generous forehead.

His name was Henry George. For a man of thirty-two years he had had a varied experience in the stern realities of a workaday world.

Growing up in a Philadelphia home where there was close living but no question of some living, he had started to work in a store for $2 a week at fourteen. At sixteen he had gone to sea, to discover in a cruise before the mast to Australia and India that sea-sickness and picking oakum and laying out on a yard-end in a howling gale were by no means the worst of the things that made a sailor's life resemble that of the proverbial dog. Then in 1858 he had worked his passage to California, helping to jettison coal to save the ship in a hurricane off Hatteras, and going through an outbreak of yellow fever after leaving Rio.

The Golden Land had not been very kind to his young hopes. He had been seaman, miner, prospector, pedlar, job printer, tramp, reporter, and newspaper owner—finding "this working on a daily paper, the hours that we do, harder than digging sand or wielding a sledge," yet becoming involved

in debt despite his labors, his sleeping on a folding cot in the type room, his wearing of clothes till they were rags, and of shoes till his toes stuck through the holes.

Harder times still had come when, with the responsibilities of a wife and baby urging him on, he had made a desperate effort to "get his nose out of the space-box" by cleaning up on a copper mine, being cleaned out instead. He had tried to peddle clothes-wringers from door to door, and had canvassed for subscriptions—failing utterly. He had bumped against the bottom of humiliation for a vigorous, hard-working, intelligent, self-respecting man one dark morning of January, 1865, when, after all sorts of shifts for money, after nearly killing himself through lack of food, with his wife and a new baby in bed, he had been told by the doctor: "Don't stop to wash the child; he is starving. Feed him!" —and wildly walking the streets he had stopped a stranger and begged five dollars to save his precious three from hunger, feeling in his heart that if the man refused he would have to kill him.

These worst days were past. He was beginning to be known as an able newspaper man, a telling speaker, a writer of power, a possible member of the legislature, and, above all, a fighter for his beliefs.

But he had developed a burning conviction that these hard knocks of fate merely served to give poignant expression to a message which he must blazon before the eyes of the multitude in his loved land of democracy, to wit: "*In the long run, no nation can be freer than its most oppressed, richer than its poorest, wiser than its most ignorant.*" This "fiat of the eternal justice that rules the world" he felt compelled somehow to impress upon the self-

absorbed and heedless crowd, and to suggest to the multitude who alone could do something, the way in which to remedy the extremes of grinding poverty which seemed to him like foul blotches on the white robe of Liberty.

It was rather an ambitious plan for an obscure, almost penniless, self-educated young newspaper man, whose utmost efforts could barely support his wife and children.

But Henry George was a born fighter for the truth, especially a truth which appealed so vitally to his warm sympathy for his fellows. Moreover, as his devoted wife once said in a talk with him, he had preeminently that courage "that impels a man who sees his duty to follow it, though it mean to make sacrifices—to stand up against the world." He had shown his mettle when he attacked the Central Pacific Railroad, then the invisible power that dominated all California,—banks, courts, press, politics, and legislature,—which made men's fortunes with a word, or ruined those who protested against its secret dictatorship. Not satisfied with its vast subsidies, this "Octopus" was scheming to wrest more public lands and money from the people. As editor of the *Sacramento Reporter,* George fought this pernicious force tooth and nail. He knew well that any man of ability enough to make himself dangerous to the railroad could get some fat position within its circle; but he continued to denounce its illegal acts and to explain with telling clearness just what its coming had meant to the people of California. Unable to buy him, the railroad quietly bought the *Reporter*—and there was nothing for the powerless editor but to resign.

He had proved himself again in his battle with

the monopoly built up by the Associated Press, though the owner of his own *Herald* preferred to let the paper die, and all the other Coast newspapers were against him in the hopeless struggle. He had faced bitter enmity and abuse for his stand on the Chinese question then becoming an acute issue. He had antagonized every liquor dealer of the state, and seen advertisements and subscriptions melt away, by outspoken rebuke of election-time rowdyism around the saloons.

Harder still, he had resolutely faced the naked truth about himself and resolved to combat his own failings. One of his earliest attempts at writing anything but news was an essay on "The Profitable Employment of Time," in which, amid his blackest days, he set down his conclusion that "I have not employed the time and means at my command faithfully and advantageously as I might have done, and consequently that I have myself to blame for at least a part of my non-success"—and laid out rules for improving his habits.

So the young crusader had at least that primary requisite of going in with his head down against any odds.

He had some technical equipment too. If he had not studied political economy at college, he had studied life at first hand, which is better yet if there are eyes to see and a brain to reason. In addition, hard pressed for money as he had usually been, he had managed to pick up a considerable library on subjects of social and political science, history and biography, philosophy and science. What's more, he had read these hundreds of books and tested their conclusions in the light of his own observations and experiences.

Finally, he was possessed with a genuine moral fervor. Long afterwards in accepting the mayoralty nomination of New York City, he said:

"Years ago I came to this city from the West, unknown, knowing nobody, and I saw and recognized for the first time the shocking contrast between monstrous wealth and debasing want. And here I made a vow from which I have never faltered, to seek out and remedy, if I could, the cause that condemned little children to lead such a life as you know them to lead in the squalid districts."

As he confided to a friend, a priest: "Once, in daylight, and in a city street, there came to me a thought, a vision, a call—give it what name you will. But every nerve quivered."

His nerves had quivered again one day eighteen months before the time indicated.

He loped out on his tough little broncho through the suburbs of the rapidly growing city. The last, golden spike of the trans-continental railroad had been driven only a few months previous. It was proposed to extend the line from Sacramento to Oakland. A wild scramble for land began in consequence around the latter town. Speculators mortgaged everything in sight or in prospect to secure all the acres they could in anticipation of the rise in value. Prices had gone skyward.

George was as usual absorbed in his problems: why does poverty increase with increasing prosperity? And how to remedy it?

Urging his lively pony on unconsciously, he galloped through the Oakland hills till the horse was blown.

A passing wagon brought him to himself. Pull-

ing up to rest his broncho, he idly asked the driver of the team what land was worth around there.

The fellow pointed to some cows "grazing so far off that they looked like mice":

"I don't know exactly," said he, thoughtfully, "but there's a man over there who'll sell some land for a thousand dollars an acre."

The incongruity of such a sum in that remote farming country seemed to light up his puzzled mind like a flash of lightning. He had seen this land but a few years before when it was almost valueless; he had lived through the pioneer days when men tacitly acted on the principle that no one should take up more land than he could actually use; he had witnessed and fought the enormous grants of many square miles to the railroad; now these farms were held at a thousand dollars an acre, removed from production, out of reach of all except speculators.

Here he felt was the answer that explained the city slum and the hopeless laborer: the natural order had been set aside—nature's generous storehouse locked up—it was the taking of the land out of the poor man's hands that had made him poorer still.

The cure absorbed his thoughts for eighteen months. On a March Sunday night in 1871 his ideas focussed themselves. He sat down in his work room in his Stevenson Street house and fired the first gun in his life's campaign by beginning to write "Our Land and Land Policy."

He finished it in four months and managed to scrape up enough money to put it into fine type and print a small edition of a 48-page pamphlet, with a folding map of California to show that the state had squandered the primal heritage of its sons.

The book was quiet and unimpassioned, but

straight from the shoulder. It showed how the impelling cause of the settlement of the United States had been the "inexhaustible" stretches of fertile lands; how with such lavish grants as more than 25,000 acres *for each mile* built in the states, and half as much in the territories, to the Northern Pacific Railroad, and all the other outpourings of the nation's holdings, there would be no more arable land left of this "inexhaustible" store by 1890 (and, by the way, it was just about that time when we had to slice off Oklahoma from the territories allotted to the dispossessed Indians); how huge California with only 600,000 people in all its length and breadth, thus no longer offered the immigrant a chance to make a living from the soil without paying a tax to a middleman; how the only wealth is the product of labor; and how it was the speculative price of land, above what it was worth to use, which helped to clamp the poor beneath an iron band.

He maintained that freedom included the right of any man to the use of so much of the free gifts of nature as is necessary to existence, and that the increasing monopoly of land destroyed this right.

His remedy was to give what public lands were left only to actual settlers and to present them without charge; and to crush speculation by raising the government's expenses through a tax on land and not on the improvements. This he argued would cause millions of acres, held idle for a rise, to be abandoned, when they could be handed over to those who would actually work them.

About a thousand copies of the pamphlet were circulated, but it attracted little attention save as a novel and cranky notion. A few letters from eastern readers commended his idea. Clearly he had

failed to produce the revolution he had hoped for. His comment was characteristic:

"I saw the work must be done more thoroughly."

Eight years followed of study, of thinking, of active spreading abroad of his ideas through the *Daily Evening Post* which he and a fellow printer started with a total capital of $1,800. In these columns he hammered away incessantly at what the other journals used to ridicule as "George's fad." As was inevitable, he speedily found himself a storm centre, through his championing of the rights of any unfairly treated class. The Western reformer of those days needed nerve.

Once he attended an investigation of the House of Correction, where the manager's brutalities had through George's efforts created a scandal.

"At the gate stood the redoubtable Harris, with his hand on his pistol, looking more like a pirate than the superintendent of a public institution. Without the least hesitation Mr. George walked right up to him, looked the burly ruffian in the eyes, and passed into the yard without a word. All through that investigation Harris avoided the steady, indignant gaze of the brave little man who pressed his charges of brutality and drove him from his position and out of the city."

Again, when a wealthy scoundrel named Tarpey had murdered a woman neighbor with whom he had quarreled over some land, George stoutly insisted that his influential friends must not be permitted to save him from punishment, though letters came in threatening his life. Presently there appeared a big, husky chap named Donnally, demanding menacingly of George if the previous day's editorial represented his sentiments. The editor at once replied

that not only did it do so, but he had written it. Donnally broke out into abuse, calling him a liar—whereat the little reformer went for him and pummelled him until the bystanders had to save the bully.

In 1873 he denounced Crowley, the chief of police, for not carrying out the law and closing the gambling-houses and the vicious dens of Chinatown. In a restaurant a former detective named Gannon called George aside:

"You let up on Crowley," he whispered, "or there'll be trouble."

"What do you mean?" demanded the editor.

At that, Gannon caught hold of his neck with one hand and struck him in the face. George struck back vigorously. Gannon drew a revolver, and only prompt action by friends prevented his shooting.

Yet through all these stormy scenes the *Post* never failed to assail lawlessness and corruption, until Henry George became much the same sort of power as James King of William had been eighteen years previous.

The financial panic of 1875 wrecked the enterprise. At the time when the Bank of California had suspended payment, and money was so scarce that one man could get only $1,500 on a gold ingot worth $9,000, the holder of the newspaper's notes for machinery demanded payment. George lost every dollar he'd put in and four years' work.

But he knew he was beginning to make himself felt, and he toiled away at the "doing more thoroughly" task which was the fruit of his first attempt. He was made inspector of gas meters; he gave lectures; he busied himself in public library work; he lost the opportunity of representing the working-

men in the Constitutional Convention because at the last moment he refused flatly to subscribe to what he considered the false platform of Denis Kearney's doctrines; but always the pile of blue-ink manuscript, revised and rewritten over and over, was growing into what he believed to be his message to the world.

He was in debt; he couldn't afford to buy a parlor carpet: yet he was utterly absorbed by generous emotion for his unfortunate fellow-men and was spending himself, in every spare hour of the day or night, to put their case and its betterment before the great public.

When, in the dead of one March night of 1879, he finished the last page, he dropped down on his knees and cried like a child.

The manuscript was promptly shipped to a publishing house whose founder had been associated with George's father forty years earlier. In three weeks it came back with a few lines saying that though written with great clearness and force, the book was "very aggressive": there being little chance anyhow for such a book, the publisher must decline to risk any money on it.

For a month he and his friends made the dreary round from one publisher to another. Nobody would touch the work—unless plates were furnished to print from.

So Henry George, who had no money, decided he was going to make plates for somebody to print from.

His old printer-partner declared he had enough faith in him to take the risk of setting anything he wrote. Again he went over the manuscript, altering and revising it, paragraph by paragraph.

Then on May 17 he began the type-setting with his own hands.

By September 15 he was able to send his old father in Philadelphia a printed copy of "Progress and Poverty," making enough from the sale of a small "author's edition" to pay part of the initial cost. Finally Appleton agreed to issue the book from his plates.

A cheering letter came soon from Sir George Grey, in far off New Zealand, expressing fervent admiration for the book. Other famous critics and economists confirmed presently his hope that this time the work had been done more thoroughly. Though his own state almost ignored it, in the east and abroad one voice of authority after another proclaimed it one of those truly great books which occasionally have a profound influence on the world's thought. And after it had been issued a little more than a year the Appletons began to realize that it had the possibilities of an enormous sale, while English publishers, instead of contemptuously declaring they wouldn't bring it out if the plates were presented to them, were clamoring for "more copies" and arranging a cable code for re-orders.

To be sure, many scholastic professors sneered at this gas-meter inspector and sensational newspaper man who was trying to upset the tenets of their faith. But people like Francis Shaw (father of the Colonel Shaw commemorated by Saint Gaudens) felt compelled to buy a hundred or a thousand copies and send them around to libraries and acquaintances, such a revelation did the book seem to them.

In short, no matter whether Henry George was

right in his cure for social ills or not—he had done the first part of what seemed so impossible. This book is still alive and selling to-day, after much more than a million copies have been circulated—far the most widely read book on economics ever published.

And his valorous championing of the cause of the very poor certainly produced results, even where people did not accept his plan for a single tax on land and none on improvements.

In 1897 Henry George was in Brooklyn, after going through a severe illness. The chance he had long dreamed of came to him: the Independents offered him the nomination for the position of mayor of New York. He felt he might do great things there along the lines of his life-work. He had often wished for riches and power, like most ardent men; and there had been plenty of opportunities for a man of his ability to attain both by merely compromising a little 'th his convictions. Here was the opening of a great office to be attained honestly, where he could do good. But his condition of health was dangerous.

He walked along the Shore Road with his doctor.

"Tell me," said he, "if I accept, what is the worst that can happen to me?"

"Since you ask, you have a right to be told," replied the physician. "It will most probably be fatal."

"You mean it may kill me?"

"Most probably, yes."

"Dr. Kelly says the same thing, only more positively," remarked George. "But I've got to die. How can I die better than serving humanity? Besides, so dying will do more for the cause than

anything I am likely to be able to do in the rest of my life."

So he made his last fight and he made a good one. In the very thick of the campaign, after an exhausting day, he died suddenly. And a hundred thousand people, rich and poor, filed past his coffin while he lay in state, like some European monarch, in the Grand Central Palace—while as many more crowded outside in the effort to do honor to his memory.

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE SOLDIER WHO CONQUERED HIMSELF

THREE years after the first great gold-rush to California there arrived at Fort Vancouver, twenty miles from the tiny town of Oregon City, Oregon, an officer of the United States army named Grant.

His fellows knew him as Sam Grant, and there were some odd incidents in connection with this. When he, the first baby, had arrived in his father's Ohio home thirty years before, there was a great controversy in the family over the name which should be given to this new scion of the Grants. A devout aunt insisted on Theodore, since it meant "gift of God"; Grandpa Simpson vowed Hiram was the handsomest name ever; the young mother had a longing for Albert, after one of her heroes, Albert Gallatin; each member of the clan had a positive choice, and did not hesitate to express it. So fierce waxed the rivalry that some diplomat, fearing the baby would have no name at all, proposed that every contestant should write his or her suggestion on a slip of paper, and that the first two names drawn blindfold from a hat should be taken as of destiny. This was accepted—the first point on the subject that had been agreed to.

Now it chanced that Grandma Simpson had been reading a translation of Fénélon's "Telemachus." With her head full of the romantic adventures of the wise Greek hero, she promptly set down Ulysses

as her contribution to the lottery. Grandpa stuck stoutly to his "handsome" Hiram. And Fate ordained that "Hiram" and "Ulysses" should be drawn first. Hiram Ulysses the baby was christened; to the scorn and ridicule of practical-minded neighbors; and "Lys" and "Lyssus" or even "Useless" the boy was to his playmates.

But when Hiram Ulysses Grant decided at seventeen that his father's tanning business was not for him, and in spite of an actual dislike for guns and hunting and tales of war, got an appointment to West Point Military Academy (to the huge disgust of the neighbors, who demanded why "they didn't appoint a boy that would be a credit to the district!")—he got him a proud new trunk to carry his outfit, with his initials studded on the top in brass tacks, after the fashion of those days.

His cousin, Jim Marshall, helped him to carry the trunk home from the local maker's shop. They looked at the staring letters: H. U. G.

"I won't have that," declared the embryo cadet. "It spells *hug*. The fellows would plague the life out of me."

So the brass tacks were shifted to U. H. G., and the new "plebe" registered himself as Ulysses Hiram Grant.

But other folks were still to have a finger in this very personal matter. The friendly congressman who asked for his appointment, knowing his Grandfather Simpson well, and being hurried and unsure of the boy's middle name, had applied and secured an appointment for Ulysses *Simpson* Grant. The young man asked the authorities if it could not be corrected, but was told this was impossible without getting the consent of the Secretary of War!

"Very well," said he; "I came here to enter the Military Academy, and enter I shall. An initial more or less doesn't matter."

So after trying obvious christenings of "United States" and "Uncle Sam," the other fellows at the Academy promptly settled down to Sam Grant.

He was a silent, almost sombre, rather awkward, undersized man (only five feet seven, and weighing 117 pounds), with reddish-brown hair and gray eyes. He didn't dance, had little conversation, and did not "show off" well at all. But he had had a peculiar understanding and mastery of horses almost since he could toddle, and could ride anything on four legs; indeed people in Detroit knew him as the chap who used to race a lightning-fast little trotting mare out Fifth Avenue; he was resourceful in all practical matters and staunchly persistent to a degree which expressed an inner conviction that having once tackled a job it was "fatal" to give it up till it was done; he could handle a company of men as shrewdly as he could horses; and through the Mexican War, as elsewhere, he had gained the reputation among his fellows of fearing nothing on earth—except having to make a speech!

Called on at a banquet once for a toast, he rose trembling in voice and body and remarked: "I can face the music, but I can't make a speech."

A comrade used to tell how they two had lain out together one night on the Texas prairie, and had been kept awake by the howling of what seemed like a whole pack of wolves close to the camp.

"Grant, not used to the ways of these animals, was seriously alarmed. His companion smiled, and said:

"'How many do you think there are?'

"'Oh, about a dozen.'

"'Let's go and see,' suggested the other.

"They charged upon the fearsome pack, and lo! one wolf had made all the noise!

"Grant laid this by in his mind, and when some enemy made loud clamor he thought of the solitary wolf's manifold yelping." It was one more reason for always "putting a thing through" no matter how formidable the difficulties or dangers seemed.

While the few companions who had really become intimate with this aloof personality, had a profound admiration for his stalwart courage, his relentless insistence on absolute truth, his horse sense and ability to "get there," his almost superstitious obligation to "do the job" whatever it was, his wise ways with men and horses, even his usually concealed sense of fun,—it was inevitable from his very temperament that he should be a solitary man.

And there were special reasons why Lieutenant Grant should be even more withdrawn and silent than usual at this outpost in the wilderness of the Oregon territory. He had left behind at Sackett's Harbor—as far away then as Africa is to-day—a wife whom he loved devotedly, a two-year-old son, and a new baby born since he left on the long, roundabout, dangerous journey to the Coast via Panama—during which thirty-seven men of his regiment, including the Major, had died of cholera in a single day, and Grant, then quartermaster, had showed a cool courage and skill equal to that needed for a severe Indian campaign, proving himself also as one of the sick men declared "a ministering angel to us all."

An army post on the frontier offers a dreary life at best. To a naturally reserved man, longing

for his little family and unable to solace himself with the jesting or brutal diversions so common, absorbed in the problem of eking out his scanty pay by some outside work which would furnish money to bring his wife and children to him, it becomes a sort of nightmare. For months, just when his anxiety was greatest, he was cut off from all news of his wife, as no letters came through.

His only amusement was to ride with one friend twenty miles to Oregon City, Portland being then too small to attract even a bored officer. In winter this is a "land of rain, of moss, of dripping trees; the mists rise from the sea, float inward, break against the Cascade Range of mountains, and fall in unending torrents on the steaming earth; there are weeks when the sun is scarcely felt, when the glorious mountains are hidden, and the world is of the color of gray moss and falling rain."

Few men can resist such gloom of nature, even if their personal affairs are smooth and full of interest. To Lieutenant Grant, lonely, troubled about those dearest to him, anxious about money, it was a sort of slow torture. His thoughts were shut in. They grew the color of the enveloping fogs. His mind became dull, hopeless, morbid.

Nature appeared determined to thwart his struggles as well as to depress his thoughts. Potatoes were worth eight or nine dollars a bushel. Here seemed a way to achieve his hopes and bring on the wife and son and the new baby he had never seen, but the outline of whose little hand, traced in a letter by the mother, had brought tears to his eyes.

With Lieutenant Wallen as a partner, Grant rented a piece of ground from the Hudson Bay

Company, bought a team from an emigrant, plowed, and planted a big patch with potatoes. Earnestly the young officers toiled in all their spare time to keep down weeds and pests. Their hard work was rewarded by a famous crop—but alas! everybody had gone into growing potatoes and there was no sale for the hundreds of bushels of magnificent tubers at any price. As a final touch, the gray old Columbia River came down in a mighty flood, swept over the field, and carried most of the laboriously produced crop out to sea.

Lieutenant Grant took another partner, and started in to cut ice and ship it to San Francisco. Head winds held up the brig carrying their cargo; a whole fleet of ice carriers came in just as they finally managed to make port; the price of ice went close to zero. That effort too was foiled by nature's vagaries.

He tried buying up cattle and hogs for the San Francisco markets. The result was disaster. "We continued in this business," said his associate, "until both of us lost all the money we had. He was the perfect soul of honor and truth, and believed every one as artless as himself. I never saw a stronger or better man."

His rare quality with men, and his quiet, thorough mastery of his job, brought him promotion—for, as a Detroit business man had remarked, "he may be no good with papers, but he's h—l with a regiment."

But this well-earned captaincy could not dispel the gloom that settled down upon him more oppressively after the successive failure of each ardent effort. He wanted his own; he felt that natural shame of a man of thirty at not being able to work

out his family financial problems; and neither the honor nor the slightly increased pay of a Captain could lighten the discouragement that spread its sable wings of melancholy over his mind.

Moreover, he was transferred to Fort Humboldt, near the primitive settlement of Eureka, which consisted of a sawmill and twenty houses. San Francisco was distant two hundred and forty miles of wilderness. Mails came by sailing ships and were most irregular and uncertain. He was separated from the one or two friendly acquaintances he had slowly made during his year at Vancouver. His usual timidity at going out into the small social gaieties of army society was intensified by the gnawing mortification at his failures to make money in his outside ventures.

Worst of all, the constant exacting routine details of the quartermaster's work were replaced by duties of a line captain which left his vigorous energies with much more spare time to be occupied somehow. And he had no taste for dancing, hunting or fishing which formed the main resources.

The result was natural but tragic. Life began to seem futile and hopeless anyhow. He was in the constant company of men who found one of their chief pleasures in drinking. He had learned in the Mexican War to "take his tot" like everybody else.

He began more and more to look for that momentary oblivion of troubles which drinking offers—concealing till too late the ruinous price.

It was the young Captain's peculiar misfortune to have a physical organization extremely sensitive to the toxic effects of alcohol. A single glass of liquor visibly affected him. He drank much less

than many a fellow officer who kept his reputation for temperance and efficiency spotless; but his little was too much, for him. In fact, this striking sensitiveness to alcohol had before this brought him into warning difficulties; and he knew and recognized the special danger of his susceptibility. An acquaintance reports having heard him in Detroit, after the Mexican War, decline to join a party of roisterers, saying he had just heard John B. Gough lecture and he was convinced there was no safety from ruin by drinking except by stopping it altogether.

Under the pressure of this lonely frontier life his resolutions weakened. Excess became habitual. More than once the post Commandant had been obliged to reprimand him. Presently his superior officer, as a last resort, threatened to report the captain's intemperance to the War Department, as destructive of discipline and efficiency.

This meant disgrace—dismissal from the army. But the insidious habit had gripped him by this time, and he had no wife or children at hand to call upon his affection for a supreme effort at self-control. Night sprees, and even the scandal of incapacity when on duty, continued, till these finally overbalanced the Commandant's friendly interest and his realization of the young officer's sterling qualities as a soldier.

The report of censure was drawn up. But before it went to Headquarters, friendship prompted the Commandant to give the offender a chance at least to lessen the open disgrace; word was privately passed to Captain Grant that he could only avoid dismissal by rushing in his resignation before the report reached Washington.

Accordingly, by an odd and sorrowful chance, the following two letters were forwarded to the adjutant-general:

"Colonel S. Cooper: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of my commission as captain in the 4th Infantry, and my acceptance of the same. I am, Colonel,

"Very respectfully, your obt. servt.,

"U. S. Grant,

"Capt. 4th Infantry."

"Ft. Humboldt, Humboldt Barracks.

"April 11, 1854.

"Colonel: I very respectfully tender my resignation of my commission as an officer of the army and request that it may take effect from the 31st July next. I am, Colonel,

"Very respectfully, your obt. servt.,

"U. S. Grant,

"Capt. 4th Infantry."

This resignation endorsed by his immediate superiors and Major-General Scott, Commander-in-Chief, was accepted on June 2—by Jefferson Davis! Little did this Secretary of War dream what relation he was to bear but a few years later to this virtually cashiered and obscure captain.

Here, then, was Ulysses Grant, at thirty-two, barred by his own slavery to an appetite from his life's profession, without a hundred dollars in the world, with a wife and two children dependent on him—and the shocking realization that all men looked upon him as an irreclaimable drunkard.

He walked the streets of San Francisco, striving

to collect small sums due him from elusive debtors, shunned by acquaintances, a prey to black despair of life and of himself.

Robert Allen, chief quartermaster on the Coast, heard someone speak of his being in the city. He at once looked him up.

"He found him, at last, in a cheap little miner's hotel called the 'What Cheer House.' Grant was up in a small garret room which contained only a cot, a pine table, and one chair.

"There he sat, a young man of thirty-two, in utter misery. His head was bowed, and as his friend entered he lifted a haggard and sorrowful face.

" 'Why, Grant, what are you doing here?' asked Allen of the shattered, gloomy young man.

" 'Nothing,' he replied. 'I've resigned from the army. I'm out of money, and I have no means of getting home.'

" 'Well,' said Allen at once, 'I can arrange for your transportation without trouble, and I guess we can raise some money for you.' "

Thus aided by friendly charity, and borrowing in New York from a former class-mate (afterwards General Buckner of the Confederate Army), the future national hero managed to make his humiliating way back to his father's Ohio home. Jesse Grant showed but too clearly his grim disappointment at this shameful failure of the son of whom he had boasted; but the mother played a true mother's part; and after some weeks of rest, U. S. Grant went down to St. Louis to face the bitterest fight of his life.

After ten years of commanding men, he began as a common laborer on a farm, without money,

tools or horses. His father was a hard and close man, though a just one: it was strictly up to the wandering Ulysses to support himself and his family unaided. He plowed, bound wheat, cut corn and husked it, did chores, built a cabin in a woods clearing made by his own axe. Only four rooms had "Hardscrabble," as his dry humor christened this dwelling, but it was distinctly better than most of the new cabins being put up in that region.

Presently he got a team and became established in hauling, surprising the neighbors by his feats with the pair of horses he understood so well.

"Captain Grant used to come almost every week to my mill," says the local miller, "to get corn and wheat ground. The first time I ever saw him was at a sale. He was a small man, then, with a close-cropped brown beard. He had no overcoat, I remember, and he wore tall boots, quite unlike any in the neighborhood. He was living with old man Dent at that time, and his cabin had not been built. I think he was at the sale to buy some hogs."

People soon got to know that it wasn't safe to "start anything" with this insignificant-looking little farmer.

"A fellow came to a dance one night in his shirt sleeves, and set about being noisy and vulgar. Grant asked him what he meant by it. He started to make back talk. Grant told him to be quiet, and when he refused, kicked him out of the door and clear out to the gate. He was a little giant physically, and a man of no words—all action.

"Another time he was going to Big River, in company with a man by the name of Bowman, with a load of props and one of hoop-poles. They met a string of Big River teams, whose drivers crowded

Bowman and Grant into the ditch. Grant grabbed a hoop-pole, and said to Bowman: 'Come on!' He was captain of that fight and the Big River fellows didn't repeat the trick."

So he toiled at the narrow round of heavy drudgery of farming and teaming, till his shoulders began to stoop and his hands grew stiff and hard. Successful men looked down on him as a failure. All considered him a dreamer, unfit for practical affairs, always easy to impose on by an appeal to his generosity.

This sordid battle brought a living and a little improvement each year under his wife's close management. His mother-in-law died and Colonel Dent went to St. Louis to live. Grant took charge of the larger farm, making none too good a hand at slave-driving.

Many a cord of wood he unloaded with his own hands in the back yards of St. Louis aristocrats, to whom he was a day laborer. Keen were his pangs when in his rough farmer clothes, his jeans tucked into old military boots, "with an all-pervading air of hard luck and vain regrets," he would pass on the street some spruce army officer whom he had known as comrade or subordinate in the old days.

And these meetings had a worse side still. For his grinding battle to make a living was easy compared with the constant struggle against the fatal appetite which had been his downfall. While externally he was a man "who endures and waits," within he was fighting the wiliest, deadliest enemy a man ever meets: his own besetting weakness. And while he was yarning over old Mexican campaigns with his good friend and future opponent on a bloodier field, James Longstreet, he was secretly

withstanding the insidious temptations to join in a convivial glass.

It took a peculiar kind of moral force to be a teetotaler in those days. Every gentleman took his glass with friends, and was apt to be proud of his ability to "put them under the table." Especially among army men or any adventurous frontier workers, it was considered effeminate or canting and hypocritical for a man to refuse liquor altogether. A real man didn't make himself absurd by any such fuss over a trifle. A good fellow couldn't be a sour kill-joy or spoil-sport when a jolly crowd got together.

The impulse was almost irresistible, under the urging of these gay friends of happier days, to a man who had once let himself be mastered by the appetite. Nor did Grant always succeed in resisting. But there was in him that dogged quality that made it necessary for him to see a thing through. He didn't know when he was beaten—and that kind of man seldom is beaten. Downed he might be; but he always came to time again, "groggy" literally perhaps, but never with any notion of throwing up the sponge. And his hard muscular labor outdoors helped to toughen the physical fibre of his resistant nerves, while the home affections which chiefly made life worth living, and the sight of his staunch wife who made the best of whatever came and ever believed in his ultimate victory, were constantly at hand as backers and seconds to his resolve.

One success he gained from the start: he managed to control his lapses so that nobody in the neighborhood (and most personal facts are matters of current knowledge in a country community) con-

sidered him a drinking man. There was no gossip or scandal going around concerning his use of whiskey. Moreover, his resistance to the imperious desire grew steadily.

At the end of a few years he had practically retrieved his command over himself.

There seemed no future for him in farming. He moved to St. Louis and tried business, real estate, a custom-house clerkship—anything that offered. He was unfit by temperament for civilian life. Repeated failures in spite of earnest, hard work, due to the dishonesty of others, politics, lack of fluency and pleasing presence, brought him to desperation. Moreover, he was against slavery; and now that the North and South were approaching the open conflict, St. Louis was an unhappy place for a "black Republican Abolitionist."

"One day in the spring of 1860 he met his friend Fishback on the street and stopped him. He was shabbily dressed, his beard was unshorn, and his whole manner denoted profound discouragement.

" 'Fishback,' said he, 'I want to sell or hire one of my wife's house-servants. She's an excellent woman, and has been in the family for years; but she's a slave and I can't take her North.'

" 'So you're going North?'

" 'Yes,' he replied with a sigh; 'I can't make a success of it here, and I'm going to Galena. My father has offered me a place in the leather business with my brother, and I've accepted.' "

Fishback was fighting slavery. He didn't buy or hire the woman. Grant made other arrangements, pulled up stakes, and took his family home, once more returning defeated, to work at fifty

dollars a month in Jesse Grant's leather store at Galena, Illinois.

As always, he did his best, drudging away at clerical routine with patient accuracy from early morning till eight at night. It was as if he had never been, nor would ever be, anything but a bookkeeper and unimportant man-of-all-work in a small store. Only the worn blue army cloak, seven years old, which he always donned on winter Sundays, betrayed a deep, carefully hidden longing for the profession that was his by training and fitness. How sensitive he was about revealing this clinging sentiment was shown by his saying to a friend on the street one day:

"I suppose people think it strange that I should wear this old army coat, but the fact is I *had* this coat, it's made of good material, and so I thought I'd better wear it out."

Suddenly the storm clouds gathering over the nation were rent by a flash of lightning. Fort Sumter was fired on. The Civil War, which alone could decide the right of the Southern states to secede, summoned each side to establish its contention from the cannon's mouth.

War meetings in Galena, like everywhere else, followed this first gun which had electrified the nation. At the second one the almost unknown leather-dealer was made chairman. Steps were taken to organize an Illinois company of volunteers.

Chairman Grant knew this job. He gave them cold, disagreeable facts about what awaited their enthusiasm in the training-camp and on the battlefield—adding that he himself intended to enlist in the service. Having put in four years at West Point and eleven as a regular, and knowing him-

self fit to command a regiment, he declined a captaincy in the volunteer force.

The orators, job-hunters, political colonels, and incompetent officials whom he found in possession of the state capital, when he went to offer his services, discouraged his hopes of active work. The best he could get was a maddening repetition of regrets and "call again's." His slender supply of money ran low. On the evening of the very day when he was about to leave in despair and return to his hides and leather and accounts, the governor, to whom he had applied again and again, chanced to pass him on the steps of the hotel.

"Captain Grant, I understand you are about leaving the city."

"That is my intention."

"I wish you'd remain overnight, and call at my office in the morning."

The result was a desk in the office of the adjutant-general, an insurance agent who had no earthly fitness for the position. But the military visitors who floundered about in this quagmire of incompetence soon discovered they had firm ground under their feet when they trusted their affairs to the silent little man doing an office boy's work at a three-legged table. He was soon the unofficial military adviser of the whole disorderly state organization.

Then he became muster officer, and "colonel" by compliment. But his effectiveness received no recognition. Just as he was again ready to give up in despair, and suggesting that he turn army baker, in order to live and serve his country, he received simultaneously a commission as colonel of the Twelfth Ohio, and a telegram from Governor Yates

offering him the Seventh District Regiment of his own state.

He found the new regiment in a bad way. An incompetent commander had permitted undisciplined disorders till the soldiers were a mutinous mob, a terror to officers and to the neighboring farmers. As an old sergeant remarked, "there wasn't a chicken within four miles of us."

Grant took charge at Fort Yates, near Springfield. Congressman John A. Logan accompanied him to the camp.

"Colonel," said he, "the regiment is a little unruly. Do you think you can manage them?"

"I think I can," said the new Colonel quietly.

Logan made the men an impassioned oratorical address. They cheered him wildly, laughing at his jokes, responding to his patriotic appeals. For two hours he thundered forth his periods, while the imperturbable little man on the platform beside him sat motionless and silent.

At last the orator wiped his brow, turned to his companion, and wound up:

"Allow me to present to you your new commander, Colonel U. S. Grant."

Those thousands of eyes all focussed on the unimpressive figure, to which nobody had paid the least attention.

"Many of the soldiers observed him for the first time. They were astonished and disappointed. Logan towered majestically erect, powerful, handsome, with coal-black hair and flashing eyes; by his side Grant, in plain citizen's clothes, seemed poor and weak. He looked like a grave and thoughtful country doctor, who had been weather-beaten in storms and saddened by scenes of human suffer-

ing, and was lacking in martial bearing. However, some enthusiast raised a cheer, and there were loud calls for a speech.

"'Grant! Grant!'

"'Grant! A speech!'

"He walked a step or two toward them, and the men became silent. They were accustomed to speeches, to bombastic appeals, and were eager to test his quality. At last he spoke, not loud, but clear and calm, and with a peculiar quality and inflection which surprised and impressed every officer, and gave the whole regiment a new sensation.

"'MEN, GO TO YOUR QUARTERS.'

"The men sat dazed, astounded. It took time to grasp its entire significance. In the clip of this man's lips, in the clear-cut utterance of his command, and in the subtle inflection of his voice was made manifest the natural commander of men. The time for oratory was past. The period of action had come.

"As for the veteran of Monterey and Cherubusco, a thrill of exultation ran through his blood. He was poor,—too poor to buy a uniform,—but he was in command again, and serving the United States. Everything now took on direction and certainty. He knew the essentially fine quality of his men, and felt confident of his power to bring them under control.

"As he stepped to the centre before the regiment that night, the men looked at one another in amusement, and some were so bold as to jest in low voices concerning him. He wore nothing military save a pair of gray trousers with a stripe running down the outside seams, and an old sword,

which he had found at the arsenal, such as the officers wore in the Mexican War.

"It had been the habit of Colonel Goode" (his predecessor) "to seize upon the closing moment in daily parade to make a speech, and almost invariably to end by saying: 'I know this regiment, men and officers alike, would march with me to the cannon's mouth; but to renew and verify that pledge, the regiment will move forward two paces.'

"The regiment now expected a speech from Colonel Grant. He returned the salute of the adjutant, and said to the aligned officers:

" 'A soldier's first duty is to learn to obey his commander. I shall expect my orders to be obeyed as exactly and instantly as if we were on the field of battle.'

"That was all, but again those who stood nearest him felt a little thrill of the blood. His voice had certainly precision and command in it.

"As the men turned back to quarters, discussion broke forth. Rustic jokes were passed upon him, and one young fellow made insulting gestures behind his back. Another daredevil slipped up behind him, and flipped his hat from his head. Grant turned and said, 'Young man, that's not very polite,' and walked on to his quarters.

" 'What do they mean by sending down a little man like that to command this regiment?' asked an indignant private. 'He can't pound dry sand in a straight hole.'

" 'He may be like a singed cat, more alive than he looks,' said another.

" 'Nonsense! He can't make a speech. Look at him! Look at the clothes he wears! Who is he, anyhow?'

"'Boys, let me tell you something,' said a sergeant. 'I stood close enough to him to see his eyes and the set of his jaw. I'll tell you *who* he is: he's the colonel of this regiment.'

"In less than twenty-four hours Colonel Grant was called a 'monster,' a 'fiend.' The picnic, the filibustering expedition, had become a military regiment under military discipline.

"A man of action, of discipline, of war, of experience, had assumed command. His lightest word was to be considered. He did not threaten, nor wheedle, nor persuade; he commanded; and in the quiet glance of his blue-gray eyes, in the line of his lips, and the quick downward inflection of his voice, there was something inexorable. He was never angry, never vindictive, but he was master.

"He stopped all drinking. He made the picket-line a reality. He put an end to foraging, arresting every insubordinate, and making him understand that lawlessness was past. Colonel Goode appeared that first night in the ranks, and there were camp rumors of insubordination brewing; but Grant arrested all that by ordering Goode from the regiment, and he slipped away into obscurity, to be seen no more.

"A big, worthless cur resisted arrest and defied the officers. Grant appeared, serene as ever.

"'What is the matter?'

"'This man persists in bringing liquor into camp, and refuses to give it up.'

"'Put him in the guard-house.'

"'He resists arrest.'

"The man began to swagger. Grant bore down upon him. There was something in his unwavering

eyes and in his unfaltering step which made the bully hesitate.

"Grant seized him by the collar and gave him a quick jerk which made him spin like a top. Before he had gathered his faculties together he was hustled to the gate and kicked into the road.

" 'Get out of my regiment,' said the Colonel. 'I don't want you in it. You're not worth disciplining. If you come back I'll have you shot.'

"The second morning there were nearly a score of men tied up for leaving camp against orders, and for drunkenness, among them a dangerous man called 'Mexico,' who cursed his commander and said: 'For every minute I stand here I'll have an ounce of your blood.'

" 'Gag that man,' said Grant quietly.

"One by one, as the hours passed, the other offenders were released by the officers of the guard; but Grant released Mexico himself. He considered it well to let his men know that the braggart was harmless.

"This ended all question of Grant's power to command both himself and his men. Recalcitrants still read books of military regulations, and denied his right to do this or that; but the great majority of the regiment, being excellent men and good soldiers, welcomed a colonel who knew his duties and the limits of his command."

How this cashiered officer, farm laborer, tanner, book-keeper, failure, unable to collect the money due him by the state borrowed money for his personal outfit; how he welded the Seventh Illinois into a unit ready to charge to death at his word; how he lost his first battle at Belmont, after capturing his objective, through the uncontrollable

disorder of his green troops intoxicated with their first taste of victory and loot, though he had his aide fire the tents they were plundering; how he leaped into national fame and a nation-wide nickname by his brilliant capture of Fort Donelson and his curt insistence upon the "unconditional surrender" of his old friend General Buckner—afterwards returning the generous help which the latter had given him in his dark days a few years before; how he presently became accepted as the military genius the Northern armies had been needing, and was given supreme command; how his terrible, simple, inexorable "hammering" finally overcame the more brilliant leader of the Confederate forces and ended the war; the superb magnanimity with which he met Lee at the surrender and agreed to permit all the Southern officers to retain their side arms, the cavalry to keep their horses, all to have their private baggage, and all to return in peace to their homes; his election to the highest honor of the nation as President; his tour abroad, when foreign potentates did him such honor as was never before or since vouchsafed to an American;—all this is an absorbing, but another, story.

As was inevitable, no sooner had he taken a foremost place on the stage which held every eye than his unfortunate past was raked up by scandalmongers. Sceptics sneered at any excuse of his peculiar susceptibility to drink, at the idea of his having fought his weakness and virtually conquered it.

The evidence as to how completely he had mastered this craving during the years of the war is conflicting. One of his generals saw him so overcome that he fell from his horse while reviewing

troops in New Orleans. But one thing is certain: he no more gave up this personal fight after any one momentary defeat than he abandoned his big campaign when Lee foiled his thrusts in the earlier bloody struggles of the Virginia Wilderness.

And of his final victory we have the testimony of a witness who saw through human pretences with the penetrating gaze of the wise humorist—that most trenchant of jesters, Mark Twain.

The famous saying in which Lincoln silenced slanderers with an adaptation of the English Duke's statement that if Wolfe were mad, as alleged, he wished he would bite some of his other generals—"if Grant's a drunkard, I'd like to find out his brand of liquor"—was more witty than just.

In 1885, Mark Twain, then deeply interested in furthering the writing of Grant's world-read "Personal Memoirs," which Mr. Clemens's Hartford publishing firm was to issue as soon as the seriously ill ex-President could finish the book, wrote to Henry Ward Beecher:

"The only time General Grant ever mentioned liquor to me was about last April, or possibly May. He said:

"'If I could only build up my strength! The doctors urge whiskey and champagne; but I can't take them; I can't abide the taste of any kind of liquor.'

"Had he made a conquest so complete that even the taste of liquor was become an offense? Or was he so sore over what had been said about his habit that he wanted to persuade others and likewise himself that he hadn't ever *had* any taste for it? It *sounded* like the latter, but that's no evidence.

"He told me in the fall of '84 that there was

something the matter with his throat, and that at the suggestion of his physicians he had reduced his smoking to one cigar a day. Then he added in a casual fashion, that he didn't care for *that* one, and seldom smoked it.

"I could understand that feeling. He had set out to conquer not the *habit* but the *inclination*—the *desire*. He had gone at the root, not the trunk. It's the *perfect* way and the only true way (I speak from experience). How I hate those enemies of the human race who go around enslaving God's free people with *pledges*—to quit drinking instead of to quit wanting to drink."

You couldn't fool those keen eyes and that shrewd brain of Mark Twain's about a man he'd met and studied.

Grant had won. He had conquered himself—in the same complete, root-and-branch fashion with which he carried through his campaign.

Every man who has met life knows how much harder it is to apply the principle of "Thorough" to his inner enemies than to external foes—as iron-handed Cromwell did to Ireland.

Surely this almost unnoticed triumph was a greater achievement than the most famous victory of the great general.

For mightier is he who conquereth himself than he who taketh a walled city.

## CHAPTER XX

### A STATESMAN WHO THRIVED ON FAILURE

An extraordinary scene took place in the English House of Commons on the evening of December 7, 1837. The occasion was commonplace enough: a new member, who had been sworn in three weeks before, made his maiden speech. Ordinarily that occurrence is exciting only for the new member. This maiden speech, however, became historic in the annals of English politics.

The new member's name was Benjamin Disraeli. Already he had succeeded in attracting a surprising amount of attention, such as it was. He had written some novels of society and politics which showed an almost insolent brilliance and eccentric disregard of public opinion. The conventional men of London thought him beneath contempt as an affected and vulgar cad. The brother of Bulwer Lytton, the novelist, tells of a dinner party gotten up by the latter to introduce young Disraeli to his sceptical friends:

"There was my brother, Alexander Cockburn, myself and (I think) Milnes; but for a considerable time no Mr. Disraeli. Waiting for Mr. Disraeli did not enhance the pleasure of meeting him, nor when he did arrive did his appearance predispose us in his favor. He wore green velvet trousers, a canary-colored waistcoat, low shoes with silver buckles, lace at his wrists, and his hair in ringlets.

. . . We sat down. Not one of us was more than five-and-twenty years old. We were all—if you will allow me to include myself—on the road to distinction, all clever, all ambitious, and all with a perfect conceit of ourselves. Yet if on leaving the table we had been severally taken aside and asked which was the cleverest of the party, we should have been obliged to say 'the man in the green velvet trousers.' "

That was the impression made everywhere by the young man: he was frightfully clever, but his arrogance, his use of perfumes and wearing of laces, with rings over his gloves, and a hundred other foppish extravagances, were unpardonable and un-English. Moreover, he was a Jew, though baptized; and in an England ruled by aristocrats there seemed small political chance for a "vulgarian" of that race.

It had probably taken all of young Disraeli's belief in his own powers, all his fervent and unbounded ambition to land him in the House at all. He had made a first attempt in 1832, as a Radical candidate for High Wycombe—making a characteristic "circus parade" entry, much over-dressed, in an open carriage drawn by four horses with a band and a following crowd carrying banners. He had been defeated. A second attempt at the same seat brought a second failure—on top of a dismal fiasco in his last literary venture which met with ridicule and condemnation everywhere.

But this young Jew had taken for his motto "Nothing is difficult to the strong,"—and he was quite convinced that the strong meant himself, no matter what evidence came from the rest of the world.

"I am not at all disheartened," he said publicly after this misfortune. "I don't in any way feel like a beaten man. Perhaps it is because I am used to it. I can say almost with the famous Italian general, who being asked in his old age why he was always victorious, replied it was because he had always been beaten in youth."

A third and a fourth time he offered himself: the electors would have none of him.

So after five years' earnest effort he could find little he had gained except humiliation—plus a certain notoriety and some bitter enemies. Chief among these was Daniel O'Connell, the "Liberator," head of the Irish party in the House and one of the dominating political figures of the time. He had sponsored Disraeli's first Radical attempt; but when Disraeli later attacked him for his policy, O'Connell was filled with indignation and vindictive anger. He declared in a speech which was filled with violent abuse of the young aspirant that "he possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross, whose name, I verily believe, must have been Disraeli." Disraeli challenged his son to a duel. This was declined and the defeated candidate could only defy his powerful enemy. He wound up:

"I expect to be a representative of the people before the Repeal of the Union. We shall meet again at Philippi; and rest assured that, confident in a good cause, and in some energies which have not been altogether unimproved, I will seize the first opportunity of inflicting upon you a castigation which will make you at the same time remember and repent the insults that you have lavished upon Benjamin Disraeli."

This was really somewhat "cheeky" from a thrice-rejected candidate to the man who headed and controlled the whole Irish movement in Parliament. And neither had forgotten the matter two years later when Disraeli at last succeeded in being elected to the House as a Tory member from Maidstone—beginning his career exactly at the start of the long reign of Queen Victoria.

O'Connell was a magnificent popular orator, a great, powerful, burly figure, with a tremendous voice and an inexhaustible flow of language and ready wit. He was at his best in a personal encounter, like most Irishmen who have had to deal with the rough-and-ready audiences of that country.

It happened on this particular night that the subject before the House was an appeal for subscriptions to support the Protestants against the Catholics in contested Irish elections. A long and bitter debate followed, and one of the Tory speakers attacked O'Connell.

The Irish leader responded with vigor. He was to have been answered by Lord Stanley, but while O'Connell was talking, Disraeli went to Stanley and asked permission to have his maiden speech follow the cutting retort of his old enemy.

Now, the career of many a man has been made or marred by his first utterance in Parliament. It is a critical moment for the new member: success or failure count for ten times as much as on another occasion. Disraeli felt no doubts, so sure of himself was he. There were a dozen influential men on the floor whom he had antagonized by his writings; O'Connell and his whole "tail" of Irishmen would stop at nothing to ruin him, and the Celtic blood was up this evening. It was a rash

time to choose for a first appearance before this most critical audience. But in his conceit the young Jew had told his sister he could "floor them all"; secure in his sense of mental power he longed only for this sort of conspicuous opportunity to prove to his sister, his backers and his enemies whom they had to deal with.

He got it. O'Connell sat down, his followers cheering his patriotic eloquence. Up stood the new member from Maidstone, to put his fortune to the test.

His appearance would have handicapped even a tried speaker. He wore a green coat, a waistcoat fairly covered with gold chains, a black neck-scarf in folds in place of a collar. His long black hair was in careful, oily ringlets about a pallid face with pronounced Hebraic features. Altogether his get-up, the very man himself, was about as execrable "bad form" as could well be imagined; and hardly anybody accustomed to "good society" could restrain a smile at the sight. It seemed to confirm all the gossipy stories characterizing the new member as a poser and charlatan. Those who had no animosity against him were quite ready to take him as a joke.

"I hope," began Disraeli,—"I will even venture to believe—that the House will extend to me that generous indulgence rarely refused to one who solicits their attention for the first time, and for which I can say without the slightest affectation, that I have already had sufficient experience of the critical spirit which pervades this assembly, to feel that I stand much in need of it."

This seemed to some of his auditors funnier than ever, for they felt that he showed the most amazing

lack of realization as to just how much indulgence he did need. His voice had an unusual quality and the unusual is apt to be ridiculous to us. There were ironical cries of "Hear, hear," from various quarters which brought a spot of color to the speaker's pale cheeks. With characteristic audacity, he started straight at his real object of attacking O'Connell:

"The honorable and learned member for Dublin," said he, "has taunted the honorable baronet the member for North Wilts with having made a long, rambling, feeble, wandering, jumbling speech. I can assure the honorable and learned gentleman that I have paid the utmost attention to the remarks which have fallen from him, and I must say, without intending to make any reflections upon the honorable baronet by any invidious comparison, it seems that the honorable and learned member has taken a hint of the style and manner of the honorable baronet in the oration which he has just addressed to the House; for it appears to me that there was scarcely a subject connected with Ireland that could possibly engage the attention of Parliament, that he has not introduced into his oratorical rhetoric."

Open laughter broke out at this. The members still found Disraeli's appearance and mannerisms absurd, and this was certainly not a very happy defence of his own colleague or attack on the enemy. But the true source of the merriment was the incongruity of the speaker who thus challenged the Irish leader and O'Connell himself: the latter sat right opposite, looking like some Hercules by comparison, his hat over one ear, a broad grin on his face, as if he found his opponent irresistibly funny.

It was like a carefully barbered French poodle who had ventured to provoke a battered bull terrier with a fighting record. Everybody expected O'Connell presently to "eat him alive," and the absurdity of the challenge was irresistible.

The Irish leader's adherents at once grasped the situation. They saw there was a memorable chance to down an opponent and to have some of the fun they loved best. When Disraeli presently referred to some movement of O'Connell's as a project of "majestic mendicancy," they began adroitly to use the general humor as a cloak for all sorts of disorder. It was easy to swell the laughter into crushing ridicule, to boo and hiss.

These hostile manifestations made the young member break off:

"I shall not trouble the House at any length," said he. "I do not affect to be insensible to the difficulty of my position, and I shall be very glad to receive indulgence even from the honorable members opposite. If, however, the honorable gentlemen do not wish to hear me, I will sit down without a murmur."

There was a momentary lull. Then a charge that corruption was worse than under the Reform Bill, set loose a perfect storm. The Irishman groaned, hooted, drummed, catcalled, roared with laughter. The graver members became convulsed at their antics and at the same quality in the young Jew which had just made them smile. Thereafter, nearly every sentence was greeted with an hysterical burst of laughter.

Disraeli kept his temper. He had made up his mind to speak out his allotted time and to take whatever came. But his voice sharpened, and his natu-

rally violent gestures grew almost grotesque, under these withering bursts of ridicule.

"I wish," he pleaded, "I could induce the House to give me five minutes more."

The House's response was to howl as if a great humorist had told his best story.

In a quick instant, remembering his efforts to get satisfaction from O'Connell, he unfortunately stigmatized the latter as a coward who dared not look his opponent in the face. With Celtic appreciation of the dramatic retort, the Irishman, without a word, heaved up his imposing hulk, and stood looking down with humorous contempt at the outlandish, sharp-faced little fop who made the statement. The crowd went off into peal after peal of uncontrollable laughter.

Still Disraeli stood erect, trying to continue, though what he said was almost unintelligible even when heard between the bursts of mirth.

Presently he embarked upon an elaborate and grandiose simile, with classical allusions, which his literary training had led him to think would fitly crown his oratory. He reached a point where he pictured "the noble lord from his pedestal of power waving in one hand the keys of St. Peter, and waving with the other——"

Again he was cut off by an overwhelming outburst of laughter. His allotted time was about over and he saw it was useless to try further.

"Now, Mr. Speaker," he broke off, "see the philosophical prejudices of men. That image, I should have thought, when I was about to complete it, might have been much admired. I would have cheered it heartily if it had come from the lips of a political

opponent: and I would gladly hear a cheer, even though it should proceed from such a party."

He concluded:

"I hope I may thank the honorable gentlemen opposite for the sincerity of their expressions of approbation as well as disapprobation. I am not at all surprised at the reception I have experienced. I have begun several things many times, and I have often succeeded at the last—though many had predicted that I must fail as they had done before me."

Fresh disorder interrupted him, cries of "Hear, hear!", "Question, question!", ironical cheers, shouts of ridicule.

Then he broke out, in a voice which dominated even that clamor:

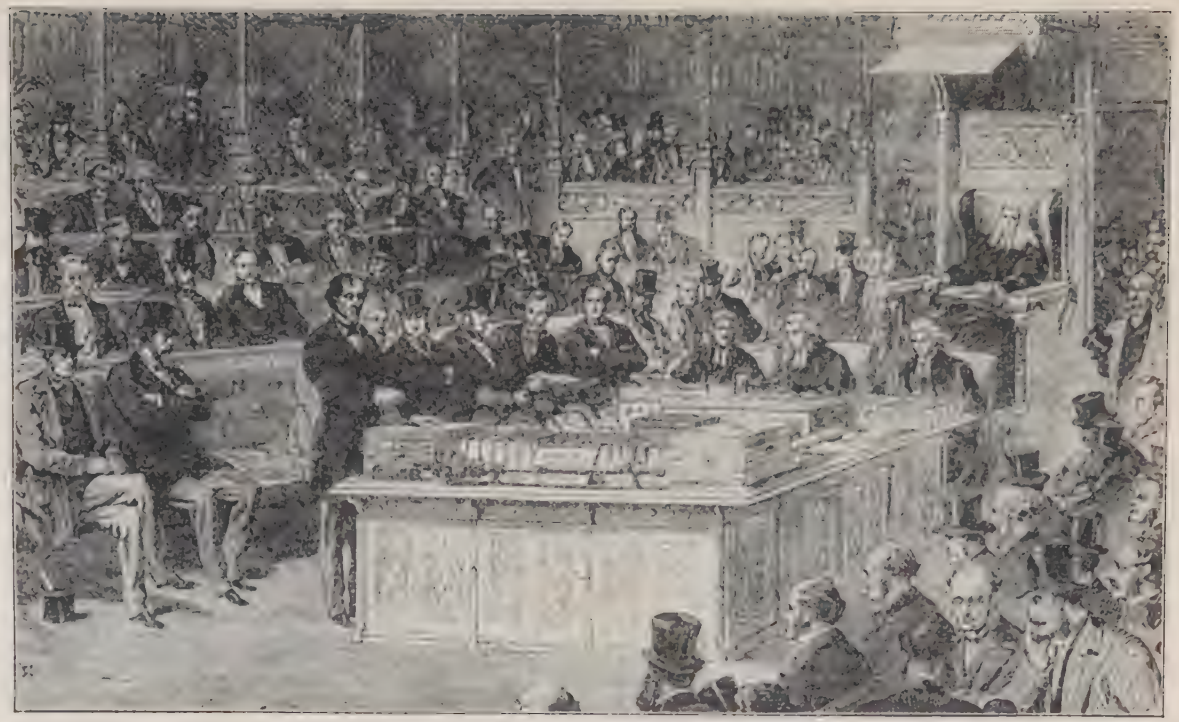
"I sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me. When I rise in this Assembly hereafter a dropped pin shall be heard."

He took his seat. "The waves of ridicule closed over him." Never had there been such a fiasco, such a crushing joke in that dignified Hall.

With all his seeming conceit and arrogance, young Disraeli was extremely sensitive. All this fell upon him like whip-strokes on a bare skin. Probably most men in his place would have considered their careers closed after such an introduction—and have found this to be a fact.

What Disraeli did was to study the blunders he had made, and say nothing in public. Then, ten days later, he rose and made a few clear, concise, matter-of-fact remarks on the Copyright Bill. These were well received, for there was no chance to find fault with them, either in manner or matter.

He stuck to this line. Three months later, he ventured to let himself out a little in an important



Disraeli addressing the House of Commons

For a quarter of a century he dominated the Conservatives

debate on the Corn Laws, and received universal applause. Steadily his influence grew as his tremendous natural abilities asserted themselves. In ten years he was the leader of the Tory Party. Then for a quarter of a century he dominated the conservatives: Chancellor of the Exchequer three times, Prime Minister twice, there was no man except Mr. Gladstone who could compare with him in power during all that period till his death in 1881.

It would be hard to find a more notable case of a tremendous career which would have been strangled before it was fairly begun but for a tenacity of mind such as few men could equal.

# PART V

## MORAL COURAGE

*When Jonas Hanway, knowing that he would be mobbed for it, walked the streets of London carrying one of the newly contrived umbrellas, because he had decided it was common-sense—he showed that courage of mind which resists strong popular opinion.*

*Yet what a wide range this quality may have is shown by comparing this persistence with the tale that follows of the fine old Onondaga chief, Scandawati, to whom life offered nothing when his honor was besmirched. Or with his Roman prototype, Regulus, unmoved by the opinion of his friends and the entreaties of his family in the face of the inner necessity to keep his word, even to a savage foe.*

*"He could not fail to see the specious appearance of expediency," says Cicero the eloquent. "His apparent interest was to remain in his own country, to stay at home with his wife and children, and to retain his rank and dignity as an ex-consul, regarding the defeat which he had suffered as a misfortune which might come to anyone in the game of war.*

*"Who says that this was not expedient?*

*"Greatness of soul and courage say that it was not. Can you ask for more competent authorities?"*

## CHAPTER XXI

### A ROMAN'S WORD

The century-long struggle between Rome and Carthage had begun. The Mediterranean Sea was far too narrow to permit the existence of two such vigorous rivals on opposite shores. More arrogant than ever after a success against the Greeks, Carthage claimed dominion over the western Mediterranean, and seized all ships they found between Sardinia and the Pillars of Hercules.

Rome was not slow to meet the challenge. Her galleys defeated the enemy at Mylæ. Then, determining to carry the war into the enemy's country, a great fleet of 350 vessels was despatched in 256 B. C., with an army of 30,000 men under the Consul Marcus Atilius Regulus, to force a passage through the guarding fleet and, if possible, attack Carthage itself.

The descendants of the seafaring Phœnicians were quite willing to stake the issue on a naval battle. Their fleet was about the same size as the Roman one. This vast collection of 700 ships, with two or three hundred thousand soldiers and seamen, presently engaged off the mountain of Ecnomus on the southern coast of Sicily. Even the much-fought-over Mediterranean had hardly ever seen such a spectacle when the hollow triangle of the Roman armada bore down upon their African foes. The latter endeavored to draw off the Roman van and

separate it; but this held firmly on and descended upon them with irresistible force. In a short while the Carthaginian fleet was in full flight, and nearly a third of its galleys had been sunk.

Regulus swept on with his conquering force and landed on the African coast. Stopping only to gather provisions and make a few repairs, he laid siege to Clypea on the promontory east of Carthage itself. His troops, terrified at the thought of penetrating into this land of monsters, of which they had heard such awe-inspiring tales, became mutinous; even the tribune Manlius murmured at such rashness, but the general threatened him with the axe and aroused in all a fear of himself greater than their superstitious dread. With almost no opposition from the bewildered enemy, they spread over these fertile lands, which had not seen an invader for over half a century. In a short time they had taken some hundreds of towns, twenty thousand prisoners, and vast booty of all sorts.

Feeling that their chief trouble was the lack of a skilful general, the Carthaginians had sent to Sparta for a leader and for mercenaries. When Regulus, after defeating their army in a pitched battle, demanded of them the abandonment of Sicily and Sardinia, annual tribute, the destruction of their fleet, and other humiliating terms, they resolved to hold out until this aid should come.

Xanthippus, the Spartan, arrived, took command, and began to drill the infantry, horsemen and elephants still left to the African power. The fanaticism of all was aroused by the customary human sacrifices. A supreme effort was to be made as soon as the wily Xanthippus found a field of battle which suited him.

Meanwhile the Roman invaders had had other difficulties to contend with besides the human enemy.

The old chroniclers tell how a vast serpent, "born as it were to avenge Africa," came upon them in their camp on the muddy Bagrada River and spread terror throughout the army. In fact, between the actual ravages of this python and the superstitious fears it aroused, the soldiers were fast falling into a panic when Regulus went out to meet the snake and drove a javelin through its head—whereupon some of the bolder of his followers set upon the reptile and despatched it with their swords and lances. It is one of the more cautious historians who declares the creature was 120 feet long; and its head, sent to Rome, was still preserved there more than a century later.

More important still, the Roman Senate completely misunderstood the situation on account of the sweeping advances made at first: they recalled Manlius, the other consul, with about half the force. Regulus himself had asked to return, because he had had word that the little farm which was the sole support of his wife and children was being mismanaged: indeed, the farmer had run off and taken the plow and oxen with him. It was time, anyhow, that a successor should replace him.

The Senate replied that his lost property should be replaced, his fields cultivated, and his family cared for, at the public expense. His sweeping victories made them naturally unwilling to release him from the task. So he stayed in command of the expedition, with an army reduced to fifteen thousand men and five hundred horses.

All still went well for a time. The Roman force was threatening Carthage itself. Xanthippus con-

tinued his drilling and reconnoitring. He seemed no more formidable than the commanders who had been fleeing before the Romans.

Suddenly, however, the Spartan general took the field in earnest. Skilfully he brought about a battle on the level plain instead of on the heights. Here his cavalry and elephants had full chance to operate.

Regulus had marched around a lake and crossed a river in the face of the enemy, expecting the latter to fly as usual. The men were greatly exhausted with heat and thirst, and fatigued from the weight of their armor; and they had been much harassed by skirmishers who dashed down at them from the hills.

Noting their condition and the favorable nature of the ground, Xanthippus, instead of retreating, drew up his forces and made a sudden charge. The great elephants thundering down on them threw the tired Romans into confusion; before they could recover, the whole of the Carthaginian cavalry was hurled upon them. The lines were broken. Fresh foes pressed forward to the attack as Xanthippus perceived the success of this first effort. The disorder became a retreat, the retreat a rout, the rout a panicky flight, such as had never before disgraced a Roman legion.

A mob of two thousand stragglers reached the camp at Clypea. All the rest of the army was killed or captured. Regulus himself was made a prisoner.

Carthage breathed freely again. Rich rewards were granted to Xanthippus. Though the invaders' headquarters at Clypea repulsed all attacks, and their fleet was again defeated off this coast, the disaster to Regulus' army, and a vast catastrophe whereby 275 galleys were destroyed in a storm, determined the Roman Senate to give up the African

Their reasoning and entreaty fell like spray against the rock of his immovable resolve

adventure. The war was merely transferred back to Sicily.

It continued with varying fortunes for another five years. Then the Roman pro-consul won a sweeping victory over Hasdrubal with his 30,000 men and 140 elephants, capturing most of those they did not slay. The Carthaginians expressed themselves by crucifying their own general, Hasdrubal. Presently they despatched Regulus to Rome as an envoy, to propose an exchange of prisoners and to offer terms of peace.

He gave his word to return if Rome should not accept. And his captors did not fail to impress upon him that success in his mission meant his own safety.

In this strange capacity the former consul returned to his native land. He was at first unwilling even to enter the city, and sternly refused to don the toga that marked the proud Roman freeman.

"I am no longer a citizen," he declared.

Faithfully he delivered to the assembled Senate his message as ambassador, refusing to vote on the issue while bound by an oath to the enemy. Scrupulously he put before them the arguments of the Carthaginians.

Then, having discharged this obligation, he became again a son of Rome.

Earnestly he advised the Senators against the proposed exchange and the peace. Did they fancy, he demanded, that soldiers who had shamefully given up their swords and submitted to Carthaginian slavery would stand firm in the next Punic assault? Let them meet the fate they had earned. It was the very existence of Rome that was at stake, and her legions must be built up of men who knew not how to submit.

As for himself, he was old: it would be a poor bargain to return to the enemy for him the active young men and gallant officers demanded for his freedom.

Let Rome reject all terms and bend her utmost powers to destroy this threatening and treacherous foe.

His words could hardly fail to carry conviction. The Senate voted to reject the offer.

Loud were the protests of all his friends when Regulus announced that he must return to Carthage as he had agreed. They argued that such an extorted oath was not binding, that no faith need be held with those who had so often proved themselves faithless. They reminded him of his duty to his country, to his wife and children. Their reasoning and entreaty fell like spray against the rock of his immovable resolve.

His weeping wife brought their children to him, imploring him in agony to alter his decision. He would not even embrace her, lest his determination waver.

Back he sailed, well knowing his reception. Enraged at hearing of his action, the Carthaginians enclosed him in a sort of cage, studded with sharp-pointed spikes which would not permit him to rest or sleep, however exhausted he became. Then they inflicted on him every cruelty that barbarous hatred could devise.

In this refinement of torture he finally perished—leaving to the world a new measure of stark fortitude and unconquerable honor.

## CHAPTER XXII

### THE HONOR OF AN IROQUOIS CHIEF

The North American Indian had physical bravery above all things. Courage and endurance were almost a religion with him. The young Indian had to undergo most searching ordeals, had to pass prescribed and traditional tests before he could count himself a brave, worthy to associate on equal terms with the tribe of hunters and warriors. Till then he had no voice in the solemn councils; no maiden of spirit would cast a second glance at him.

Among the northern Sioux, for instance, the untried aspirants who took part in the sun dance had cuts made behind the great muscles of their backs; through these were passed strips of rawhide; and the savage knight must win his spurs by hanging uncomplaining from these suspended ropes till the flesh tore away and he dropped to the ground. Rain-in-the-Face, who led the Indians against the ill-fated Custer, gained his supreme influence over the Uncpapa Sioux by a notable feat of such endurance: "In the sun dance he had hung for four hours. The incisions behind the great back muscles, through which the rope was threaded, had been cut too deep, and the flesh failed to give way when Rain-in-the-Face was suspended. For some time he hung in mid-air, his whole weight depending from the loops of torn muscles, the blood streaming over his limbs, and the hot sun beating down upon his face. Then the

chief attempted to cut him down, but Rain-in-the-Face refused to permit it. Four hours later the flesh rent away from his bones and he fell. That day made him the idol of the Sioux nation."

In hundreds of cases the supreme stoical control of face and muscles shown by Indian captives, under unspeakable tortures of fire and knife and splinters, attested the heights to which this worship of fortitude carried them.

But among his many virtues the Indian rarely numbered magnanimity or certain forms of moral courage. Trickery and deception were recognized weapons in warfare—and he was generally at war. The finer sensibilities of honor, the *noblesse oblige* impulse could hardly be counted as characteristic.

There is one case, however, almost unique in the gloomy annals of the red man since the whites descended upon his hunting-grounds, which is so remarkable, so like that magnificent Roman Regulus of old, that we might hesitate to believe it except that all the facts were known to a Jesuit priest, Père Raguenau, who was an eye-witness of part of these happenings.

That admirable narrator of happenings among the French and Indians during the century and a half from the first settlement of Canada to the Revolution, Francis Parkman, gives the Jesuit's account which shows the Indian at several pinnacles of bravery.

The first meeting of white men with the Hurons found them at blows with the Iroquois; and from that time forward the war waged with increasing fury. Small scalping-parties infested the Huron forests, killing squaws in the cornfields, or entering villages at midnight to tomahawk their sleeping in-

habitants. Often, too, invasions were made in force. Sometimes towns were set upon and burned, and there were deadly conflicts in the depths of the forests and the passes of the hills.

"The invaders were not always successful. A bloody rebuff and a sharp retaliation now and then awaited them. Thus, in 1638, a war-party of a hundred Iroquois met in the forest a band of three hundred Huron and Algonquin warriors. They might have retreated, and the greater number were for doing so; but Ononkwaya, an Oneida chief, refused.

"'Look!' he said; 'the sky is clear; the Sun beholds us. If there were clouds to hide our shame from his sight, we might fly; but, as it is, we must fight while we can.'

"They stood their ground for a time, but were soon overborne. Four or five escaped; but the rest were surrounded, and killed or taken. This year Fortune smiled on the Hurons; and they took in all more than a hundred prisoners, who were distributed among the various towns to be burned. These scenes, with them, occurred always in the night; and it was held to be of the last importance that the torture should be protracted from sunset till dawn.

"The too-valiant Ononkwaya was among the victims. Even in death he took his revenge; for it was thought an augury of disaster to the victors if no cry of pain could be extorted from the sufferers; and on the present occasion he displayed an unflinching courage rare even among the Indian warriors. His execution took place at the town of Teanaustayé, called St. Joseph by the Jesuits. The Fathers could not save his life, but, what was more to their pur-

pose, they baptized him. On the scaffold where he was burned, he wrought himself into a fury which seemed to render him insensible to pain. Thinking him nearly spent, his tormentors scalped him, when to their amazement he leaped up, snatched the brands that had been the instruments of his torture, drove the screeching crowd from the scaffold, and held them all at bay, while they pelted him from below with sticks, stones, and showers of live coals. At length he made a false step and fell to the ground, when they seized him and threw him into the fire. He instantly leaped out, covered with blood, cinders and ashes, and rushed upon them, with a blazing brand in each hand. The crowd gave way before him, and he ran towards the town, as if to set it on fire. They threw a pole across his way, which tripped him and flung him headlong to the earth; on which they all fell upon him, cut off his hands and feet, and again threw him into the fire. He rolled himself out, and crawled forward on his elbows and knees, glaring upon them with such unutterable ferocity that they recoiled once more, till, seeing that he was helpless, they threw themselves upon him and cut off his head.

"When the Iroquois could not win by force, they were sometimes successful with treachery. In the summer of 1645, two war-parties of the hostile nations met in the forest. The Hurons bore themselves so well that they had nearly gained the day, when the Iroquois called for a parley, displayed a great number of wampum-belts, and said that they wished to treat for peace. The Hurons had the folly to consent. The chiefs on both sides set down to a council, during which the Iroquois, seizing a favorable moment, fell upon their dupes and routed them

completely, killing and capturing a considerable number.

"The large frontier town of St. Joseph was well fortified with palisades, on which at intervals were wooden watch-towers. On an evening of this same summer of 1645, the Iroquois approached the place in force; and the young Huron warriors, mounting their palisades, sang their war songs all night, with the utmost power of their lungs, in order that the enemy, knowing them to be on their guard, might be deterred from an attack. The night was dark, and the hideous dissonance resounded far and wide; yet, regardless of the din, two Iroquois crept close to the palisade, where they lay motionless till near dawn. By this time the last song had died away and the tired singers had left their posts or fallen asleep. One of the Iroquois, with the silence and agility of a wild-cat, climbed to the top of a watch-tower, where he found two slumbering Hurons, brained one of them with his hatchet, and threw the other down to his comrade, who quickly despoiled him of his life and his scalp. Then, with the reeking trophies of their exploit, the adventurers rejoined their countrymen in the forest.

"The Hurons planned a counter-stroke; and three of them, after a journey of twenty days, reached the great town of the Senecas. They entered it at midnight, and found, as usual, no guard; but the doors of the houses were made fast. They cut a hole in the bark side of one of them, crept in, stirred the fading embers to give them light, chose each his man, tomahawked him, scalped him, and escaped in the confusion.

"Despite such petty triumphs the Hurons felt themselves on the verge of ruin. Pestilence and war

had wasted them away, and left but a skeleton of their former strength. In their distress, they cast about them for succor, and, remembering an ancient friendship with a kindred nation, the Andastes, they sent an embassy to ask of them aid in war or intervention to obtain peace. This powerful people dwelt on the river Susquehanna. The way was long, even in a direct line; but the Iroquois lay between, and a wide circuit was necessary to avoid them. A Christian chief whom the Jesuits had named Charles, together with four Christians and four heathen Hurons, bearing wampum belts and gifts from the council, departed on the embassy on the thirteenth of April, 1647, and reached the great town of the Andastes early in June. It contained, as the Jesuits were told, no less than thirteen hundred warriors. The council assembled, and the chief ambassador addressed them:

" 'We come from the Land of Souls, where all is gloom, dismay and desolation. Our fields are covered with blood; our houses are filled only with the dead; and we ourselves have but life enough to beg our friends to take pity on a people who are drawing near their end.'

"Then he presented the wampum belts and other gifts, saying that they were the voice of a dying country.

"The Andastes, who had a mortal quarrel with the Mohawks, and who had before promised to aid the Hurons in case of need, returned a favorable answer, but were disposed to try the virtue of diplomacy rather than the tomahawk. After a series of councils they determined to send ambassadors, not to their old enemies the Mohawks, but to the Onondagas, Oneidas, and Cayugas, who were geograph-

ically the central nations of the Iroquois league, while the Mohawks and Senecas were respectively at its eastern and western extremities. By inducing the three central nations—and, if possible, the Senecas also—to conclude a treaty with the Hurons, these last would be enabled to concentrate their force against the Mohawks, whom the Andastes would attack at the same time, unless they humbled themselves and made peace. This scheme, it will be seen, was based on the assumption that the dreaded league of the Iroquois was far from being a unit in action or counsel.

"Charles, with some of his colleagues, now set out for home, to report the result of their mission; but the Senecas were lying in wait for them, and they were forced to make a wide sweep through the Alleghanies, western Pennsylvania, and upper Ohio to avoid these vigilant foes. It was October when they reached the Huron towns, and meanwhile hopes of peace had arisen from another quarter.

"Early in the spring, a band of Onondagas had made an inroad, but were roughly handled by the Hurons, who killed several of them, captured others, and put the rest to flight. The prisoners were burned, with the exception of one who committed suicide to escape the torture; and one other, the chief man of the party, whose name was Annenrais. Some of the Hurons were dissatisfied at the mercy shown him, and gave out that they would kill him; on which the chiefs, who never placed themselves in open opposition to the popular will, secretly fitted him out, made him presents, and aided him to escape at night, with an understanding that he should use his influence at Onondaga in favor of peace. After crossing Lake Ontario, he met nearly all the Onondaga war-

riors, on the march to avenge his supposed death; for he was a man of high account. They greeted him as one risen from the grave; and, on his part, he persuaded them to renounce their warlike purpose and return home. On their arrival, the chiefs and old men were called to council, and the matter was debated with the usual deliberation.

"About this time the ambassador of the Andastes appeared with his wampum belts. Both this nation and the Onondagas had secret motives which were perfectly in accordance. The Andastes hated the Mohawks as enemies, and the Onondagas were jealous of them as confederates; for, since they had armed themselves with Dutch guns, their arrogance and boastings had given umbrage to their brethren of the league, and a peace with the Hurons would leave the latter free to turn their undivided strength against the Mohawks, and curb their insolence. The Oneidas and the Cayugas were of one mind with the Onondagas. Three nations of the league, to satisfy their spite against a fourth, would strike hands with the common enemy of all. It was resolved to send an embassy to the Hurons. Yet it may be that, after all, the Onondagas had but half a mind for peace. At least, they were unfortunate in their choice of an ambassador. He was by birth a Huron, who, having been captured when a boy, adopted, and naturalized, had become more an Iroquois than the Iroquois themselves; scarcely one of the fierce confederates had shed so much Huron blood. When he reached the town of St. Ignace, which he did about midsummer, and delivered his messages and wampum belts, there was a great division of opinion among the Hurons.

"The Bear Nation—the member of their confed-

eracy which was farthest from the Iroquois, and least exposed to danger—was for rejecting overtures made by so offensive an agency; but those of the Hurons who had suffered most were eager for peace at any price, and, after solemn deliberation, it was resolved to send an embassy in return. At its head was placed a Christian chief named Jean Baptiste Atironta; and on the first of August he and four others departed for Onondaga, carrying a profusion of presents, and accompanied by the apostate envoy of the Iroquois. As the ambassadors had to hunt on the way for subsistence, besides making canoes to cross Lake Ontario, it was twenty days before they reached their destination. When they arrived, there was great jubilation, and for a full month nothing but councils. Having thus sifted the matter to the bottom, the Onondagas determined at last to send another embassy with Jean Baptiste on his return, and with them fifteen Huron prisoners, as an earnest of their good intentions, retaining on their part one of Baptiste's colleagues as a hostage.

"This time they chose for their envoy a chief of their own nation, named Scandawati, a man of renown, sixty years of age, joining with him two colleagues. The old Onondaga entered on his mission with a troubled mind. His anxiety was not so much for his life as for his honor and dignity; for while the Oneidas and the Cayugas were acting in concurrence with the Onondagas, the Senecas had refused any part in the embassy, and still breathed nothing but war.

"Would they, or still more the Mohawks, so far forget the consideration due to one whose name had been great in the councils of the League as to assault the Hurons while he was among them in the

character of an ambassador of his nation, whereby his honor would be compromised, and his life endangered?

"His mind brooded on this idea, and he told one of his colleagues that if such a slight were put upon him, he should die of mortification.

" 'I am not a dead dog,' he said, 'to be despised and forgotten. I am worthy that all men should turn their eyes on me, while I am among enemies, and do nothing that may involve me in danger.'

"What with hunting, fishing, canoe-making, and bad weather, the progress of the august travelers was so slow that they did not reach the Huron towns till the twenty-third of October.

"Scandawati presented seven large belts of wampum, each composed of three or four thousand beads, which the Jesuits call the pearls and diamonds of the country. He delivered, too, the fifteen captives, and promised a hundred more on the final conclusion of peace. The three Onondagas remained, as surety for the good faith of those who sent them, until the beginning of January, when the Hurons on their part sent six ambassadors to conclude the treaty, one of the Onondagas accompanying them.

"Soon there came dire tidings. The prophetic heart of the old chief had not deceived him. The Senecas and Mohawks, disregarding negotiations in which they had no part, and resolved to bring them to an end, were invading the country in force.

"It might be thought that the Hurons would take their revenge on the Onondaga envoys, now hostages among them; but they did not do so, for the character of an ambassador was for the most part held in respect.

"One morning, however, Scandawati had disap-

peared. They were full of excitement; for they thought that he had escaped to the enemy. They ranged the woods in search of him, and at length found him in a thicket near the town. He lay dead, on a bed of spruce-boughs which he had made, his throat deeply gashed with a knife. He had died by his own hand, a victim of mortified pride. 'See,' writes Father Ragueneau, 'how much our Indians stand on the point of honor.'

"We have seen that one of his colleagues had set out for Onondaga with a deputation of six Hurons. The party was met by a hundred Mohawks, who captured them all and killed the six Hurons, but spared the Onondaga, and compelled him to join them. Soon after, they made a sudden onset on about three hundred Hurons journeying through the forest from the town of St. Ignace; and, as many of them were women, they routed the whole and took forty prisoners.

"The Onondaga bore part in the fray, and captured a Christian Huron girl; but the next day he insisted on returning to the Huron town.

" 'Kill me if you will,' he said to the Mohawks, 'but I cannot follow you; for then I should be ashamed to appear among my countrymen, who sent me on a message of peace to the Hurons; and I must die with them sooner than seem to act as their enemy.'

"On this the Mohawks not only permitted him to go, but gave him the Huron girl whom he had taken; and the Onondaga led her back in safety to her countrymen.

"Here then is a ray of light out of Egyptian darkness. The principle of honor was not extinct in these wild hearts."

## CHAPTER XXIII

### TOO PROUD TO FIGHT

San Francisco was in a ferment of excitement in July, 1855. The city, which had sprung into being almost over night with a population increased from 2,000 to 20,000 six years before, was still a sort of overgrown mining camp. Handsome dwellings, banks and business blocks were sprouting up like mushrooms, after the three fires which had almost wiped the place off the map in 1850. But everybody who was anybody still knew the private affairs of every other body; and the whole town buzzed with personal gossip as vehemently as it did with tales of gold strikes, and expanding business, and flagrant steals of politicians, and grim doings of silent Vigilance Committees.

So King, the banker (James King of William, in patrician old Maryland style), who had gone broke through a "dirty deal" of his agent at the mines; who had turned over everything he possessed in the world to another big banker for his creditors' benefit—only to have that firm too "go up the flume"; who had been foreman of the grand jury two years back which tackled the stiff problem of the thugs and desperadoes daily defying every law of God and man;—James King's private and public affairs were better known to some hundreds of prominent citizens than they were to his own wife.

At dozens of bars men were telling of King and

Alfred Cohen. The latter had been exhibited in an unenviable light by King's public explanation of the reasons for his financial sacrifice to business honor, had met the former banker on Montgomery Street, and after high words had sent John Hackett to him with a challenge to a duel.

Of course, a challenge meant a fight. The city swarmed with gunmen and cutthroats, drawn thither from the four quarters of the earth—as far as the penal colonies of Van Diemen's Land,—and a man's life still depended on carrying a gun and getting it into action the fraction of a second before the other fellow. Besides, even among the more sober and law-abiding folk, the old tradition of personal honor held rigorous sway, as it did in the South. Anyone who wanted trouble with a gentleman must get it—promptly and unhesitatingly. The merest hint, an insulting look, must be taken up instanter, said this inexorable code, under penalty of being branded in the eyes of friends and foes as a coward unworthy to associate with real gentlemen.

So everybody was agog. Any hour might bring absorbing details of what the newspapers would later decorously chronicle as "a regrettable occurrence among prominent citizens."

On the morning of July 18 there was a rush for newspapers that exhausted the supply. A few moments of absorbed silence. Then the readers broke into conflicting clamor. Loud voices were heard proclaiming the foundation principles of conduct, without which Honor hid its abased face.

For this "busted flush," as some did not hesitate to describe the challenged citizen, had not only refused to fight, but had actually attempted to excuse himself by challenging the Code itself.

There it was, printed in black and white to proclaim his shame to all the world, an open letter in the morning papers:

"Sir:

"I now proceed to give you my reply to the note you handed me last night. First, waiving other insuperable objections to the mode indicated of settling such difficulties, I could not consent to a hostile meeting with Mr. Cohen. The public have already been fully advised of my estimate of his character. The relative positions of Mr. Cohen and myself are entirely unequal in worldly fortune and domestic relation. He is understood to be possessed of an abundant fortune. In the event of his fall, he would leave ample means for the support of his wife and child. Recent events have stripped me entirely of what I once possessed. Were I to fall, I should leave a large family without the means of support. My duties and obligations to my family have much more weight with me than any desire to please Mr. Cohen or his friends in the manner proposed.

"I have ever been opposed to duelling on moral grounds. My opinions were known to Mr. Cohen, and when he addressed me the note which you had the impudence to deliver, he was well aware that it would not be accepted or answered affirmatively. That fact is sufficient to demonstrate his contemptible cowardice in this silly attempt to manufacture for himself a reputation for 'chivalry'.

"While nothing could induce me to change my principles upon the subject of duelling, my conscience is perfectly easy as to my right and the propriety of defending myself should I be assaulted.

"Do not flatter yourself, sir, that this communica-

tion is made out of regard either to yourself or Mr. Cohen. I write this for publication in the newspapers. I avow principles of which I am not ashamed, and shall abide the result.

"JAMES KING OF WM."

Loud was the condemnation and bitter the jeers from the self-constituted authorities on gentlemanly deportment who discussed this document that morning. "Pen fighter," and "hider behind petticoats and pinafores" were the mildest of their comments. They were devastated with public-spirited humiliation: never before had the glorious commonwealth by the Golden Gate been so disgraced, sir. Never even among the lowest riffraff had it been recorded that a man had actually declined a challenge to fight. And now this contemptible fellow who had been accepted as one of themselves, who had moved in the best circles, who had actually held public office—now he must try to cover up his spineless crawfishing by whining about the morality of a gentleman's first duty. Pah! Many drinks were needed to wash away the bad taste from the mouths of these fire-eaters.

Their disgust was deeper presently. The very foundations of life shook beneath their feet more upsettingly than from an earthquake.

For, it often happens that when one man is bold enough to challenge a hoary and tyrannical lie, the humbug shrivels up. Many impregnable walls have fallen like those of Jericho at the clear blast of a trumpet. James King's letter evoked a chorus of enthusiastic approval from a small circle of the most influential men in San Francisco.

Letters and messages began to pour in, upholding his stand. The newspapers caught the drift of sen-

timent and applauded him editorially. Seventy men, whose signatures carried weight beneath checks or defiances or expressions of opinion, met formally, passed a resolution expressing complete admiration for his "moral courage and sound principle," and blazoned their belief that a very large majority of substantial citizens would approve what he had done.

The fire-eaters were utterly silenced by this broadside. From being a matter of constant occurrence, duels were from that day frowned upon. And while the code still lingered in the life of some obstinate adherents, never again was a man in San Francisco forced to the choice between personal combat and the scorn of society.

That was one case where a man could really be proud that he had been "too proud to fight."

But James King was a fighter, for and within the law, who was stopped by no personal risks.

Three months after he had thus given a barbarous custom its death-blow, he started a newspaper.

His six years in the seething vortex that was San Francisco, and especially his service at the head of the grand jury had given him an appalling knowledge of the crime, fraud and corruption with which the town was reeking.

With the first issue of his little four-page *Daily Evening Bulletin,* he turned all the guns of his straightforward honesty and indignation upon the piratical crew who were misusing the offices of city and state for the most unblushing steals and oppressions.

He did not seek the protection of generalities or minor offenders: names, dates and specifications, chapter and verse, were given in full; big financiers,

business men, bosses, judges, congressmen, senators —it made no difference where the trail led, King plastered the facts before his readers, and called upon them to put a stop to this municipal debauchery.

He put the issue squarely before every man who could read:

"Will the San Francisco public sustain a truly independent journal—one that will support the cause of morality, virtue and honesty, whether in public service or private life, and which, regardless of all consequences, will fearlessly and undauntedly maintain its course against the political and social evils of the day?"

And then he proceeded to try them with a stiff dose of unpleasant hard facts about themselves and their elected or permitted rulers.

Since those days, and before, I suspect, this attitude has been a favorite one with many a buncombe reformer, thinking really of the main chance for his own power and pocket. The difference was that this man was honest. He meant what he said —and said what he meant.

As before, his ringing utterance was a magnet that drew all the honest metal from the rubbish. The decent folk were just waiting for some leader. The *Bulletin* at once jumped into the firing-line with a growing army of resolute men behind it, who were determined to restore decency and honesty. Never had a youthful newspaper wielded such potent influence.

It is far from the least praiseworthy fact about James King of William that he used this sudden power, this thunderbolt forged by conditions and his own boldness, with an undeviating eye to the

public interest. The gambler, the swindler, the grafter, the shyster lawyer found no mercy. But, never did he use his paper as a weapon in personal enmities—though his attacks on wrong-doing raised him a healthy crop of violent enemies. The underground alliances of crooked bankers with politicians and officials, whose slimy trails he had studied during his own financial disasters, were brought to the light with the special knowledge of bitter experience. And the men higher up, who saw their illegal incomes threatened, the carefully erected screens of their reputations and safety being torn down,—these dominant personalities began to develop strong emotions toward this "scandal-monger" who was attacking the very pillars of business and society.

It is hard to realize the shameless wide-openness of the San Francisco of that period. Just as later it was proclaimed, "there's never a law of God or man runs north of 53"—so people had accepted cynically as fact, that "God doesn't hold men responsible for what they do after they cross the Missouri River." For instance, a gambler named Charles Cora openly defied laws and authorities. He was "next" to some of the richest men in town; he had open relations with a very wealthy woman who claimed a high social place; every effort to close him up got lost and was strangled somewhere in the secret mazes of practical politics.

One afternoon newsboys rushed through the streets yelling, "Wuxtry! Wuxtry!" at the top of their leather lungs.

Charlie Cora had assassinated Richardson, the United States marshal.

It was a deliberate, planned, cowardly murder.

The man was killed because he was an officer who threatened Cora's illicit business. Every informed person realized that the gambler had slapped the respectable community in the face, had coolly slaughtered his enemy in full confidence that his never-failing pull would protect him.

King at once spread the disgraceful facts before his reader, with no mincing of the ugly truth. The ring back of Cora replied with actions suited to their usual bribing tactics: in spite of evidence that no one disputed, four members of the jury voted for acquittal. The murderer went scot free.

But the powers behind him were becoming nervous at the smashing attacks of the *Bulletin* on this flagrant perversion of justice. Quiet consultation brought out a general sentiment that unless this fellow King were "put out of the way" for good and all, there was disaster ahead for their cherished system. The men at the top watched eagerly for the safe chance they knew the tense situation must bring sooner or later. It was not many months before this opportunity showed itself.

A man named Bagley was slated for the choice grafting ground of the customs house. King attacked the appointment, citing as one ground for disqualification that Bagley had recently fought a duel with one of the supervisors named Casey, himself a scalawag.

"It does not matter how bad a man Casey has been," proclaimed the editorial in its author's sledge-hammer style, "nor how much benefit it might be to the public to have him out of the way, —we cannot accord to any citizen the right to kill him, or even beat him, without sufficient justifiable provocation. The fact that Casey has been an in-

mate of Sing Sing Prison in New York is no offense against the laws of this State; nor is the fact of his having stuffed himself through the ballot-box, as elected to the board of supervisors from a district where it is said he was not even a candidate, any justification why Mr. Bagley should shoot Casey, however richly the latter may deserve having his neck stretched for such fraud on the people."

These outspoken words, upholding as always the majesty of the law, spelled James King's death warrant.

The leaders of the pirate gang were delighted. Casey was just the kind of instrument they needed. It did not need much encouragement from members of the "right crowd" to drive him to extremes when he heard his record in this denunciation being quoted far and wide.

He called on the editor in the newspaper office, and demanded a public retraction and apology.

King ordered him out.

Whereupon Casey pulled out a revolver and shot him down in cold blood.

The news flashed through the town. King lay for six days between life and death.

Then, with the memory of Cora's escape fresh in all minds, San Francisco arose in her might, in one of her last, and most excusable, takings of the flouted law into her own hands.

The Vigilance Committee, which had purged the city of some of its most notorious desperadoes in 1849, was quietly called together.

A force of men, of the best in town, organized itself in orderly companies of a hundred each; armed with muskets and flashing bayonets, one gigantic Nantucket whalingman carrying his favorite

harpoon and several fathoms of rope, they marched to the jail under the shadow of Telegraph Hill.

The leaders of these Vigilantes demanded of the sheriff the persons of Cora and Casey. They were surrendered by that alarmed officer, and were lodged in an improvised lock-up.

On the following Tuesday, as Cora was being formally tried before these citizens, word came that James King was dead. The gambler was found guilty after due process of super-legal law. Casey's conviction followed. Both were hanged two days later, while King's funeral was taking place.

Thus passed on James King of William, having given to the uttermost for the cause of law, justice and civic honor.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### A CRUSADING JOURNALIST

Shortly after the close of the American Civil War the owner of a small newspaper in a town of northern England found himself without an editor. Being a person of discernment, he did not hesitate to go quite outside the ranks of the profession, and selected a young man, in the Russian consul's office, who had done some free-lance writing for the local press and who had impressed him by a certain fervor and vigorous opinions on public matters. This unknown youth was the son of a poor minister. He did not even have a university education; but he had ideas, and he had tremendous enthusiasm and energy.

The *Northern Echo* was an average provincial sheet, practically unknown outside of its own limited radius, and without any great influence even at home; but it was not long before its readers realized that a fresh and strong personality was addressing them through its columns. There was no anonymous "We" about these utterances: it was W. T. Stead, the new editor, who was talking. Moreover, he had not only most positive convictions on a variety of subjects, but he did not hesitate to express them, no matter what important "interests" were involved, in a racy style that startled conserva-

tives and made his editorials a leading topic of discussion among the citizens of Darlington and the neighboring city of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

They take their politics seriously in the North Country; there was no lack of opportunity for controversy. The *Northern Echo* speedily became a sort of storm-centre. The great London papers and the reviews began to quote its striking remarks. In a few years it was hated, feared, admired—but rarely ignored. It was generally recognized that if Stead thought a thing was wrong he was going to proclaim the fact openly, without the least regard for the position or authority of those concerned. Nor would he confine himself to general statements: embarrassing details, intimate personalities, and facts discreetly suppressed were spread abroad, in the single-minded resolve to drive home his point. Since the young editor's notions were frequently idealistic and diametrically opposed to those of the practical men who managed affairs, he made many hot enemies; but men like Carlyle, Froude and Gladstone recognized his courage and ability and admitted him to their friendship. He supported Gladstone with the utmost vigor in his protests against the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria; and his eloquent appeals for these persecuted Christians made him known through all England as one to be reckoned with.

In 1874 Lord Beaconsfield came back into power. The Russians had captured Khiva the preceding year, and the old sore spot of Afghanistan was troubling imperial John Bull mightily. Lord Salisbury and the other "forwards" of the Beaconsfield ministry were bent upon settling the matter, once for all, with a sole eye to the protection of India;

and Stead found himself in violent opposition to this summary disposal of a brave people's country. His attitude was unpopular, to say the least, but he fought to the bitter end for his ideas. His efforts culminated in the publication one day of a copy of the *Northern Echo* entirely devoted to a "Political Catechism," in which he attacked the whole government policy in Afghanistan from beginning to end.

There was no possibility of changing public opinion on a matter considered so vital to the Empire; but oddly enough Stead's radical utterances brought him the editorship of one of the most conservative of the London journals. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was an afternoon paper of small size and circulation which had always lived up to Thackeray's description of a journal "written by gentlemen for gentlemen." Under John Morley it had had a political influence quite out of proportion to the number of its readers, but it was distinctly a class appeal. When Morley went into Parliament, Stead moved up from assistant to editor of the paper.

He made it a power. Lord Milner declared thirty years later that no newspaper in any country had ever exercised such influence on public affairs. The "P. M. G." "dismissed Ministers, radically altered the first Home Rule Bill, and . . . immensely strengthened the Navy."

Earl Grey said after Stead's death:

"I remember how in the early eighties he forced by his articles, 'The Truth About the Navy by One Who Knows,' Mr. Gladstone, the most powerful minister of our time, to spend most grudgingly an additional £6,000,000 on the strengthening of our

navy. I remember how he forced the same reluctant minister to send out Gordon to Khartoum, and I never shall forget his heroic exertions to secure the expedition of a relief column to Gordon's assistance at a time when there was good reason to believe it would have been successful."

He originated the modern "interview" in a series of talks with celebrities "from the Tsar to the Pope," where the searching questions of the writer were as interesting as the answers. Stead soon knew everybody, and his quick imagination and tremendous vital energy made him a person of consequence in all circles. An old member of the *Pall Mall* staff tells as an evidence of its position in the public mind, how a marked-up copy arrived at the office one morning, in which Ruskin had taken the pains to suggest changes in type, arrangement, headings, and almost every detail of make-up and matter.

Stead had now won for himself the sort of position which nearly always makes a man cautious and conservative. It was characteristic of him that he did not hesitate to risk the whole personal structure he had built up when a needed reform excited his sympathy.

The House of Commons had refused to pass a bill aimed at abuses which had produced most vicious conditions. Though his friends warned him that he was destroying the *Pall Mall* and his own career, Stead promptly began the publication of a series of articles so frank in their revolting details that the respectable folk were shocked and horrified as London had never been before. His reply to criticism was that he was stating facts, and he believed society needed this nauseous

draught. The paper lost practically all of its advertising; the newsdealers refused to handle it; financial ruin seemed imminent. But the editor continued to spread the horrible conditions abroad in his columns, without sparing those responsible or his readers.

It was a bitter fight. For a while Stead edited the "P. M. G." from a prison cell. But this time he won. The truths he forced upon reluctant public attention were such as called to Heaven for action. The House of Commons felt the pressure of altered sentiment. The new criminal law proposed by Stead was passed.

The man's whole active life was occupied with similar crusades on behalf of some idea or reform —always for what he believed to be true progress, and with apparently no thought of himself or of any private interest. When he became convinced that Psychical Research needed the championship of some well-known man, he promptly risked ridicule and loss of reputation by espousing its cause and publishing a magazine, *Borderland,* entirely devoted to it. During the first Peace Conference he moved to The Hague and started a peace paper to further this movement, besides placing his ideals before the world in his "United States of Europe."

Perhaps the severest test of his quality came with the Boer War. He had started a monthly magazine called the *Review of Reviews,* to give him a wider public than that of a daily paper; and this new venture had proved very successful, especially in its American issue, in which he held a large interest; so that it looked as if his brilliant ideas and indefatigable labor were at last going to bring him some adequate financial return.

Moreover, Cecil Rhodes had become his warm friend and admirer. He said one day to Lord Escher: "Stead is the greatest patriot I know; England is his home, and every foot of ground over which the British flag flies is his native land."

A colleague declares that Rhodes had willed the whole of his vast fortune to Stead, in the conviction that the latter would make a more far-seeing use of these millions than he could work out himself. In fact, the journalist had planned a great, progressive, independent newspaper, freed by this fund from the necessity of advertisements, through which he could do the work he felt called to undertake.

It was a dream very dear to his heart. And Stead also was an ardent Englishman. But his very love of his country made him more resolute to protest when he felt she was falling below his ideal of justice and fairness to others; and, right or wrong, he was entirely convinced that this was the case in the controversy with the Boers.

When Jameson's raid precipitated the conflict, Stead spoke out with no uncertain voice regarding his friend Rhodes and the Chartered Company, which he considered mainly responsible for the trouble. During the dark days when every Englishman felt so keenly the disgrace of the failure in South Africa, the dogged resolve to wipe out this shame intensified the general tendency to consider any one a traitor who questioned the justice of the national course. The feeling was so high that both readers and advertisers forsook Stead's magazine, and it received a setback from which it never recovered.

This *Review* was the child of Stead's own brain,

and there are few things more searching than to watch the destruction of such a personal expression by one's own act. But neither this nor the knowledge that Rhodes so resented his stand that he had altered his will could make Stead alter his course. He continued to express his views in season and out of season; he started a new publication, *War Against War;* in short, as he had done all his life, he spoke out his protest and set forth his ideal with a magnificent disregard of personal consequences.

The final results were the virtual extinction of the English *Review,* the complete loss of Rhodes's colossal fortune, and the failure to change by a hair's-breadth the nation's course towards the war.

On the other side can be set an example of moral courage which any man might be proud to leave as his memorial.

And that this was not without effect was evidenced when some years after he met death on the ill-fated *Titanic* as bravely as he had met life, journalists from all over the world combined to place a portrait medallion of him on the Thames Embankment in London.

# CHAPTER XXV

## A PATTERN OF CHIVALRY

*"The truly valiant dare everything but doing any other body an injury."*

*"The truly great man is apt to forgive as his power is able to revenge."*

*"It is greater greatness to give a kingdom than to get a kingdom."*

*"It is no less vain to wish death than it is cowardly to fear it."*

These were sayings of a man whom all his fellows pronounced a very mirror of chivalry—Sir Philip Sidney. Grandson of a duke, godson of the King of Spain; linguist, and intimate of continental dignitaries while in his teens; favorite of his own Virgin Queen, ambassador and friend to emperors; scholar, critic, author and poet; valiant soldier and skilful leader; he seemed to embrace the whole round of human perfection.

Yet to after times he lives pre-eminently as the hero of an act of self-sacrifice when in his last extremity.

Fulke Greville, who was a boy with him, says:

"Of whose Youth I will report no other wonder but this: That though I lived with him and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man; with such staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity as carried grace and reverence above greater years. His talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind. So as even his teachers found something in him to observe and learn, above that which they had

usually read or taught. Which eminence by nature and industry made his worthy Father style Sir Philip in my hearing (though I unseen) the Light of his Family—*lumen familiæ suæ.*"

It was at the very end of a short life that this Light burst into its brightest blaze. Queen Elizabeth had at last decided to send aid to the distressed Protestants in the Netherlands, hard beset by the mighty power of Spain. In 1585 the Earl of Leicester went across as Commander of the English forces there, and Sidney, his nephew, then thirty-one years old, joined him as Governor of Flushing and general of the horse.

"The Earl told me," says Greville, "that when he undertook the government of the Low Countries he carried his nephew over with him as one among the rest, not only despising his youth for a Counsellor, but withal bearing a hand over him as a forward young man. Notwithstanding, in short time he saw this Sun so risen above his horizon that both he and all his stars were glad to fetch light from him. And in the end acknowledge that he held up the honor of his casual authority by him whilst he lived, and found reason to withdraw himself from that burthen after his death."

Sidney had risked Queen Elizabeth's wrath by his efforts to join Drake on his cruise against the Spaniards; the post in the Low Countries had seemed a poor substitute to him for this dashing adventure; and when he reached his charge he had more reason still to regret the substitution. For the garrison was weak and ill paid when paid at all; the citizens were discouraged; and he was obliged to correct many abuses as well as to strengthen inadequate defences whose importance

those at home seemed to underestimate, for Flushing was the key to the Scheldt and therefore commanded the sea approach to Antwerp.

Moreover, Leicester seemed far more interested in the pomp and dignity of his position than in taking active steps against the enemy, who had conquered Antwerp and threatened to overrun the whole country.

For months the young man strove to get supplies, to secure just treatment for his soldiers, to compose quarrels between the Dutch officers and his own, to punish wanton cruelties that were only too common, to arouse his uncle from his absorption in his quarrel with Elizabeth to his own ambition to "make a noble war."

"If the Queen pay not her soldiers, she must lose her garrison," he wrote home. (And in point of fact he exhausted his own scanty means in defraying necessary expenses.) "There is no doubt thereof. But no man living shall be able to say the fault is in me. What relief I can do them I will. I will spare no danger if occasion serves. I am sure no creature shall be able to lay injustice to my charge; and for further doubts, truly I stand not on them."

His insistence finally triumphed against all jealousies and inertia: in the July following his arrival he was permitted to carry out a plan for assaulting the Spanish stronghold of Axel, twenty miles from Flushing.

On a dark night a thousand men, headed by himself and Lord Willoughby, rowed up and across the river and joined Count Maurice with two thousand Netherlanders.

They marched cautiously up towards their desti-

nation, the men being aroused to the highest pitch by a speech from Sir Philip, which "did so link their minds that they did desire rather to die in that service than to live in the contrary."

Continuing in the strictest order and in utter silence, they came before Axel about two in the morning. Sidney headed a party of thirty or forty picked men, who swam the moat, scaled the wall with ladders, overcame the sentries, and opened the gate to the main body.

Though completely taken by surprise, the Spaniards fought bravely when they realized what was happening. Sidney posted a reserve in the central market-place, to give assistance wherever it might be needed, and then sent companies to each quarter of the city. All opposition was beaten down. Immense spoil was taken, besides destroying enemy property that could not be carried off. Rewarding his men who had distinguished themselves out of his own purse, Sidney left a strong garrison in the captured town and returned to his headquarters, to receive the plaudits of all at having revived the spirits of the Netherlanders by this brilliant stroke.

He continued to distinguish himself for personal gallantry and consummate leadership during the year following. Then in September, 1586, he found himself in attendance on Leicester, whose army was proceeding against Zutphen, the strongest town of Gelderland.

Entrenchments were thrown up and the siege began. The cavalry were stationed on a commanding hill a mile from the east gate, and Sir Philip was one of the three leaders of this force.

A week passed in preparations for an assault. Then tidings came that a great quantity of pro-

visions was to be smuggled into Zutphen by the enemy during the night. The report failed to state, however, that these supplies were convoyed by two or three thousand of the best fighting men of the Spanish army, under orders to cut their way from the south into the beleaguered city.

So Leicester sent only a small force to intercept the convoy: Sir John Norris with two hundred horsemen, and Sir William Stanley with about three hundred pikes.

When Sidney and the other cavaliers heard there was a fight in prospect, they hastened to the scene without any orders, some fifty in all, including daring spirits like Essex, Willoughby, Pelham and Russell. Such was their headlong desire to get there in time that Sir William Pelham dashed off without his leg-armor; and when Sidney beheld him riding up in this condition, he rashly threw off his own cuisses that they might be on a perfect equality. It was one of those exaggerated acts of chivalry which challenged disaster—and brought it about. As Languet wrote to Sidney himself: "It is the folly of our age that most men of noble birth think it more honorable to do the work of soldiers than that of leaders, and would rather be praised for boldness than for judgment."

It was a thick morning of fog. The eager little company could not see a dozen steps ahead as they waited for the provision train which they proposed to intercept. Tense with expectation, the cavaliers reined in their steeds, while all strained their ears for any hint of their prey.

At last there came through the dense mist the noise of trampling horses, the rumble of loaded wagons, the cracking of whips and low calls of

drivers. Suddenly the fog curtain rolled away as if before a stage in the theatre. There, confronting them, was the provision convoy. But it had teeth: guarding it was a force of Spaniards and mercenaries five times as large as the whole English detachment. To make the situation worse, they were within range of the cannon of the fortress, and the muskets of the soldiers in the trenches, which opened a galling fire upon them. They were the game instead of the hunters. Retreat would have been prudent and brought no loss of honor.

But retreat was the last idea of these hotheads.

"Follow me, for the honor of England!" shouted Essex; and he spurred straight for the grim line of enemy cavalry, a thousand strong. The rest were scarcely behind. Dashing into the Spaniards with set lances, they presently dropped these and laid about them with their axes so fiercely that they broke the Spanish columns and drove them back.

Five to one was heavy odds, but thrice the English knights charged irresistibly, leaving almost a quarter of their number dead upon the field. Sidney's horse was killed under him at the second onset. He straightway mounted another and plunged into the mêlée again.

The battle had become a series of desperate personal encounters, where one man might find himself fighting a whole company. Looking ahead, Sir Philip saw that Lord Willoughby had forged ahead so impetuously that he was far in advance of his companions, completely surrounded by the enemy. But he was still the knight of the old ballad:

> "The brave Lord Willoughby,
> Of courage fierce and fell,
> Who would not give one inch of way
> For all the devils of hell."

Though hard beset and with much of his armor hacked away, he had cleared a space about him with his curtle-axe, and shouted defiance at the Spaniards who thronged upon him.

Seeing the plight of this "very friend and valiant and frank gentleman," Sidney hastily gathered a small party, charged through the ring, and rescued Willoughby from his dangerous situation. His impetuous rush carried him a long way towards the town. Suddenly a musket-ball from the trenches struck him in the left thigh, which should have been protected by his armor.

It was a bad wound, the bone being shattered. But he attempted to fight on, and was only prevented by his untrained charger, which became frightened and galloped away from the battlefield with him.

By the time he approached the camp, where Leicester and the main body of the troops were safely ensconced, Sir Philip was almost fainting from pain and loss of blood.

He called for water—the one fiercest craving of the wounded man. Somebody ran and fetched him a bottle. Just as he was raising it shakily to his fevered lips, his eye met the glance of a foot-soldier who was being carried by. The man's face was ghastly; his wound was desperate; there was in his eyes a greedy longing for the precious liquid.

Sidney stopped in the act of drinking, and handed him the flask.

"Thy necessity is greater than mine," said he.

Now it is a fact that acts almost identical with this have been performed by many men, during the centuries since that day, on many battlefields. This fine self-sacrifice is, however, one of the ear-

liest cases of just its sort on record; and it should be remembered that a vast gulf indeed separated the private soldier of 1586 from the noble general, the favorite of Elizabeth. Most people about him would have valued his life and comfort above that of an army of such insignificant fellows; and it would have been small wonder if such a feeling had affected the mind of the general himself. But all who knew him felt that the incident was a true expression of the very thing that made Sir Philip loved by all. And still to-day it seems to bring up a distinct image of him in our minds.

The wounded Sidney was carried on to Arnheim. Great was the grief of Leicester:

"Oh, Philip! I am sorry for thy hurt," he exclaimed.

"My lord," answered Sidney, "this have I done to do you honor, and her Majesty service."

Sir William Russell, who had seen all as he fought bravely, came to him and kissed his hand while tears ran down his cheeks:

"Oh, noble Sir Philip, there was never man attained hurt more honorably than ye have done, or any served like unto you."

He lingered for sixteen days, in extreme agony. This did not prevent him from grave converse on immortality, from the writing of Latin epistles and poetry, from hearing music, or from calmly making his will, with exact thought for others. He had no wish to die, yet he was content, for he held that his life could not have been better spent than in such an exploit.

And on October 17, in serene confidence that withstood all pain and weakness, this Light vanished from earthly eyes.

England gave him the most splendid funeral ever commemorating a private subject. The whole nation mourned him as a personal loss: "It was accounted a sin for any gentleman of quality for months after to appear at court in any light or gaudy apparel."

But perhaps the greatest tribute were the words of his boyhood friend: "There was no man living that could say he ever did him harm; whereas there be many indeed that would thankfully acknowledge the good they had received."

## CHAPTER XXVI

### THE FIRST CIVILIANS TO WIN THE V. C.

The most coveted decoration in the British army or navy is a little bronze Maltese cross, whose intrinsic value is about ten cents.

For it bears upon its face a lion and a crown, and the words "For Valour." And on the back is the name of him who won it, with the date to be commemorated.

This is the famous Victoria Cross. It was instituted by the Queen in 1856, the Charge of the Light Brigade and the other exploits of the British soldiers in the Crimean campaign having created a general feeling that some such order of bravery was called for. The medals are cast from guns captured at Sebastopol, and they are open to any one in either service, no matter what his rank. During the first half century, in nearly forty wars and campaigns all over the globe, about five hundred men received this prize.

This is the story of how the gallantry of three civilians changed the original condition by which it was offered only to men of the army and navy. These three who thus forced themselves into this distinguished company were Ross Lewis Mangles, William Fraser McDonell, and Thomas Henry Kavanagh,—all members of the Civil Service in India.

One of the many outbreaks of the Indian Mutiny was at Arrah, a town of Bengal. Word came in

hot haste to Dinapur that the sepoys there had revolted, and that two thousand of them were besieging a dozen Englishmen and a few Sikhs, who had taken up a position in a two-storied house and had for some days beaten off their infuriated assailants. Their fate was certain unless relief arrived promptly.

An expedition was hurriedly organized. Four hundred men from the 10th and 37th Regiments set out under Captain Dunbar, accompanied by a number of civilian volunteers. Mangles and McDonell were among these latter, both having been magistrates and having a knowledge of the district which made their services as guides invaluable.

"All went well with the expedition in its journey up the Ganges and, on landing, it marched several miles without serious molestation. But when within a few miles of Arrah, it was obliged to pass through a thick piece of jungle in which the sepoys had laid an ambuscade. Darkness had fallen as the soldiers pushed their way through the maze of trees and dense undergrowth, and the murderous fire that suddenly broke out threw them into confusion.

"All through the night the unequal fight went on, but the loss on the British side was so heavy that when morning dawned the surviving officers saw it would be impossible, or at least unwise, to continue the advance. Captain Dunbar, unfortunately, had been among the first to fall. Very reluctantly, therefore, the order to retreat was given, and the little force, still firing on its foes, slowly fell back. Other sepoys had arrived on the scene in the meantime, and the exhausted soldiers now found themselves compelled to run the gauntlet between two

lines of fire. In these conditions something like a panic at last set in; the ranks broke up in disorder.

"But, disastrous as was the retreat, it was not all disgraceful. There will always be acts of individual heroism when Englishmen go out to battle. It may be a soldier or it may be a civilian, in whom the irrepressible warrior instinct manifests itself in some act of conspicuous gallantry and devotion, but it is sure never to be wanting.

"In this instance it was the civilian who rose to the occasion. Early in the engagement Mr. Mangles had been hit by a musket-ball, but the shot had luckily only stunned him. Quickly recovering, he lent a hand in helping the wounded, and on the retreat commencing, he played an active part in beating off the sepoys. With a number of men round him to reload and supply him with muskets, he shot sepoy after sepoy, the sure eye and hand which had made him a noted tiger shot not failing him in this hour of need."

The especial act for which he was awarded the Cross, however, was the gallant rescue of a wounded private of the Hampshires (the 37th Foot). At the man's piteous appeal to his comrades not to leave him there helpless to be hacked to pieces by the sepoys, Mangles rushed to his side, bound up his wounds, and then lifted him onto his back. With this heavy burden the brave civilian trudged on among the others.

"It was rough going for the greater part of the six miles to the river, the ground being very swampy, and overhead was a broiling July sun. Despite these disadvantages, and the fact that he had not slept for forty-eight hours, Mangles bore the helpless private the whole of the way, only

stopping now and then to place his charge on the ground and take a pot-shot at the pursuing rebels. 'I really never felt so strong in my life,' he used to say afterwards, in referring to this incident. When the waters of the Ganges were reached he plunged in and swam out to the boats with his now unconscious burden. Then, when all the survivors were aboard, the flotilla started on its sad return journey.

"Mr. McDonell all this time had been ever to the front, assisting the officers to keep the men together. An excellent shot, like his fellow-magistrate, he accounted for many a rebel ere the river-side was reached, but he did not escape unscathed. A musket shot had lodged in his arm.

"In the wild rush for the half-dozen country boats moored close to the river bank, McDonell gave no thought to himself. There were several men very badly hit, and it was not until he had seen these safely over the thwarts that he jumped in and cast the mooring adrift. He was the last man aboard the boat, which was crowded with thirty-five soldiers.

"Out into the stream they floated, but now a fresh danger faced them. The rebels had removed the oars from the boat and lashed the rudder tightly, so that the little craft was helpless. To their horror it began to drift back again to the southern bank, on which the sepoys were clustered in joyful expectation of emptying their muskets into the boatload of sahibs. Something had to be done at once, or they were doomed.

"To show his face above the gunwale was to court instant death, but McDonell took the risk. With a knife in his hand, he climbed outside on

to the canvas roof, worked his way to the stern and with a few deft slashes cut the ropes that held the tiller fast. Bullets pattered all round him as he lay outstretched there, and one passed clean through his helmet, but he was otherwise untouched. Having regained his seat safely, he steered the boat and its precious freight to the opposite bank, where they landed—three men short. The sepoys' fire had not been all in vain.

"While both Mangles and McDonell received the V. C. for their bravery on this occasion, it is a remarkable fact that the former's exploit would have passed unnoticed by the authorities but for a happy chance. The private whose life he had saved and who had passed some months in Dinapur Hospital before being invalided home had told the story of his rescue to a surgeon. This worthy noted it down in his journal, and just twelve months later made the true facts public."

Kavanagh, too, won his renown in that red year of the Mutiny. He was in the office of the Chief Commissioner of Oudh, and while Lucknow was being besieged he did yeoman's service in the trenches and at the guns before and after Havelock and Outram had fought their way in to reinforce the hard-pressed garrison.

"Early in November, 1857, Sir Colin Campbell, marching with a large army to the relief of Lucknow, got as far as the Alumbagh. To save the General from having to make the perilous passage through the narrow streets and lanes which had cost him so many men two months earlier, Outram by means of a native spy sent plans of the city and its approaches to Campbell, and suggested the

best route to be followed. There was still the danger, however, of some dreadful blunder being committed, and Outram expressed a wish that he were able to send a competent guide.

"This coming to Kavanagh's ears, he promptly went to Outram's Chief of Staff, Colonel Robert Napier, and volunteered his services in this capacity. The colonel stared at him in blank astonishment, as well he might, for of all men in Lucknow Kavanagh looked to be the one least suited to play the rôle of spy. He was a tall, big-limbed man with fair complexion, aggressively red hair and beard, and uncompromisingly blue eyes. To transform this healthy specimen of an Irishman into a native seemed an utter impossibility.

"But Kavanagh persisted that he could get through to the British lines. He would be disguised, of course, and his knowledge of Hindustani and local dialects was perfect. He persisted more strenuously still when, on his being ushered into Outram's presence, the General refused point-blank to consent to his going. After much arguing, he at length persuaded Outram to listen to his plan, and extorted a half-hearted permission to make the attempt. It remained for him to convince his chief of the impenetrability of his disguise.

"The same evening, with face, neck and arms blackened with lamp-black, his red hair hidden beneath a cream-colored turban, and the rest of his person disguised in the silk trousers, yellow *koortah,* or jacket, white cummerbund, and chintz mantle of an irregular native soldier, he sauntered with sword and shield into Napier's quarters.

"The experiment was an immense success. Seeing what was evidently a *budmash* (a worthless fel-

low) thus insolently thrusting himself upon them, the officers present bade him begone, and a very pretty squabble in low-class Hindustani ensued. In the midst of it Sir James Outram entered the room, and having sufficiently tested his disguise Kavanagh made himself known. To his joy, no opposition was now raised to his plan.

"Half an hour later, with the native spy Kunoujee Lal, who was returning to the Alumbagh with a letter from Outram, he bade good-by to his friends, forded the river Goomtee, and started on his perilous mission.

" 'My courage failed me,' he confesses, 'while in the water, and if my guide had been within my reach I should perhaps have pulled him back and abandoned the enterprise. But he waded quickly through the stream, and, reaching the opposite bank, went crouching up the ditch for three hundred yards to a grove of low trees on the edge of a pond, where we stopped to dress.'

"His confidence having returned, Kavanagh went boldly forward, tulwar on shoulder, and even dared to accost a matchlock man near a hut with a remark that the night was cold. A little farther on they were pulled up by the officer of a native picket, and Kunoujee Lal, acting as spokesman, explained that they had come from Mundeon ('our old cantonment') and were making their way to their homes in the city. This satisfied the sepoy officer, and they passed on with no little relief.

"Recrossing the river by the iron bridge, they safely negotiated the streets of Lucknow, though the place swarmed with sentries and armed men, and issuing at last from the city on the other side, breathed more freely.

*From "The Red Book of Heroes," by Mrs. Lang. Longmans, Green and Company*

They safely negotiated the streets of Lucknow, though the place swarmed with sentries and armed men

"'I was in great spirits when we reached the green fields into which I had not been for five months,' says Kavanagh. 'Everything around us smelt sweet, and a carrot I took from the roadside was the most delicious I had ever tasted.'

"A wrong turning now led them astray into the Dikusha Park, where the rebels had a battery. Much against his companion's will, the daring Irishman insisted on inspecting these guns, and Kunoujee Lal was in considerable trepidation until after two hours' weary tramping across paddy fields and canal cuttings they regained the right road.

"At two o'clock in the morning, after several alarms from suspicious villagers who chased them some distance, they stumbled upon a picket of twenty-five sepoys on the outskirts of the city. Kavanagh was for the bold course of going up and questioning the men, but Kunoujee Lal lost heart and threw away the letter entrusted to him for Sir Colin Campbell. Kavanagh kept his still concealed in his turban.

"The picket was in some alarm at their approach, but it proved to be fear lest the pair were Englishmen from the Alumbagh camp, only a mile or two in advance of them! With this cheering news, the two spies pushed on, a friendly sepoy having put them on the right road on hearing that they were 'walking to the village of Umroula on a sad errand, namely, to inform a friend that his brother had been killed by a ball from the British entrenchments at Lucknow.'

"A nasty tumble into a swamp, which washed the black from Kavanagh's hands, was their next most serious *contretemps*. For some time they waded through it waist-deep, having gone too far

to recede before they discovered it was a swamp. An hour afterwards they stole unobserved through two pickets of sepoys and gained the shelter of a grove of trees, where Kavanagh insisted on having a good sleep. Kunoujee Lal, by no means assured that they were out of danger, kept a fearful watch, but nobody came near them save some flying natives, who stated that they had been pursued by British soldiers.

"Kavanagh having been roused, the two went on once more. Another mile or so was traversed, and then (it being about four o'clock in the morning of the 10th) the welcome challenge 'Who goes there?' rang on their ears. It was a mounted patrol of Sikhs. They had reached the British outposts.

"Two men of the patrol guided Kavanagh and his companion to the camp, where they were immediately conducted into the presence of Sir Colin Campbell. When he learned that Kavanagh had come through the rebel lines, the Commander-in-Chief could not find enough words to express his admiration. 'I consider his escape,' he wrote in his despatch, 'at a time when the entrenchment was closely invested by a large army, one of the most daring feats ever attempted.'

"For his part Kavanagh paid a generous tribute to his fellow-spy, Kunoujee Lal, who had displayed wonderful courage and intelligence in their trying journey. When they were questioned it was the native who did most of the speaking, and he always had a ready answer for the most searching interrogation.

"The news of Kavanagh's arrival was signaled to Lucknow by means of a flag from the summit of

the Alumbagh, and Outram's mind was set at ease. In due course the plucky Irishman guided Sir Colin into the city, being present through all the fierce fighting at the Secunderabagh and the Moti-Mahal, and further distinguished himself by saving a wounded soldier's life. Nor does this close the tale of his adventures, for he passed through many exciting experiences in rebel-hunting ere the Mutiny was suppressed."

# PART VI

## DYING, AND LIVING, FOR OTHERS

*The biologists tell us the most deeply rooted instinct we have is to save ourselves from danger. The profound bodily changes which take place when fear masters a man are all directed towards preparing him to fly from whatever threatens him. Anger is the same inherited motive protecting the individual by attack instead of flight. These are beyond volition; due to the very organism's will to live; an expression of our deepest selves as made by our ancestors for countless generations.*

*Yet the material philosopher would be hard put to it to explain all human conduct on this basis. For every day we see men voluntarily doing things that are difficult, dangerous, excruciating, fatal. That is what we call bravery, in its myriad forms.*

*What causes them to fly in the face of this instinct which has become "second nature" to the race through tens of thousands of years?*

*It would be absurd to try to weigh or measure courage exactly. Its springs are too complex, too elusive. And even the simplest emotion defies precise valuation. But as one studies the matter these motives that drive us against the current do seem to arrange themselves in some sort of order. There is a scale from lower to higher, differ as we may regarding special details of it.*

*Obviously, the obstacles overcome (internal obstacles as well as external) are a measure of the* QUANTITY. *The* QUALITY *must differ with the urging impulse. The latter has as wide a range as human nature.*

*One may say, for instance, that these are the dominating emotions that make a man meet or seek hardship and danger:*

Love of his own life.

Love of treasure, money—*that is, material power.*

Love of fighting—*the innate pleasure at conquering obstacles.*

Love of reputation—*among one's fellows.*

Love of knowledge—*a higher sort of power.*

Love of his job—*what we call a sense of responsibility.*

Love of someone belonging to him.

Love of humanity.

*Christian, Jew, Mahometan, Parsee, Shintoist and agnostic alike agree that the man who thinks of others before himself has reached the highest plane to which human nature can attain. And fortunately for the world, the sight of human misery seems always to rouse in some luckier human the resolve to alleviate it, at whatever cost.*

*Thus John Howard, known to his country gentlemen neighbors as an eccentric miser, spent his fortune and most of his working years in visiting loathsome and infected jails in order to improve the treatment of prisoners.*

*Probably no one born in the last half century can realize the kind of nurses who were considered good enough for the sick before the time of Florence Nightingale. Dickens's immortal Sairey Gamp is a joy to read about—yet the type from which she was drawn must have made illness a tragedy. Miss Nightingale's superb devotion to the hospitals of the Crimea broke her down, but it revolutionized*

*the care of the sick and wounded. Our whole marvelous system of trained nurses and Red Cross nurses has been an outgrowth of her pioneer work, and that of Clara Barton in the Civil War.*

*There is many another which it was hard to omit from this little collection: Dr. Grenfell, bringing comfort to the bodies and minds and souls of the poor fishermen on the bleak Labrador coast; General Booth and his work with the city hopeless; and the scores of heroic tales that have somewhat lightened the tragedy of the Great War—like those magnificent Irish nuns who stayed quietly in their ancient monastery at Ypres amid the battle horrors, offering shelter to all; and Corporal Angus (to name one of hundreds on hundreds), who crawled seventy yards to the enemy trenches when every inch was swept by shells and bullets, and returned with his wounded lieutenant and forty wounds; and Osmond K. Ingram (the first enlisted man to have a United States warship named for him), who saved the lives of the entire crew of the destroyed* Cassin,— *and lost his own—during an attack by a submarine, through rushing to a pile of munitions and dumping them overboard.*

*Nor is the flood-tide of war's excitement, or the moral fever against public outrage, needed to arouse this devotion which can defy such deep primal instincts. When all is said, it's often easier to die, than to live, for another. Anybody would choose to have the tooth out, rather than that the dentist should day after day explore quivering nerves. The truly amazing thing is, how many such stories as the following homely one come to light if a man but pause in the swirl of to-day*

*long enough to look beneath the surfaces of the lives about him.*

*A group of husky country boys stood outside the store in a little New England town. Along came a bowed, shambling, gaunt, saturnine old man, lips clamped tight, face resentfully brooding, solitary clearly by his own choice.*

*The boys grinned at each other as he passed without paying any attention to them. One of the crowd mimicked comically old Josh's crabbed, dragging shuffle. Snickers applauded him. Somebody threw a peanut shell—whereat bent Josh turned on them so fiercely that they fell back in haste.*

*His touchy anger was all the more joke. So funny was it that one of the youngsters could not refrain from trying to reproduce the humor at home that night.*

*To his surprise, the jolly, powerful, big uncle, who was his boyish idol, did not respond as usual. On the contrary, his face grew solemn.*

*"Yes," said he, "Josh isn't much to look at nowadays. A bit short in his ways, too. Still, it isn't hardly surprising when you come to think of it.*

*"He was different once.*

*"When I was a few years older'n you, and considerable stouter I will say, there wasn't a fellow in this town that could out-jump, or out-run, or out-chop Josh Wheeler. Nor keep up with him in the hayfield, neither. And as for handling a breaking-plow behind two yoke of steers—why, folks got to leaving such jobs till he could come.*

*"He was thrifty, like his old man; got a farm of his own before the rest of us, and started in at it like all-possessed.*

*"There was a reason, of course. Josh liked to shoot and fish and play round just like all of us. The reason's name was Molly Crofts. A good one, too. 'Twould have been good enough for me and half a dozen others. Big and strong and quick she was, and pretty! I can see her yet that picnic day in her starched pink frock. But she couldn't see nobody else when Joshua was round. And that was nat'ral enough, to most of the boys.*

*"They were engaged quite a spell: took some years for Josh to get the farm up, and fix the old house nice, and scrape together furniture.*

*"At last, though, the time came. One nice Sunday Josh went over to the Crofts place to tell her he was ready. Planned to get married that spring, he did. Everything was all worked out. Felt pretty good that morning, Josh did.*

*"He saw the doctor driving along the road in his gig as he cut across lots, but that didn't worry him none. Molly hadn't never complained none, and she always looked like a real farm girl.*

*"She was alone when he went in. He told her what he come for. And then she turned white and said she couldn't never marry him, because the doctor had just said she was going to be paralyzed.*

*"I don't know what he called the trouble, but it was a kind of creeping paralysis, and it'd been coming on some time. Warn't no doubt at all, the doctor declared, that very soon she couldn't walk; and after that the thing would go right on. She might live a long time, what was left alive of her; and so she said of course she wasn't going to marry Josh and be just a burden.*

*"Josh just listened, saying nothing. Always was*

*a kinder quiet customer, Josh was. When she was all through, he says:*

*" 'Molly, we been in love with each other a good many years. Are still, I guess. I can't see that this thing changes anything. We'll be married early next month.'*

*"She broke down and cried at that. Vowed she couldn't do it. But of course Josh had his way. Generally did when he set his mind on it.*

*"So they were married, and moved into the new place, and Josh worked harder than ever.*

*"The doctor was right, right to a dot. 'Twarn't long when Molly couldn't walk.*

*"Josh worked for two then, inside the house and out. Besides that, he cared for her as if she was a baby. He'd lift her in his arms and set her in a chair where she could look out and see him in the fields. He cooked and did the housework most of the time, and nursed her; for she hadn't any women folks to help, and there wasn't hardly nobody to hire even if he'd had the money.*

*"Of course, the farm suffered, spite of all he could do. One man against a farm is odds enough without having a hand tied behind his back. He had to mortgage it. But he hung on. Folks still really worked in those days, but I don't know's I ever did see anybody work like Josh Wheeler. You try it. Then you'll see.*

*"And all the time, whenever he was with her, I'll swear you'd have thought he had money in the bank and not a trouble in his mind.*

*"I know, for she knew and she told me one day. You couldn't fool Molly. She understood, everything. Used to pray to die, she did. 'Stead of*

*that she lived on, lived for year after year unable to move hand or foot, everything dead it seemed like, except her mind and her heart. And Josh kept right along, 'sif everything was going fine.*

*"Must have been all of twelve years, I guess. Then Molly died, at last.*

*"So you see 'tain't hardly to be wondered at, 'bout Josh."*

*But the boy has wondered at Josh a good many times.*

## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE SICK MAN WHO SLEW THE WOLF

It is long indeed since the days when charitable Englishmen built strongholds where travelers might take refuge at night from the dread attacks of wolves, and the King of Wales rendered yearly tribute to his Saxon overlord in the shape of 300 wolfskins. To be sure, the wolf is still a terror like that of old in parts of northeastern Germany, Russia and Siberia; and but a few years back even France paid annual bounty for the destruction of a thousand of these savage marauders.

In western Europe and the United States, however, the wolf has been outnumbered and attacked by a more dangerous and cunning animal than himself—man. And he has passed from the frozen wastes where his packs ruled by terrifying ferocity, into—"Red Riding Hood." The wolf of fear is no more in these parts: instead we count his dog descendants among our dearest household friends, or use their vigor to make travel possible to Alaskan gold mines, even to reach the North Pole.

But civilization not yet completely civilized brought its own wolf—the horrible, ravenous, insidious Lupus (as the Romans called the four-footed brute), which attacks the face by choice, which long defied alike the unguents and the harsher burnings and cuttings of the doctor's art, murdering its victim by slow, relentless torture.

Happily this loathsome disease is comparatively rare in the United States. In northern Europe, however, centuries after man had gained the upper hand of *Canis lupus,* this face lupus of the invisible bacilli of tuberculosis was an even more hopeless scourge. Guns and traps were useless against these swarming myriads of minute invaders; useless also the accumulated skill of physician and surgeon: "once the wolf had buried its fangs in its victim, he was doomed to inevitable death."

Then, twenty-five years ago, came a Norse wolf-slayer.

By the fishing settlement of Thorshavn in the Faröe Islands, far up above Scotland's most northern cape, a small boy sat one day, just about the time when the German armies were entering conquered Paris, carving his name on a rock.

"His rough-coated pony cropped the tufts of stunted grass within call. The grim North Sea beat upon the shore below. What thoughts of the great world without it stirred in the boy he never told. He came of a people to whom it called through all the ages with a summons that rarely went unheeded. If he heard he gave no sign. Slowly and laboriously he traced the letters N. R. F. When he had finished he surveyed his work with a quiet smile. 'There!' he said, 'that is done.'

"The years went by, and a distant city paused in its busy life to hearken to bells tolling for one who lay dead. Kings and princes walked behind his coffin and a whole people mourned. Yet in life he had worn no purple. He was a plain, even a poor man. Upon his grave they set a rock brought from the island in the North Sea, just like the other that stands there yet, and in it they hewed the let-

ters N. R. F., for the man and the boy were one. And he who spoke there said for all mankind that what he wrought was well done, for it was done bravely and in love."

This N. R. F., who was to receive the Nobel Prize for the heroes of peace for his deeds, whom Kings were to honor after death, was Niels Ryberg Finsen.

Rugged Iceland folk were his forebears, and in the school of Reykjavik the quiet, self-contained boy spent seven years without impressing anybody as a person who was apt to slay wolves or do anything else particularly stirring. It was a school that would have pleased the modern Montessori educators, for the pupils, some of them nearly grown, devoted nearly all their energies to the special subjects that interested each; in the summer vacations they herded sheep or went out in the fishing fleet, or ran wild over the island hills.

Nine years more of concentrated hard work at Copenhagen were needed to give Niels Finsen his coveted sheepskin of a physician; and while at twenty-three he was already gripped by the disease which was to hamper his efforts for twenty years,* he was an indefatigable sailor, and a champion rifle-shot,—as well as an ardent partisan of the people in the struggle then going on over the government's tax prerogatives.

His outdoor life, his sturdy heritage, his slow, resolute, persistent attack on every subject, his remarkable faculty of bringing embalmed science from books back to bear on matters of every-day life—these made him a man of power in his pro-

*A slow hardening of the heart membranes, involving all the vital organs and causing a sort of dropsy for which he was "tapped" twenty times.

fession. Teaching and tutoring to make a scanty living, he planned to use his steady hand in that most delicate field of eye-surgery. But by what seemed the merest chance, his study of sight and action of light led him to a great discovery, which was to determine his work in the world.

"In the yard of Regentsen there grows a famous old linden tree. Standing at his window one day and watching its young leaf sprout, Finsen saw a cat sunning itself on the pavement. The shadow of the house was just behind it and presently crept up on pussy, who got up, stretched herself and moved into the sunlight. In a little while the shadow overtook her there, and pussy moved once more. Finsen watched the shadow rout her out again and again. It was clear the cat liked the sunlight.

"A few days later he stood upon a bridge and saw a little squad of insects sporting on the water. They drifted down happily with the stream till they came within the shadow of the bridge, when they at once began to work their way up a piece to get a fresh start for a sunlight sail. Finsen knew just how they felt. His own room looked north and was sunless; his work never prospered as it did when he sat with a friend whose room was on the south side, where the sun came in. It was warm and pleasant; but was that all? Was it only the warmth that made the birds break into song when the sun came out on a cloudy day, made the insects hum joyously and made himself walk with a more springy step? The housekeeper who 'sunned' the bedclothes and looked with suspicion on a dark room had something else in mind; the sun 'disinfected' the bedding. Finsen

wanted to know what it was in the sunlight that had this power, and how we could borrow it and turn it to use.

"The men of science had long before analyzed the sunlight. They had broken it up into the rays of different color that together make the white light we see. Any boy can do it with a prism, and in the band or spectrum of red, yellow, green, blue, and violet that then appears he has before him the cipher that holds the key to the secrets of the universe if we but know how to read it aright; for the sunlight is the physical source of all life and of all power. The different colors represent rays with different wave-lengths; that is, they vibrate with different speed and do different work. The red vibrate only half as fast as the violet, at the other end of the spectrum, and, roughly speaking, they are the heat carriers. The blue and violet are cold by comparison. They are the force carriers. They have power to cause chemical changes, hence are known as the chemical or actinic rays. It is these the photographer shuts out of his dark room, when he intrenches himself behind a ruby-colored window. The chemical ray cannot pass that; if it did it would spoil his plate."

This much was known, and it had been suggested more than once that the "disinfecting" qualities of the sunlight might be due to the chemical rays killing germs. Finsen, experimenting with earthworms, earwigs and butterflies in a box covered with glass of the different colors of the spectrum, noted first that the bugs that naturally burrowed in darkness became uneasy in the blue light. As fast as they were able, they got out of it and crawled into the red, where they lay quiet and apparently content. When the

glass covers were changed they wandered about until they found the red light again. The earwigs were the smartest. They developed an intelligent grasp of the situation, and soon learned to make straight for the red room. The butterflies, on the other hand, liked the red light only to sleep in. It was made clear by many such experiments that the chemical rays, and they only, had power to stimulate, to "stir life." Finsen called it that himself. In the language of the children, he was getting "warm."

"That this power, like any other, had its perils, and that nature, if not man, was awake to them, he proved by some simple experiments with sunburn. He showed that the tan which boys so covet was the defence the skin puts forth against the blue ray. The inflammation of sunburn is succeeded by the brown pigmentation that henceforth stands guard like the photographer's ruby window, protecting the deeper layers of the skin. The black skin of the negro was no longer a mystery. It is his protection against the fierce sunlight of the tropics and the injurious effect of its chemical ray.

"Searching the libraries in Copenhagen for the records of earlier explorers in his field, and finding little enough there, Finsen came across the report of an American army surgeon on a smallpox epidemic in the South in the thirties of the last century. There were so many sick in the fort that, every available room being filled, they had to put some of the patients into the bomb-proof, a great inconvenience to all round, as it was entirely dark there. The doctor noted incidentally that, as if to make up for it, the underground patients got well sooner and escaped pitting. To him it was a curious incident, nothing more. Upon Dr. Finsen, sitting there with the sev-

enty-five-year-old report from across the sea in his hand, it burst with a flood of light: the patients got well without scarring *because* they were in the dark. Red light or darkness, it was all the same. The point was that the chemical rays that could cause sunburn on men climbing glaciers, and had power to irritate the sick skin, were barred out. Within a month he jolted the medical world by announcing that smallpox patients treated under red light would recover speedily and without disfigurement.

"The learned scoffed. There were some of them who had read of the practice of the Middle Ages of smothering smallpox patients in red blankets, giving them red wine to drink, and hanging the room with scarlet. Finsen had not heard of it, and was much interested. Evidently they had been groping toward the truth. How they came upon the idea is not the only mystery of that strange day, for they knew nothing of actinic rays or sunlight analyzed. But Finsen calmly invited the test, which was speedy in coming.

"They had smallpox in Bergen, Norway, and there the matter was put to the proof with entire success; later in Sweden and in Copenhagen. The patients who were kept under the red light recovered rapidly, though some of them were unvaccinated children, and bad cases. In no instance was the most dangerous stage of the disease, the festering stage, reached; the temperature did not rise again, and they all came out unscarred.

"Finsen pointed out that where other methods of treatment such as painting the face with iodine or lunar caustic, or covering it with a mask or with fat, had met with any success in the past, the principle was involved of protecting the skin from the

light, although the practitioner did not know it. He was doing the thing they did in the Middle Ages, and calling them quacks.

"It is strange but true that Dr. Finsen had never seen a smallpox patient at that time, but he knew the nature of the disease, and that the sufferer was affected by its eruption first and worst on the face and hands—that is to say, on the parts of the body exposed to the light—and he was as sure of his ground as was Leverrier when, fifty years before, he bade his fellow astronomers look in a particular spot of the heavens for an unknown planet that disturbed the movements of Uranus. And they found the one we call Neptune there.

"Presently all the world knew that the first important step had been taken toward harnessing in the service of man the strange force in the sunlight that had been the object of so much speculation and conjecture. The next step followed naturally. In the published account of his early experiments Finsen foreshadows it in the words, 'That the beginning has been made with the hurtful effects of this force is odd enough, since without doubt its beneficial force is far greater.' His clear head had already asked the question: if the blue rays of the sun can penetrate deep enough into the skin to cause injury, why should they not be made to do police duty there and catch and kill offending germs — in short, to heal?

"Finsen had demonstrated the correctness of the theory that the chemical rays have power to kill germs. But it happens that these are the rays that have least penetration. How to make them go deeper was the problem. By an experiment that is, in its simplicity, wholly characteristic of the man, he dem-

onstrated that the red blood in the deepest layers of the skin was the obstacle. He placed a piece of photographic paper behind the lobe of his wife's ear and concentrated powerful blue rays on the other side. Five minutes of exposure made no impression on the paper; it remained white. But when he squeezed all the blood out of the lobe, by pressing it between two pieces of glass, the paper was blackened in twenty seconds.

"That night Finsen knew that he had within his grasp that which would make him a rich man if he so chose. He had only to construct apparatus to condense the chemical rays and double their power many times, and to apply his discovery in medical practice. Wealth and fame would come quickly. He told the writer in his own simple way how he talked it over with his wife. They were poor. Finsen's salary as a teacher at the university was something like $1,200 a year. He was a sick man, and wealth would buy leisure and luxury. Children were growing up about them who needed care. They talked it out together, and resolutely turned their backs upon it all. Hand in hand they faced the world with their sacrifice. What remained of life to him was to be devoted to suffering mankind. That duty done, whatever came they would meet together. Wealth never came, but fame in full measure, and the love and gratitude of their fellow-men. . . .

"One day Finsen announced to the world his second discovery, that lupus (the most dreadful of all the forms in which the white plague scourges mankind) was cured by the simple application of light.

"It was not a conjecture, a theory, like the red-light treatment for smallpox; it was a fact. For two years he had been sending people away whole and

happy who came to him in despair. The wolf was slain, and by this silent sufferer whose modest establishment was all contained within a couple of shanties in a corner of the city hospital grounds, at Copenhagen.

"There was a pause of amazed incredulity. The scientific men did not believe it. Three years later, when the physician in charge of Finsen's clinic told at the medical congress in Paris of the results obtained at the Light Institute, his story was still received with a polite smile. The smile became astonishment when, at a sign from him, the door opened and twelve healed lupus patients came in, each carrying a photograph of himself as he was before he underwent the treatment. Still the doctors could not grasp it. The thing was too simple as matched against all their futile skill.

"But the people did not doubt. There was a rush from all over Europe to Copenhagen. Its streets became filled with men and women whose faces were shrouded in bandages, and it was easy to tell the new-comers from those who had seen 'the professor.' They came in gloom and misery! they went away carrying in their faces the sunshine that gave them back their life. Finsen never tired, when showing friends over his Institute, of pointing out the joyous happiness of his patients. It was his reward. For not 'science for science's sake,' or pride in his achievement, was his aim and thought, but just the wish to do good where he could. Then, in three more years, they awarded him the great Nobel prize for signal service to humanity, and criticism was silenced. All the world applauded.

" 'They gave it to me this year,' said Finsen, with his sad little smile, 'because they knew that next

year it would have been too late.' And he prophesied truly. He died nine months later.

"All that is here set down seems simple enough. But it was achieved with infinite toil and patience, by the most painstaking experiments, many times repeated to make sure. In his method of working Finsen was eminently conservative and thorough. Nothing 'happened' with him. There was ever behind his doings a definite purpose for which he sought a way, and the higher the obstacles piled up the more resolutely he set his teeth and kept right on. 'The thing is not in itself so difficult,' he said, when making ready for his war upon the wolf, 'but the road is long and the experiments many before we find the right way.'

"He took no new step before he had planted his foot firmly in the one that went before; but once he knew where he stood, he did not hesitate to question any scientific dogma that opposed him, always in his own quiet way, backed by irrefutable facts. In a remarkable degree he had the faculty of getting down through the husk to the core of things, but he rejected nothing untried. The little thing in hand, he ever insisted, if faithfully done might hold the key to the whole problem; only let it be *now* to get the matter settled.

"Whatever his mind touched it made perfectly clear, if it was not so already. As a teacher of anatomy he invented a dissecting knife that was an improvement on those in use, and clamps for securing the edges of a wound in an operation. As a rifle shot he made an improved breech; as a physician, observing the progress of his own disease, an effective blood powder for anæmia. At the Light Institute, which friends built for him, and the govern-

ment endowed, he devised the powerful electric lamps to which he turned in the treatment of lupus, for the sun does not shine every day in Copenhagen; and when it did not, the lenses that gathered the blue rays and concentrated them upon the swollen faces were idle. And gradually he increased their power, checking the heat rays that would slip through and threatened to scorch the patient's skin, by cunning devices of cooling streams trickling through the tubes and hollow lenses.

"Nothing was patented; it was all given freely to the world. The decision which he and his wife made together was made once for all. When the great Nobel prize was given to him he turned it over to the Light Institute, and was with difficulty persuaded to keep half of it for himself only when friends raised an equal amount and presented it to the Institute.

"Finsen knew that his discoveries were but the first groping steps upon a new road that stretched farther ahead than any man living can now see. He was content to have broken the way. His faith was unshaken in the ultimate treatment of the whole organism under electric light that, by concentrating the chemical rays, would impart to the body their life-giving power. He himself was beyond their help. Daily he felt life slipping from him, but no word of complaint passed his lips. He prescribed for himself a treatment that, if anything, was worse than the disease. Only a man of iron will could have carried it through.

"A set of scales stood on the table before him, and for years he weighed every mouthful of food he ate. He suffered tortures from thirst because he would allow no fluid to pass his lips, on account of

his tendency to dropsy. Through it all he cheerfully kept up his labors, rejoicing that he was allowed to do so much. His courage was indomitable; his optimism under it all unwavering. His favorite contention was that there is nothing in the world that is not good for something, except war. That he hated, and his satire on the militarism of Europe as its supreme folly was keen and biting.

"Of such quality was this extraordinary man of whom the world was talking, while the fewest, even in his own home city, ever saw him. Fewer still knew him well. It suited his temper and native modesty, as it did the state of his bodily health, to keep himself secluded. His motto was: *'Bene vixit qui bene latuit'*—'he has lived well who has kept himself well hidden'—and his contention was always that in proportion as one could keep himself in the background his cause prospered, if it was a good cause. When kings and queens came visiting, he could not always keep in hiding, though he often tried. On one of his days of extreme prostration the dowager empress of Russia knocked vainly at his door. She pleaded so hard to be allowed to see Dr. Finsen that they relented at last, and she sat by his bed and wept in sympathy with his sufferings, while he with his brave smile on lips that would twitch with pain did his best to comfort her. She and Queen Alexandra, both daughters of King Christian, carried the gospel of hope and healing from his study to their own lands, and Light Institutes sprang up all over Europe.

"In his own life he treated nearly nineteen hundred sufferers, nearly two-thirds of them lupus patients, and scarce a handful went from his door unhelped. When his work was done he fell asleep

with a smile upon his lips, and the 'universal judgment was one of universal thanksgiving that he had lived.' He was forty-three years old.

"When the news of his death reached the Rigsdag, the Danish parliament, it voted his widow a pension such as had been given to few Danes in any day. The king, his sons and daughter, and, as it seemed, the whole people followed his body to the grave. The rock from his native island marks the place where he lies. His work is his imperishable monument. His epitaph he wrote himself in the speech another read when the Nobel prize was awarded him, for he was too ill to speak:

" 'May the Light Institute grasp the obligation that comes with its success, the obligation to maintain what I account the highest aim in science—truth, faithful work, and sound criticism.' "

Of old, men prayed to Apollo the Sun God that he would dart his piercing spears against their enemies, and refresh themselves with his life-giving beams.

Nils Finsen grasped the sun-god's power and turned it against the common enemy of mankind, the cunning myriad-fanged wolf, and brought the sick from death to life.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### A CALL FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

Picture to yourself an iron-bound coast. A wall of wrinkled rocks, cold, stark, dull-hued, through which the tearing claws of the sea have pierced jagged rents, twisting far into the bowels of desolation.

Behind, a great rising rampart of gashed and scooped-out hills, black save in the white hollows levelled by the snow, scourged for centuries by the keen and mighty breath of polar winds. And bulwarking the hard crest-line,—resembling a threatening boundary mark drawn by some cold-hearted pole demon with one giant stroke—a vast ice-cap, covering the land's stone framework half a mile deep with its colossal frozen deadness, where is no hint that life has ever come into the world save a few tiny patches of red protoplasmic plants, like drops of blood upon the infinity of blankness.

A clumsy little vessel worries its way through a narrow lane of open water into the mouth of the deep-gashed harbor, her oaken sides grinding and crunching against the floating ice-cakes.

At her bow and gazing raptly inland is a spare figure in long black Danish pastor's gown. He pays no heed to the noise and jarring of the ship, shouldering the floating obstructions out of its path, nor to the noisy robber jaeger gulls, with long, sharp tails like two-tined forks, nor to the seals staring

round-eyed from rock and ice at the intruder and then plopping into the water as became prudent, peaceful bourgeois, nor even to that moving spot on yonder floe which the captain's telescope reveals as a ten-foot polar bear, alert for either food or feeders on bear-steaks.

His eyes and thoughts are absorbed in that one velvet green patch upon the cloak of black and white that garbs this melancholy land. It is a lush meadow, where the brief summer sun draws forth from congealed barrenness, with the speed of the Hindu conjurer evoking a mango treelet from beneath a handkerchief, deep emerald grass all besprinkled with forget-me-nots and anemones and wild geraniums, and hyperborean snowflakes looking like white tulips wafted by the breeze across a spring garden, instead of winged creatures bursting with songs of mating.

His toil-roughened hands grip tight and a smile illumines the pale, earnest, drawn face, as there floats across the water the familiar thrilling bobolink's carol of the Lapland longspurs, sounding like the treble voices of gay children at play in the fields, which had so often lifted his heart free from the dreary round of toil among the poor fisher-folk of the remote Lofoden Islands. It seems like the accents of some cheerful friend from these daunting shores.

This tremulously eager venturer is Hans Egede. Two thousand miles he has voyaged, from far-off Bergen in Norway, following a dream that will not let him rest content even in the most isolated fringes of the fatherland, and while spending his uttermost self upon the souls and bodies of his pinched and ignorant people.

An avid, brilliant scholar, he has gulped down the whole undergraduate course at Copenhagen University in a single year; following in the footsteps of father and grandfather clergymen, he has made himself comrade and guide to the simple fisher-folk of the upper Norwegian coast, where the fabled maëlstrom opens its whirling funnel to the nether waters beneath the unwary keel; but even while ministering to the myriad needs of his flock and rebuilding their church with his own hands, he has been haunted by the thought of westward journeying vikings of the dim past.

From sagas, from folk-tales, from old manuscripts, from logs of forgotten whaling-ships he has gathered the tale: how the banished Jarl, Eric the Red, seven hundred and thirty-five years before, pressed across the narrow sea from Iceland to that Greenland once sighted by Ulf the Dragon; how he and his house built them dwellings there, were joined by other hardy Norse men and women, founded the Eastern and the Western Building (*Oster Bygd* and *Vester Bygd*); how they built churches and had priests from the homeland after Norway bowed to the mild sway of the White Christ, paying Peter's Pence to Rome in walrus teeth and sending back to the mother country treasures of blubber, furs, sealskins, ivory and eiderdown; how when the Black Death in the fourteenth century swept over Europe and left two-thirds of Norway's folk dead before it folded its wings of pestilence, communication with this furthest colony (changed from the original republic to a fief of King Hakon's in 1261) was utterly cut off; how the native Eskimo had come down upon the remnant that remained and annihilated them in one last Ragnarok battle; and how from that day

to the present the Greenland Northmen were but a memory.

The scholar has thrilled with the vitality and romance of the tale. The priest has burned with an ever-deepening conviction that he has been predestined to carry the gospel once more to the descendants of these furthest roaming vikings, now perhaps plunged again into heathen darkness.

Obsessed with the belief that this Norse blood is calling from afar, he has galvanized his worldly-minded bishop into urging a trading-missionary settlement; he has squeezed a yearly pittance from the royal treasury, adding as much from his own meagre savings; he has overcome the floutings of friends, the fears of his wife; and with a pitiful band of forty-six settlers has sailed into the unknown Northwest seas on the sturdy little *Hope*.

A whole month after sighting the Greenland shore they have floundered about amid drift ice and bergs sweeping down on the Spitzbergen stream, in momentary peril of being crushed by the towering derelicts, shivering in the very shadow of death.

And now on this bright July 3 of 1721, delivered from the jaws of the ice-pack as by a miracle, he sees the scene of his dream at hand. Romance and mystery and adventure and missionary zeal throb into an expectation that is sharp as pain: what will he find? What answer will come to him from the shadow of these icy mountains, whither a fancied cry for help has drawn him? Will some stalwart voice from shore hail him in his own familiar tongue?

Some answer comes. A flock of skin canoes, decked over till the paddler seems but a human water spider, skims out from the cove, by which

clusters a group of low huts like natural earth mounds.

All on board gather at the rail to see what sort of beings these are among whom they have come so far to live and work. Northlanders they are, but different enough from the men of his own blood that Pastor Egede has seen in his visions.

The story has been told with peculiar understanding by a writer of Danish blood:

"The Eskimos came out in their kayaks, and the boldest climbed aboard the ship. In one boat sat an old man who refused the invitation. He paddled about the vessel, mumbling darkly in a strange tongue. He was an Angekok, one of the native medicine-men of whom presently Egede was to know much more. As he stood upon the deck and looked at these strangers for whose salvation he had risked all, his heart fell. They were not the stalwart Northmen he had looked for, and their jargon had no homelike sound. But a great wave of pity swept over him, and the prayer that rose to his lips was for strength to be their friend and their guide to the light.

"Not at once did the way open for the coveted friendship with the Eskimos. While they thought the strangers came only to trade they were hospitable enough, but when they saw them build, clearly intent on staying, they made signs that they had better go. They pointed to the sun that sank lower toward the horizon every day, and shivered as if from extreme cold, and they showed their visitors the icebergs and the snow, making them understand that it would cover the house by and by. When it all availed nothing and the winter came on, they retired into their huts and cut the acquaintance of

the white men. They were afraid that they had come to take revenge for the harm done their people in the olden time. There was nothing for it, then, but that Egede must go to them, and this he did.

"They seized their spears when they saw him coming, but he made signs that he was their friend. When he had nothing else to give them, he let them cut the buttons from his coat. Throughout the fifteen years he spent in Greenland, Egede never wore furs, as did the natives. The black robe he thought more seemly for a clergyman, to his great discomfort. He tells in his diary and in his letters that often when he returned from his winter travels it could stand alone when he took it off, being frozen stiff.

"After a while he got upon neighborly terms with the Eskimos; but if anything the discomfort was greater. They housed him at night in their huts, where the filth and the stench were unendurable. They showed their special regard by first licking off the piece of seal they put before him, and if he rejected it they were hurt. Their housekeeping, of which he got an inside view, was embarrassing in its simplicity. The dish-washing was done by the dogs licking the kettles clean. Often, after a night or two in a hut that held half a dozen families, he was compelled to change his clothes to the skin in an open boat or out on the snow. But the alternative was to sleep out in a cold that sometimes froze his pillow to the bed and the tea-cup to the table even in his own home. Above all, he must learn their language.

"It proved a difficult task, for the Eskimo tongue was both very simple and very complex. In all the things pertaining to their daily life it was exceed-

ingly complex. For instance, to catch one kind of fish was expressed by one word, to catch another kind in quite different terms. They had one word for catching a young seal, another for catching an old one. When it came to matters of moral and spiritual import, the language was poor to desperation. Egede's instruction began when he caught the word 'kine'—what is it? And from that time on he learned every day; but the pronunciation was as varied as the workaday vocabulary, and it was an unending task.

"It proceeded with many interruptions from the Angekoks, who tried more than once to bewitch him, but finally gave it up, convinced that he was a great medicine-man himself, and therefore invulnerable. But before that they tried to foment a regular mutiny, the colony being by that time well under way, and Egede had to arrest and punish the leaders. The natives naturally clung to them, and when Egede had mastered their language and tried to make clear that the Angekoks deceived them when they pretended to go to the other world for advice, they demurred.

" 'Did you ever see them go?' he asked.

" 'Well, have you seen this God of yours of whom you talk so much?' was their reply.

"When Egede spoke of spiritual gifts they asked for good health and blubber: 'Our Angekoks give us that.' Hell-fire was much in theological evidence in those days, but among the Eskimos it was a failure as a deterrent. They listened to the account of it eagerly and liked the prospect. When at last they became convinced that Egede knew more than their Angekoks, they came to him with the request that he would abolish winter. Very likely they thought

that one who had such knowledge of the hot place ought to have influence enough with the keeper of it to obtain this favor.

"It was not an easy task, from any point of view, to which he had put his hands. As that first winter night wore away there were gloomy days and nights, and they were not brightened when, with the return of the sun, no ship arrived from Denmark. The Dutch traders came, and opened their eyes wide when they found Egede and his household safe and even on friendly terms with the Eskimos. Pelesse—the natives called the missionary that, as the nearest they could come to the Danish *präst* (priest)—Pelesse was not there after blubber they told the Dutchmen, but to teach them about heaven and of 'Him up there,' who had made them and wanted them home with Him again. So he had not worked altogether in vain. But the brief summer passed, and still no relief ship. The crew of *Haabet* (the *Hope*) clamored to go home, and Egede had at last to give a reluctant promise that if no ship came in two weeks, he would break up. His wife refused to take a hand in packing. The ship was coming, she insisted, and at the last moment it did come. A boat arriving after dark brought the first word of it. The people ashore heard voices speaking in Danish, and flew to Egede, who had gone to bed, with the news. The ship brought good cheer. The Government was well disposed. Trading and preaching were to go on together, as planned. Joyfully then they built a bigger and a better house, and called their colony *Godthaab* (Good Hope).

"The work was now fairly under way. Of the energy and the hardships it entailed, even we in our day that have heard so much of Arctic exploration

can have but a faint conception. Shut in on the coast of eternal ice and silence,—silence, save when in summer the Arctic rivers were alive, and crash after crash announced that the glaciers coming down from the inland mountains were 'casting their calves,' the great icebergs, upon the ocean,—the colonists counted the days from the one when that year's ship was lost to sight till the returning spring brought the next one, their only communication with their far-off home. In summer the days were sometimes burning hot, but the nights always bitterly cold. In winter, says Egede, hot water spilled on the table froze as it ran, and the meat they cooked was often frozen to the bone when set on the table. Summer and winter Egede was on his travels between Sundays, sometimes in the trader's boat, more often the only white man with one or two Eskimo companions, seeking out the people. When night surprised him with no native hut in sight, he pulled the boat on some desert shore and, commending his soul to God, slept under it. Once he and his son found an empty hut, and slept there in the darkness. Not until day came again did they know that they had made their bed on the frozen bodies of dead men who had once been the occupants of the house, and had died they never knew how. Peril was everywhere. Again and again his little craft was wrecked. Once the house blew down over their heads in one of the dreadful winter storms that ravage those high latitudes. Often he had to sit on the rail of his boat and let his numbed feet hang into the sea to restore feeling in them. On land he sometimes waded waist-deep in snow, climbed mountains and slid down into valleys, having but the haziest notion of where he would land. At home his brave wife sat alone, praying

for his safety and listening to every sound that might herald his return. Tremble and doubt they did, Egede owns, but they never flinched. Their work was before them, and they never thought of turning back.

"The Eskimos soon came to know that Egede was their friend. When his boat entered a fjord where they were fishing, and his rowers shouted out that the good priest had come who had news of God, they dropped their work and flocked out to meet him. Then he spoke to a floating congregation, simply as if they were children, and, as with Him whose message he bore, 'the people heard him gladly.' They took him to their sick, and asked him to breathe upon them, which he did to humor them, until he found out that it was an Angekok practice, whereupon he refused. Once, after he had spoken of the raising of Lazarus from the dead, they took him to a new-made grave and asked him, too, to bring back their dead. They brought him a blind man to be healed. Egede looked upon them in sorrowful pity.

" 'I can do nothing,' he said; 'but if he believes in Jesus, He has the power and can do it.'

" 'I do believe,' shouted the blind man: 'let Him heal me.'

"It occurred to Egede, perhaps as a mere effort at cleanliness, to wash his eyes in cognac, and he sent him away with words of comfort. He did not see his patient again for thirteen years. Then he was in a crowd of Eskimos who came to Godthaab. The man saw as well as Egede.

" 'Do you remember,' he said, 'you washed my eyes with sharp water, and the Son of God, in whom I believed, He made me to see?'

"Children the Eskimos were in their idolatry, and

children they remained as Christians. By Egede's prayers they set great store. 'You ask for us,' they told him. 'God does not hear us; He does not understand Eskimo.' Of God they spoke as 'Him up there.' They believed that the souls of the dead went up on the rainbow, and reaching the moon that night, rested there in the moon's house, on a bench covered with the white skins of young polar bears. There they danced and played games, and the northern lights were the young people playing ball. Afterward they lived in houses on the shore of a big lake overshadowed by a snow mountain. When the waters ran over the edge of the lake, it rained on earth. When the 'moon was dark,' it was down on earth catching seal for a living. Thunder was caused by two old women shaking a dried sealskin between them; the lightning came when they turned the white side out. The 'Big Nail' we have heard of as the Eskimo's Pole, was a high pointed mountain in the Farthest North on which the sky rested and turned around with the sun, moon and stars. Up there the stars were much bigger. Orion's Belt was so near that you had to carry a whip to drive him away.

"The women were slaves. An Eskimo might have as many wives as he saw fit; they were his and it was nobody's business. But adultery was unknown. The seventh commandment in Egede's translation came to read, 'One wife alone you shall have and love.' The birth of a girl was greeted with wailing. When grown, she was often wooed by violence. If she fled from her admirer, he cut her feet when he overtook her, so that she could run no more. The old women were denounced as witches who drove the seals away, and were murdered. An Eskimo who was going on a reindeer hunt, and found his aged

mother a burden, took her away and laid her in an open grave. Returning on the third day, he heard her groaning yet, and smothered her with a big stone. He tried to justify himself to Egede by saying that 'she died hard, and it was a pity not to speed her.' Yet they buried a dog's head with a child, so that the dog, being clever, could run ahead and guide the little one's steps to heaven.

"They could count no further than five; at a stretch they might get to twenty, on their fingers and toes, but there they stopped. However, they were not without their resources. It was the day of long Sunday services, and the Eskimos were a restless people. When the sermon dragged, they would go up to Egede and make him measure on their arms how much longer the talk would be. Then they tramped back to their seats and sat listening with great attention, all the time moving one hand down the arm, checking the preacher's progress. If they got to the finger-tips before he stopped, they would shake their heads sourly and go back for a remeasurement. No wonder that Egede put his chief hope in the children, whom he gathered about him in flocks.

"For all that, the natives loved him. There came a day that brought this message from the North: 'Say to the speaker to come to us to live, for the other strangers who come here can only talk to us of blubber, blubber, blubber, and we also would hear of the great Creator.' Egede went as far as he could, but was compelled by ice and storms to turn back after weeks of incredible hardships. The disappointment was the more severe to him because he had never quite given up his hope of finding remnants of the ancient Norse settlements. The fact that the

old records spoke of a West Bygd (settlement) and an East Bygd had misled many into believing that the desolate east coast had once been colonized.* Not till our own day was this shown to be an error, when Danish explorers searched that coast for a hundred miles and found no other trace of civilization than a beer bottle left behind by the explorer Nordenskjold.

"Egede's hope had been that Greenland might be once more colonized by Christian people. When the Danish Government, after some years, sent up a handful of soldiers, with a major who took the title of governor, to give the settlement official character as a trading station, they sent with them twenty unofficial 'Christians,' ten men out of the penitentiary and as many lewd and drunken women from the treadmill, who were married by lot before setting sail, to give the thing a half-way decent look. They were good enough for the Eskimos, they seem to have thought at Copenhagen. There followed a terrible winter, during which mutiny and murder were threatened. 'It is a pity,' writes the missionary, 'that while we sleep secure among the heathen savages, with so-called Christian people our lives are not safe.' As a matter of fact they were not, for the soldiers joined in the mutiny against Egede as the cause of their having to live in such a place, and had not sickness and death smitten the malcontents, neither he nor the governor would have come safe through the winter. On the Eskimos this view of the supposed fruits of Christian teaching made its own impression. After seeing a woman scourged on shipboard for misbehavior, they came innocently

* We know now that both the West and East Buildings were on the west coast of Greenland, not far from Litchenfels.

enough to Egede and suggested that some of their best Angekoks be sent down to Denmark to teach the people to be sober and decent.

"There came a breathing spell after ten years of labor in what had often seemed to him the spiritual as well as physical ice-barrens of the North, when Egede surveyed a prosperous mission, with trade established, a hundred and fifty children christened and schooled, and many of their elders asking to be baptized. In the midst of his rejoicing the summer's ship brought word from Denmark that the King was dead, and orders from his successor to abandon the station. Egede might stay with provisions for one year, if there was enough left over after fitting out the ship; but after that he would receive no further help.

"When the Eskimos heard the news, they brought their little children to the mission. 'These will not let you go,' they said; and he stayed. His wife, whom hardships and privation and the lonely waiting for her husband in the long winter nights had at last broken down, refused to leave him, though she sadly needed the care of a physician. A few of the sailors were persuaded to stay another year. 'So now,' Egede wrote in his diary when, on July 31, 1731, he had seen the ship sail away with all his hopes, 'I am left alone with my wife and three children, ten sailors and eight Eskimos, girls and boys who have been with us from the start. God let me live to see the blessed day that brings good news once more from home.' His prayer was heard. The next summer brought word that the mission was to be continued, partly because Egede had strained every nerve to send home much blubber and many skins. But it was as a glimpse of the sun from be-

hind dark clouds. His greatest trials trod hard upon the good news.

"To rouse interest in the mission Egede had sent home young Eskimos from time to time. Three of these died of small-pox in Denmark. The fourth came home and brought the contagion, all unknown, to his people. It was the summer fishing season, when the natives travel much and far, and wherever he went they flocked about him to hear of the 'Great Lord's land' where the houses were so tall that one could not shoot an arrow over them, and to ask a multitude of questions: Was the King very big? Had he caught many whales? Was he strong and a great Angekok? and much more of the same kind. In a week the disease broke out among the children at the mission, and soon word came from islands and fjords where the Eskimos were fishing, of death and misery unspeakable. It was virgin soil for the plague, and it was terribly virulent, striking down young and old in every tent and hut. More than two thousand natives, one-fourth of the whole population, died that summer. Of two hundred families near the mission only thirty were left alive. A cry of terror and anguish rose throughout the settlements. No one knew what to do. In vain did Egede implore them to keep their sick apart. In fever delirium they ran out in the ice-fields or threw themselves into the sea. A wild panic seized the survivors, and they fled to the farthest tribes, carrying the seeds of death with them wherever they went. Whole villages perished, and their dead lay unburied. Utter desolation settled like a pall over the unhappy land.

"Through it all a single ray of hope shone. The faith that Egede had preached all those years, and

the life he had lived with them, bore their fruit. They had struck deeper than he thought. The sufferers crowded to him, all that could, as their one friend. Dying mothers held their suckling babes up to him and died content. In a deserted island camp a half-grown girl was found alone with three little children. Their father was dead. When he knew that for him and the baby there was no help, he went to a cave, and covering himself and the child with skins, lay down to die. 'Before you have eaten the two seals and the fish I have laid away for you, Pelesse will come, no doubt, and take you home. For he loves you and will take care of you.' At the mission every nook and cranny was filled with the sick and the dying. Egede and his wife nursed them day and night. Childlike, when death approached, they tried to put on their best clothes, or even to have new ones made, that they might please God by coming into His presence looking fine. When Egede had closed their eyes, he carried the dead in his arms to the vestibule, where in the morning the men who dug the graves found them. At the sight of his suffering the scoffers were dumb. What his preaching had not done to win them over, his sorrow did. They were at last one.

"That dreadful year left Egede a broken man. In his dark moments he reproached himself with having brought only misery to those he had come to help and serve. One thorn which one would think he might have been spared rankled deep in it all. Some missionaries of a dissenting sect—Egede was Lutheran—had come with the small-pox ship to set up an establishment of their own. At their head was a man full of misdirected zeal and quite devoid of common-sense, who engaged Egede in a wordy dis-

pute about justification by faith and condemned him and his work unsparingly. He had grave doubts whether he was in truth a 'converted man.' It came to an end when they themselves fell ill, and Egede and his wife had the last word, after their own fashion. They nursed the warlike brethren through their illness with loving ministrations, and gave them back to life, let us hope wiser and better men.

"At Christmas, 1735, Egede's faithful wife, Gertrude, closed her eyes. She had gone out with him from home and kin to a hard and heathen land, and she had been his loyal helpmeet in all his trials. Now it was all over. That winter scurvy laid him upon a bed of pain, and, lying there, his heart turned to the old home. His son had come from Copenhagen to help, happily yet while his mother lived. To him he would give over the work. In Denmark he could do more for it than in Greenland, now that he was alone. On July 29, 1736, he preached for the last time to his people and baptized a little Eskimo to whom they gave his name, Hans. The following week he sailed for home, carrying, as all his earthly wealth, his beloved dead and his motherless children.

"The Eskimos gathered on the shore and wept as the ship bore their friend away. They never saw him again. He lived in Denmark eighteen years, training young men to teach the Eskimos. They gave him the title of bishop, but so little to live on that he was forced in his last days to move from Copenhagen to a country town, to make both ends meet. His grave was forgotten by the generation that came after him. No one knows now where it is; but in ice-girt Greenland, where the northern lights on wintry nights flash to the natives their messages from the souls that have gone home, his

memory will live when that of the North Pole seeker whom the world applauds is long forgotten. Hans Egede was their great man, their hero. He was more,—he was their friend."

Upon the blank stretch which the map of Greenland even now, long after the Pole has given up its secret, shows over most of its half million square miles, you will find the word "Egede Land." That is the only physical trace of the apostle to the icy mountains.

But I think there is an indelible record wrought into the hearts of courage-loving humanity by this Viking of the Cross. What he did must live. The story of his quest and his fifteen-year-long deed makes high thoughts flame up to-day in the mind of him who hears. Whatever our diverse fancies about "Him up there," so far we know: such a spirit is immortal. And beyond, we believe—confident that man even unconsciously ever builds an unseen world beside that growing from his restless progress in knowledge, power and culture: a structure of gallant self-sacrifice which slowly transforms the world of history and the individual's very being.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### "AFTER YOU, PILOT"

When Admiral Farragut steamed into Mobile Bay in defiance of the torpedoes and the dreaded ram *Tennessee,* there was in his fleet a single-turreted monitor, the *Tecumseh,* commanded by Tunis A. M. Craven.

This officer had a record of thirty-five years excellent work in the service, having taken part in the conquest of California, in the suppression of the slave-trade, and in the chase after Confederate cruisers during the first years of the Civil War.

His monitor had the honor of firing the first shot at 6:47 on the morning of that eventful fifth of August; as the vessels passed the forts, the armored ram *Tennessee* came out from behind apparently with the intention of attacking the fleet one by one; then, upon receiving several broadsides, she changed her course and ran back again.

Craven followed in hot haste in his *Tecumseh,* pounding away at the Confederate ironclad with fifteen-inch solid shot. Farragut's orders to all the fleet had been to pass eastward of a red buoy directly under the guns of Fort Morgan, in order to avoid the line of torpedoes which his scouts had located just inside the entrance of the bay.

By half-past seven, the *Tecumseh,* still ahead of the flagship, was opposite the fort and slowly overhauling the *Tennessee,* passing her on the port beam.

The following vessels poured their broadsides into the fort, but the main thought of all was on the two ironclads, which they expected to see engaged, as soon as the *Tecumseh* should pass the intervening line of torpedoes.

Anxious only to have the honor of meeting this most formidable foe, Craven could not wait. He feared that something might still happen which would prevent his coming to grips with her, and the shot showered on her seemed to have so little effect that it was clearly a case of attacking at close quarters.

"Hard a-starboard!" he signaled.

The *Tecumseh* spun about and dashed straight at the shapeless bulk that was so tantalizingly close. In doing so her course took her to the westward of the warning red buoy.

Those on board the *Tennessee* awaited the onset. The bow gun of the ram, loaded with a 140-pound shot, was trained steadily upon the approaching monitor.

"Do not fire, Mr. Wharton," cried the Confederate Captain Johnston, "till the vessels are in actual contact."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the lieutenant. He stepped with outward nonchalance to the breech of his bow gun, expecting a muzzle-to-muzzle fight like those of the olden days.

Suddenly the oncoming *Tecumseh* reeled to port as if she had been struck by lightning. She had run into a floating cask torpedo which had torn a hole in her bottom over twenty feet square.

Even those who had been ready to do their utmost to destroy her were horrified at the instantaneousness of the catastrophe. A few black figures

were seen to leap wildly from the turret. For a second or two her screw was visible, revolving in the air. Then she disappeared, and there was no evidence that she had ever existed, save a small boat washed from her deck and some specks of half-drowned men struggling in the water.

One hundred and ten out of the hundred and twenty men on board went down with her. The chief engineer was afterwards found by divers, still with his hand on the engine bar, while in the other he held a letter from his bride of two weeks before.

Commander Craven was in the pilot house with the pilot, John Collins. When the explosion came, both rushed instinctively for the ladder, leading by a narrow opening, where only one at a time could pass, to the top of the turret.

They looked at each other. Both understood.

"After you, pilot," said Craven.

Collins scrambled up.

"There was nothing after me," he said afterwards. "When I reached the top round of the ladder, the vessel seemed to drop from under me."

A buoy swings to and fro with the tide in Mobile Bay to-day. It marks the spot where Tunis A. M. Craven went down eight fathoms deep to immortality.

For in the stirring tale of Mobile Bay the true hero was this man who could say calmly:

"*After you, pilot.*"

## CHAPTER XXX

### ON MOLOKAI THE GRAY

While the American Civil War was entering its bloodiest phase, there arrived at the Catholic mission in Honolulu a young Belgian named Joseph de Veüster. Though educated for business, he had taken his vows with the Picpus Fathers at the age of eighteen, and had reached the stage of minor orders as Brother Damien when an unforeseen occurrence hurried him from training to actual labor: his elder brother was a priest of the same "Society of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary"; he had been destined for the Hawaiian missionary field; but just as his call came, a severe illness made it impossible for him to go; and, with the impetuous devotion characteristic of him, Brother Damien volunteered to take his place.

He was of the peasant type, somewhat ignorant and uncouth. But scholarship, elegance and refinement were not the qualities most called for in that rough work among a primitive people. It was of far more importance that he was filled with religious zeal, had plenty of shrewdness and good humor, and, above all, was a skilful worker with his hands.

The bishop ordained him as a priest a few months after his arrival, and Father Damien became known as a faithful laborer and as the "boss carpenter" of the mission. During the next nine years he built

at least half a dozen churches and chapels with his own hands.

There was at just that time an alarming increase of leprosy in the Hawaiian Islands. This disease is perhaps the most terrible of all that mankind suffers from: it kills its victims by inches—a lingering, painful, loathsome, incurable malady, that renders the sufferer a menace to all who approach and an object of disgust to himself and others. It has existed back into the remotest times; but its rapid spread had aroused the authorities and the first steps towards segregating those afflicted with it had been taken the very year of Damien's arrival. A little later on, a separate colony was established on the isolated tongue of land at the north end of the island of Molokai. Here all the lepers were collected and held. The man, woman or child who developed the dread disease was hurriedly sent thither—and did not return.

It chanced one day in 1873 that the Bishop went to the island of Mauia to dedicate a new church. Father Damien was among the priests who attended him.

Mauia is not far from Molokai and the talk naturally fell upon the miseries of these poor creatures shut up in this living grave. To these zealous churchmen the most awful thing of all was that these sufferers should be without hope for eternity as well as for their years of wretched life, through having no representative of the Church to care for their souls.

Damien's "boundless compassion" was stirred to the depths. Both as man and priest he felt that the call of human misery left him no choice. He at once volunteered to go to the leper colony.

Permission was granted, and he set out immediately on a chance boat carrying a load of lepers who were being deported.

It was a forbidding shore upon which this vessel deposited its load of human misery and the kind-hearted priest. Along its northern front Molokai meets the sea in a gray wall of "pali," or cliff, two thousand feet high. In one spot alone "there projects into the ocean a certain triangular and rugged down, grassy, stony, windy, and rising into the midst into a hill with a dead crater: the whole bearing to the cliff that overhangs it somewhat the same relation as a bracket to a wall." Nature herself seemed to have shut off this bare, bleak promontory, between the mighty precipice and the profound sea, from the light-hearted world of beauty and ease where dwell the inhabitants of the South Seas.

Gloomy as was the prospect at the first glance, it seemed a thousand times more so when the visitor beheld what man had made of the place.

The lepers were huddled about in all sorts of crazy shelters, the settlement forming a sort of disorderly camp, where seven or eight hundred wretched creatures awaited death, too hopeless to undertake any betterment of their condition even if they had not been too ignorant.

The sights that met the Father's eye on that first day were beyond words. Only a man who had utterly forgotten himself in devotion to his work could have failed to flee to some corner and escape at the first chance. What Damien did was to start in at once to alleviate the worst case of neglect he came across. That night he slept under a stunted tree, alone in this abode of pestilence, haunted by the

harrowing memories of his first introduction to his chosen abode.

Next day he began in earnest. Everything was to be done. His was almost the only hand to do it, absolutely the only mind to plan it or the only heart with courage to make the attempt. The water was bad, the food supply poor; the sufferers were dirty, ill clad, wretchedly housed; sanitation did not exist; these maimed men and women had forgotten God even as He seemed to have forgotten them.

Damien was doctor, nurse, teacher, magistrate, gardener, cook, grave-digger, and priest. Gradually some order began to rise from the chaos. He got the people to work, he badgered the authorities till they remedied some of the worst abuses, he comforted the most despairing with the promises of religion. Largely with his own hands he built a little church at Kalaupapa, one of the two "towns" into which the settlement was divided.

For five years he labored all alone. Then another Father joined him. Gradually there was formed a little group of priests, lay brothers and nuns who toiled day and night under his direction to ease the hopeless suffering all about them. Damien was impetuous and energetic, but impatient of details and far from a "born manager"; often he had to bribe his own Kanakas to have his wishes carried out. He was set in his own ways and domineering in manner. But he met all personal difficulties with smiling good nature. And with the exception of a few brief visits to other parts of the island and to Honolulu, chiefly in the colony's interest, he gave his whole time and strength for twelve long years to the lepers of Molokai.

Then one July day he made a discovery. It was

with deepened solemnity that he faced his congregation from the pulpit the following Sunday.

"We lepers" was the opening of his sermon.

He had contracted the fatal disease.

There was no hope. But that made no difference. For nearly four years more, regardless of his own torments, he served his afflicted fellows with the same whole-heartedness he had shown from the beginning of his mission.

Then death had pity on him.

Small wonder that when his memory was attacked Robert Louis Stevenson should have published, in a blaze of generous indignation, his famous "Open Letter."

"A man, with all the grime and paltriness of mankind, but a saint and hero all the more for that," wrote he. And he thus summed up the practical results:

"It was his part, by one striking act of martyrdom, to direct all men's eyes on that distressful country. At a blow and with the price of his life, he made the place illustrious and public. And that, if you will consider largely, was the one reform needful; pregnant of all that should succeed. It brought money; it brought (best individual addition of them all) the Sisters; it brought supervision, for public opinion and public interest landed with the men at Kalawao. If ever any man brought reforms, and died to bring them, it was he."

Nor were the results of Damien's work confined even to the transformed colony of Molokai. Far away in India and South Africa the tale of his self-sacrificing fortitude aroused men's minds and hearts to better care of similar sufferers there.

If ever a man of human weakness showed higher

bravery than Joseph de Veüster, Father Damien, I have not come across his story.

Hardly had Father Damien gone on, when a worthy successor to him appeared in South Africa. George Turner, an Australian doctor, was in the Transvaal medical service at this time. He was an enthusiastic bacteriologist and had won notice by developing a serum with which he had stamped out two epidemics of the devastating rinderpest.

Dr. Turner became absorbed in the study of leprosy, hoping to discover the cause of this mysterious disease as the first step towards finding a cure.

"There was then a leper asylum at Pretoria with about fifty Dutch and forty native patients. He gave up all his spare time to work among the lepers, doing all he could to alleviate their lot, and prosecuting a tireless research into the nature of the disease. For three years he labored at this work without extra pay of any sort. He saw the lepers early in the morning, and again when he came home in the evening. Saturday and Sunday he gave to them entire. In addition to this he made as many *post-mortem* examinations as possible in his laboratory, rising at dawn in order to have time for the work. The asylum contains a large number of lepers, European as well as native, and a visitor who watched Dr. Turner moving amongst them in the asylum bears witness to the passionate devotion with which he was regarded by all its inmates."

For nearly twenty years this hard-worked physician thus gave up his leisure, and made time outside of his exacting routine, to attack this ghastly enemy of the human race in its strongholds.

Then, having reached the age of 60, he was retired from active service. But nothing could make him

stop his earnest scientific investigation and his compassionate labors. Returning to England, he worked as hard as ever.

In 1911, as he was shaving one morning, he noticed a white spot on his hand. It was the triumphant banner of the foe he had been fighting, who had come upon him unawares.

It was an inexorable notice of a horrible fate. His response was in keeping with his record: he resolved to go to a leper colony in the East and devote the tortured years that were still his to a final effort to master the disease.

The king made him a knight: Sir George Turner he was until he died in 1915. But he is enrolled in a higher knighthood—that Round Table of the modern world which heeds no pain, nor wounds, nor death itself in defending the poor and miserable against more deadly invisible enemies than the dragons and giants of romance.

And finally —

A CHEERFUL FAILURE

## CHAPTER XXXI

### A CHEERFUL FAILURE

After some years of reading and thinking and writing about these hundred brave men and women, —and hundreds more, from the beginnings of history to the end of the Great War, from the cradle of the human race to America, from the North Pole to the South; after striving to list them at least roughly in accordance with their quality, from Morgan the buccaneer up to Damien the martyr; at the end of all this, the narrator finds himself with a notion which must be absurd, but which demands expression, anticlimax though it seem.

This is, that his friend Billings is perhaps the bravest man he ever heard of.

Nor does this seem to be because he's known Billings since he was a boy at school: in fact, that's apt to produce quite the opposite result.

He's not exactly the person you'd pick out at first glance as a hero, is Billings. He's little, and gray, and timid, and rather shabby in spite of a careful neatness about his clothes. As one atom of the stream of thousands upon thousands of human beings who flow into the city from every point of the compass each morning, and flow out again every night, there's nothing that would make your eye dwell on him a second, except possibly a certain brightness of face. That is unusual, when you come

to observe closely: cheerfulness and serenity are somewhat conspicuous by their absence among the mass of city workers.

Externally the tale of Billings's career is brief and commonplace enough. His father was killed by an accident, and Jim, then a boy of fourteen, had to forget his dream of college, leave high school, and start to work to help support his mother. Some friend got him a place as office boy and messenger in the bank, at a salary, I believe, of three dollars a week.

That was—yes, thirty-six years ago. For the last few years he's been a sort of third assistant cashier, getting something like twenty-three hundred a year.

He's worked hard to achieve that, too. He went to night school and studied bookkeeping at first; and men in the bank have told me that there never was a more faithful or willing fellow. But he always lacked initiative, they added.

When he was about thirty and had risen to be a bookkeeper, at eighteen or twenty dollars a week, he got married. His mother had died, and though his wife had been brought up in a good deal of luxury, she was a plucky little woman, and she settled down to make a home on what they had.

She did it, what's more. They even came to own the little place in an out-of-the-way New Jersey town, with enough land for a garden, which they made furnish them practically all of their vegetables throughout the year. They had chickens, too; and by lots of hard work and the most cheese-paring management they made ends meet.

It wasn't easy when the children came—four of them in all. And if the problem was puzzling when these were babies, it became well-nigh insoluble

with four big boys and girls to feed, clothe, educate, amuse, and give a start in life.

Billings did his full half, and perhaps a bit more. Many a time he cooked and cleaned up and washed dishes to give his hard-driven wife a breathing spell. And of course when there were not ashes, and a furnace, and snow to shovel, there was a lawn mower, and a garden crying out for attention, besides the perennial thousand little jobs needed to keep a house in running order.

Apparently he carried on this exasperating round of unending littlenesses as if he enjoyed it. It was just one year after another, mind you, always some extra personal effort to save a dollar here, or a few cents there; all piled on top of the dreary day's work at the office. It seems to be a biological fact that human nerves demand change and excitement once in a while to keep healthy: the Italian day laborer has more variety and lift in his ditch-digging than the middle-aged clerical drudge in a great business machine. There was never any relief to it, in this case. Even the missionary who devotes his life to savages or outcasts gets some excitement; and of course the "hero" who plunges to death for somebody is keyed to high pitch. Surely the most terrific strain of all is that continuing one—on slack nerves.

It would have been more sensible, you say, if he'd devoted that energy to making money for paying a servant and having some recreating pleasure? True enough. But it happened in Billings's case that he couldn't turn his "spare" time into money. Knowing it, it was a fact. The only alternative was to make every hour count in saving.

Nor, unfortunately, is Billings unique in this respect. Sorting out all the failures who could be more

successful by an effort of will (see the fervent assurances of the correspondence courses in Culture of Will Power!), there remains a sad residue, hard to explain, but all too evident to discern. There's some lack of aggressiveness, business instinct—something, often elusive. Occasionally it seems just plain luck: your successful man frequently recognizes the part that plays.

Anyhow, there are thousands upon thousands enrolled in this drab army. In fact, as was said of "the common people": "the Lord must have loved them,—he made so many of them."

But there are not a great many who look the truth in the face, and finally accept the verdict—and still make a shining success of living, as Billings has done.

He said once, in an unusual moment of personal allusion, that looking back over the years he didn't see how they had managed it: his only explanation was that his wife is a miracle.

It's been almost harder of late years, in spite of the larger income. The oldest girl has been too delicate to help in the family support; the second is working her way through college; the other boy and girl are still in school. And whatever it may be in other places, $43.50 a week around New York City for a family of six on the fringes of gentility isn't exactly riotous living. In fact, since war prices arrived, it's just the next thing to not living at all.

On this pinched side, however, Billings's story could be duplicated, or exceeded, in only too many thousands of examples. It happened that by the merest chance lately we were thrown together in circumstances which led him to talk confidentially.

He didn't complain. He spoke in a matter-of-fact

way, even with a certain sense of quiet humor. Yet one got glimpses between the words.

First of all, he recognized that he was a failure. He knew he lacked some driving quality, some element of self-assertiveness that would have carried him further in all those years of faithful slaving; and he had to admit that he had done his best; yet he was haunted by a feeling, away down in the bottom of his heart, that somehow he ought to have done better—for his family.

"I never could sell anything," said he. "And unless a man can sell things, or produce something that sells itself, he doesn't get very far financially."

It was perfectly evident from a few chance words that the man had before him, year in and year out, the thought of the little comforts and pleasures and luxuries he was perpetually wishing to give his wife and daughters—what any real man wants to do first for the woman he cares for—then, almost more still for the daughter who is not only his flesh and blood but whose fresh young beauty in some mysterious way embodies for him those ecstatic dreams of his youth, who makes him live over again those moments when life was keenest. For a normal man it's a necessity to make her happy, to give her pretty things and little luxuries and girlish pleasures of any sort. And when a man feels this powerfully and finds himself unable to do it because he can't make enough dollars—I tell you it is not a pleasant sensation.

The very fact that Mrs. Billings never complained, never gave the slightest intimation that she had ever expected any more, made it all the harder.

Of course, he realized, too, that their complete devotion to each other and to their brood was some-

thing better than these material comforts. But the years of grinding, the lack of the pleasures and the new clothes and furniture and such trifles which bring some color and relief into a stupid routine—all this was a daily reminder to him that he had failed in protecting what was dearest to him. He could see other women who had been schoolmates of his wife: they looked ten years younger, still attractive. He told himself it was his fault. Life gets black amid these thoughts. A good many men, after the topsy-turvy fashion of human nature when moved, "take it out" on the very members of their own family for whom they are concerned.

I had frequently thought about the little man, vaguely wondering at the amount he seemed to get out of a pinched existence; and I was startled to discover how poignant was this realization he carried concealed within him. He had quite abandoned all hope of advancing further, but was nevertheless plugging away just as he had done when the future lay all before him. Indeed, it was worse than that: he was confidently looking forward to being dropped—he was growing old at fifty-odd—or being crowded out by a consolidation of which there had been rumors for some time. He had never had to get a new job in his life, and the idea, under such conditions, fairly terrified him.

There are few things that take the savor out of work and life so completely as the loss of hope for the future. When a man realizes that, inadequate as his earnings are to his needs, he can probably look forward to no more as long as he's able to toil away; and that the moment he can't keep up, there is nothing—his state of mind is more than apt to show itself externally.

Yet some unobtrusive investigating showed that Billings's wife and children, who fancied they knew every thought of his simple mind, had never dreamed of this gnawing thing he endured. He went about his treadmill routine, wore his five-year-old clothes and patched shoes, never saw the inside of a club or theatre or restaurant more lively than the dairy lunches,—all with his unfailing good-humor, his little home jokes, his lively interest in everything that interested his small circle.

If that does not seem to you a very notable feat compared with risking one's life on the battle-field, just observe the people you know, and see how many you find who are capable of it.

As for me—the more I think of sheep-like little Billings, the more convinced I am that the courage of the Cheerful Failure who's done his best is about the highest there is.

Lots of men have failed temporarily and then gone on to success. Some writer once gathered together a series of "Fifty Failures Who Came Back." That shows stamina. But it's a small matter compared to the quality of the man who's failed permanently, and knows it, yet keeps on, smiling, so that even his nearest never suspect.

3.50
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San Francisco